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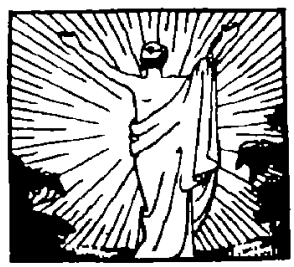
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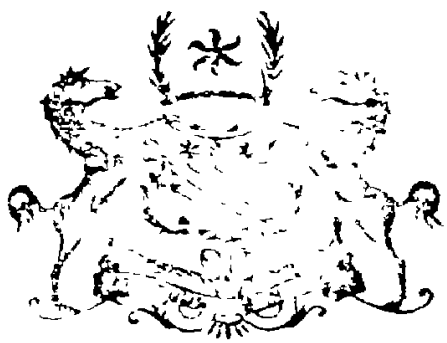
WE DO NOT DIE

By

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TO

JAN

AND OUR GREATER COMRADE

"THE VOICE OUT OF THE CLOUD"

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WE DO NOT DIE

DEATH'S PARADE

THE Voices call from out the sea-girt plain,
Echoing the dark. Intake of phantom breath
Calling to mortal we, coil-strangled in our pain,
Calling to tell us that . . .
there is no death!

Once more the stage is set for Death's Parade,
You hear them call from out the bursting night,
Poor lonely things that cry e'en as they fade,
And hurry to that Marshal—radiant, white,
Who standing there within his sheltering light,
Awaits the mazy legions from his height.

. . . . .

A whistle shrills, a lonely trumpet blares,
Hurry of whispers on the murm'rous wind,
The stir of life within the enchanted airs—
They come—they go—leave not a trace behind—
The twirling host that rushes, twined, untwined,
To meet, to part, to close, to loose, to bind—
But even passing on impellent breath,
They cry to tell us that . . .
there is no death.

A challenge note comes from the far away,
A raucous, fuller tone—stark, iron-lined,
A brassy strident clang—a distant bay
That seeks, and seeks, and seeks, and seeks—to find!
A train that drags itself o'er that dark heath,
Belly-impelled by quick'ning fiery breath,
There comes the dread machinery of death.
The snarl of wheel; the creep of blinded worm
That crawling brings on thousand-footed tread,
The cowléd death which strikes upon the turn
To leave behind it on its slimy bed
The broken body and the mascered head,
The soft ingested mush on which it fed.

Flutter of wing above, the Demon Host,
Mutely survey those challengers of th' air,
List to the thrud of fleety planes which ghost
In the thin element to force compare,

And climbing through the murk as though to tear
From out the starry pall the diamonds rare.
The sable wings dark-benison those below—
The Sowers of Death, scattering their ashen bands,
And as they come, stretch out lean arms to sow
The torn up earth, the red seed in their hands. . . .
The masked flame-thrower with his spurting pain;
The flingers of bursting-bomb, black-strung with hate;
Pallid poison-clutching chemist, brow bent again
Beneath the cross-raised priest's low-tonsured pate,
And doctors, wise-blinking, dangling their tubes of fate,
Come murder-hung, White Watchers at hell's gate—
But even as they pass, with poison breath
They whisper palely that . . .

there is no death.

The shores now shadow-haunted, misty lurk
Where pallid sea, death-pregnant, stirs with fate.
A gun booms solitary, red-flashing in the murk,
A whine of syren calls the hissing hate—
Out flies the shining torp beneath its urge
Of spinning tail and weighted head of wrath,
To thrust its baleful road across the surge
And find its targe upon the farther path.
The turrets of doom loom from their castled might,
Nose-poking monsters, throat-belching iron hail,
Great things of steel, faint-yapping in the night
To hurl their ton of hate beyond the veil—
Dead, blinded hate—the muzzles lift and fall,
The hooded crews, in-clamped, with wadded drums,
Gas-crazed, blind-peering out beyond the pall,
Await the urgent quarrelled shell that comes;
And monstrous amphibs, earth, air and water-free,
To creep on earth, or take the upper air,
Pour from their oozy bed beneath that sea,
To show hell's angels man can also dare—
To blend with roar of plane and tank beneath
In fuller, vaster symphony of death.

And stretching far behind, bleak, harnessed train,
March those who pioneered that bloody road
From life's pale dawn drank the sweet-bitter bane,
You hear them come, dragging their heavy load,
Those destined ones, who tread the path of pain. . . .
Children of Doom, ordered in death, forlorn,
Mute pole-axed beasts with dank dumb lowering horn,
They beat their road—Murder in Uniform. . . .

The metalled rout goes by, the throaty bark,
The burst of trumpet and the crash of drum,
Blaring of cymbal—out into the dark,
Legion on legion, they vanish one by one.
The shining figures now have forward pressed
On memory's path where gleaming Victory stands
To clutch each man unto her bloody breast,
And on his head to place her bloody hands,
And on his brow to rest her bloody kiss,
And whisper to him that it was for this
He died, to serve her—yet as he knows the hiss
Of glassy accent, as he feels her breath,
He hears the icy whisper . . .

there is no death.

And as the Doomed Ones pass, come creeping now
To walk with them, the Bastard Brotherhood,
Each with his dark-stained madreporděd brow,
Pondering the poison that works within his blood,
Murderer and murdered bound in a dreadful faith,
Ghost on pale ghost, and slipping wraith on wraith,
To join them in the common cult of death.
Red-hand climbs down from off his gibbet high
Leaving his chains to clank 'gainst midnight sky.
The suicide plucks the wood from stakéd sides,
The poisoner steals his weasel-way and hides,
Whilst mandrake shrieks and sated vampire glides—
But all proclaim with wheezy, tainted breath
We could not kill, ye folks . . .

there is no death.

And from the side—a slinking motley throng,
Come those who make the wars and fight them not,
Who die in tasselled bed, with salvéd wrong,
In sure and certain hope of heaven's lot,
And Church's fond blessing, safe from the fires of hell,
The last sweet unguents, fortified by rite,
With comfortable priest, book, candle, bell,
Who ere they leave glimpse heaven's altar light.
King follows commoner; knight follows knave,
Bishop his clerk, and queen the hunchy dwarf,
Statesman, his voter; master proud, his slave;
As pomp doth follow pimp, as woof doth follow warp.
Here's Pimp himself, who soft hath learned to say
The pleasing comfortable things for base reward,
Insucking lip behind him who doth pay,
Philosopher his fool, and wanton fair her lord—

Pair after pair, earth Law as Jaweh saith,
They pass in the Democracy of Death.

The childless woman body hunger-torn,
And ashy limbo babes, blind, dear and dumb,
Tread their too early road, and being born
Seek to retrace the road whence they did come—
Pale nothingnesses, of Death himself the wraith,
They steal to tell us that . . .

there is no death.

. . . . . .

The scene has changed, the Marshal disappeared,
And now the plain has sunk beneath the wave,
The misty moon lights an arena tiered
With seats of stone which lift from out that grave.
And now the seats are filling with dead life,
Whilst far below a visored ironed band,
With net and sling, with sword and stabbing knife,
Begin pale Death's Parade within the sand—
The shadow-march of those about to die,
Who, dying once, but die to live again,
And as they lift their mascled arms, they cry,
To Cæsar's ghost—a high-throned purple Cain:
"Hail Cæsar! those about to die, salute
Thee, Great One, from the painted doors of pain!" . . .
E'en now forgotten by the laurelled brute,
As he the ruby chalice quick doth drain,
His lovely whore beside, whose flowers rise
From poison root, the Circæan blooms of night,
Strikes slant-eyed fires from out her cobra eyes
Down into the glistening sand, all burning bright;
The Tellers of Death, a white-ribbed hollow band
Beat on the metalled doors, calling to those within,
The Children of Pain: *"Come out upon the sand!"*
And having called, await the fighters grim. . . .

Once more the bloody drama they enact,
Where deathly stroke doth loose the struggling life.
Once more life clasps with death, death seals the pact,
Once more life woos pale chance, takes death to wife;
Blade bites on blade, the white and hungry flesh
Swallows the thirsty steel, which slakes again
And having drunk, withdraws from bleeding mesh
To droop in stealthy satisfaction—happy Cain!
The Shadow Red from Érinn's emerald sod
Passes his seven-foot length of gleaming pride,

And stabbing sword in hand, calls on his god,
Turning to face the net, but to deride
The sleuthy coming over smooth brown sand,
The stealthy circling of the weighted noose,
Seeking to pierce that brain, to understand,
The urgent, deathly problem to unloose—
But even as he plays the hovering doom
Beneath the sulky white-faced, glam'rous moon,
Lists to Fate playing on her leaden loom—
He hears the message of his island's faith:
Oh Shadow of Cuchulinn, fear notl . . .
there is no death!

The 'chanted night draws on—the players beat
Their hotted hour upon the sodden stage,
The Shadow Red, his artistry complete,
Gazes about him in that stony cage,
Turns proudly careless to the Roman roar,
Flinging aloft the keen dark-clotted blade
At those soft cits, who hail him conqueror
With bursting lung—a glory soon to fade.
The night near spent, draws on, the crack of steel
Rib-stopped, comes once again, the Players play
Out their ghostly parts, shadows unreal,
And dying, live to fight another day.
The hiss of net and plunge of trident-gleam,
The flenséd body and the tortured howl,
Torn woman-flesh—the virgin's nerve-wrung scream,
Foul wolf-skinned rape, the tiger's streaming jowl,
The whirl of sling, the eager pellet's whine,
The lion's roar, roar-echoed from below
Where hunger-mad, the unslaked fangs do pine
For the hot sand where blood-red wine doth flow—
The bloody cup, virgin reluctant sips,
And as the muzzle red above her dips
She sees the Face behind—hears gentle lips:
"Fear not, dear heart, sharp tooth or tainted breath,
For I am with you alway . . .
there is no death."

. . . . .

And so the Pageantry of Death is led
From dawn to dawn again, the Figure stands
To marshal his array: the Living-Dead
Call out the message from their phantom bands. . . .
They call to us from out the desert void,
From pesty swamp, from jungle poison-cloyed,

From out the glowing lava, lightning flash,
From rolling flood, and leaden thunder-crash,
They belch from flaming muzzle, spinning plane,
Where high-explosive bursts in crimson rain,
From tortured motor, scraping ninety-five,
From submarine, death-freighted, yet alive,
From gaping grave, from out the loathly gas,
From snow-capped peak, where shudders dark crevasse,
From heaven, from hell, the streaming urgent mass—
They whisper, they call, they shout, with passing breath—
"Oh foolish, mortal man'kins—

there is no death!"

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

THERE is one question which, for us human beings, transcends all others: "Do we go on?"

If we don't survive death, then that is an end of the matter.

If we do, then we ought to know it.

Faith has played its part in attempting to answer this question, and will play it again. But we men and women of to-day want *fact* as well as faith.

It is good to say: "I *hope* to survive death." It is better, if it be possible, to say: "I *know* that I survive death."

Also, it seems to me, at least, that the *proof* of survival will ultimately rest, not upon wish, or even upon what is called "faith," itself so often a word for not-knowing, but, as in the case of any other fact of science, upon objective demonstration.

. . . . .

Many years ago, despite my "faith" and "feeling" that man was an immortal spirit, I set out upon a quest, the object of which was to prove or disprove that man survives death.

I was faced at the outset by two contradistinctive facts: that all the great world teachers from Buddha to Christ stated definitely that man did survive death—but that, until recently, modern Science, itself but a century old, whilst reserving final judgment on the facts, was as certain that we did *not* survive.

I embarked upon that quest with as open a mind as I could command.

I was, really, intensely sceptical about much of the evidence for survival.

I passed through many stages in my quest—from orthodox Christian teaching to Rationalism, to various Eastern cults and theories from Buddhism to Theosophy, and even to Spiritualism —itself but a single though most vital contribution to survivalist investigation—which I have studied in all its phases.

I read or heard all that the scientists, physicists and psychists, biologists and mathematicians, had to say upon the survival of identity and memory beyond the grave.

I listened to all the Christian preachers, from Roman Catholic

to those of the Church of England and the Nonconformist bodies.

I wandered into the desert places of the earth and even made a five months' voyage round the Horn in a windjammer for spiritual experience and to obtain fuller answer to my question.

I have had, indeed, quite unique access to what has been written and thought upon Survival and the immortality of man, and have reached certain definite conclusions.

Those conclusions I am here setting down as simply as may be.

I am, however, perfectly aware that certain sections of this book will be fiercely and even bitterly attacked not only by the scientists, for whose science and whose sincerity, if not always for whose thought-method and conclusions, I have so deep a respect, but by some of their equally sincere survivalist opponents. These attacks I shall view, not with the contemptuous:

"They say! What do they say? Let them say!"

but with as much equanimity as I can command, knowing, as I do, that at least some of these criticisms will be natural if the critic has not had my experiences and my opportunities for study and experiment, and especially the advantage of my astral sources.

For no man or woman can speak authoritatively upon such matters if he or she has not had such experience.

And remembering that, in the past, almost every one of the facts of psychic science, now admitted, has been ridiculed and challenged, I shall hope to possess my soul in patience for "the event," and with it respect and tolerance for my critics.

For are we not all, though of the same common stuff of humanity, of varying degrees of evolution and "receptiveness," so that what is evidence to one, to another is meaningless? We human beings are all "compartmented."

My conjectures and imaginative forecasts may sometimes be wrong—my actual observations, I venture to think, more rarely. I am convinced that, as time runs on, many of the most strongly challenged sections will be found to have truth behind them—and "it is the truth that shall make you free."

. . . . .

It would manifestly be impossible for me here to thank individually by name those who have so generously helped me to find the answer to my quest which I have set down in the pages which follow, for they are legion! It is enough here to

record my gratitude to these fellow-searchers, known and unknown and of either sex, who for a little while have wandered with me along the starward Path, to give me their help and comradeship—sometimes their love. Some of their names, at least, will be found scattered along the pages, and from those whose names may have, inadvertently, been omitted, I ask gracious pardon.

FUNDAMENTALS

I

SURVIVAL

SURVIVAL has been the heart-beat of every world religion, death—its systole, life—its diastole. "Religion," without it, becomes meaningless. For the kernel of religion itself is the individual.

If the individual does not survive, then what is the meaning of existence? What, indeed, the use of it all?

True, that Christianity insists that the individual must sacrifice himself or herself for the mass, in order, indeed, that he or she may be exalted—but never, so far as I know, does any religion teach the annihilation of the individual. Take survival out of Christianity, and Christianity becomes its own sepulchre.

Even Buddhism postulates the ultimate absorption, not of the ego by the cosmos as is generally assumed, but of the cosmos by the ego—the supreme glorification of individualism! Metamorphosis, not annihilation.

It may, I think, be conceded that the deepest, most passionate instinct of the human being is the passion to survive. Deeper than thirst or hunger, themselves actually the same passion.

It is this passion from which evolution springs. Without the survival beyond what we call "death" of memory and identity, evolution, it is true, could still go on—blindly, as the worm crawls in the earth-darkness. But even then, to give it impetus, it would need the individual life-spasm, however ephemeral, in what would then be the pitiful struggling of the human *ephemeræ* dancing their tiny hour upon the window-panes of life under the delusion that somewhere outside something greater, persistent, was calling to the *individual* to come out and play in God's sun and air.

I am aware—no thoughtful man or woman can be unaware of it—that there exist, in our day, more people who do not wish "to go on" than at any other time in the history of the world. It is, perhaps, the outstanding phenomenon of our time.

These Champions of Death are quite indignantly passionate in their advocacy of obliteration! Death has in fact now become a religion. And so the twisting circle of life completes itself.

To such phenomenon there is one inexorable answer.

If they *believed* deeply what they undoubtedly *feel* sincerely, they would at once take the short cut out of life so popular in our day—though not so popular amongst the death champions!

If, as they do, some of these insist that they continue to live for others, doomed like themselves, the natural reply would seem to be: "But this in itself is but another form of belief in survival." It is, indeed, the tribute that death pays to life and Man the Mortal to Man the Spirit, in that vasty, darkened chamber of the Unconscious with its flickering lights, in which man spends nine-tenths of his earthly existence, asking his eternal question: "Whence—Why—*Whither*?"

For those often ethically sterilized male "rationalists" who say that they find gritty consolation for personal obliteration in what they leave to a posterity they will never know—I can only say, in all gentleness, that they deceive themselves.

No man ever yet lived for posterity *only*—and no man ever will. Certainly no woman—Woman the Individualist, the Realist, the Preserver, who is the very vehicle of survival.

No man can live for posterity who has not lived for himself. For enlightened egoism is the father of selflessness!

The apparent sacrifice of such types for those upon whom they will never set eyes would stir the imagination as a most sublime form of selflessness, were it not that one sometimes suspects that such sacrifice springs from lack of imagination and from imagination's child—knowledge.

No man, no god even—and all men and women are gods in the making—can quench the fires of survival which burn beneath our little planet, itself spinning fiercely in space amidst other planets and systems, all, as it seems to me, driven by the Passion to Survive.

Bolshevik Russia may build an Empire of Democracy upon the granite of Autocracy and leave out the cement of survival from the building, but the dictators of Russia's millions will yet find that no empire, as no individual life, may do this and persist. For, already banking up under their feet, in that country of drunken gods, there is such vivid sense of survival, such other-worldliness, as will yet metamorphose the Soviet Republics into things rare and strange as unexpected.

Even in the dogma of the Soviets, with their contempt for the individual life as opposed to the mass-life, the supreme penalty is the death penalty. To men who believe in survival death is but the door to new life. To those who do not believe, existence is still so precious that they cling fiercely to their little

span, so paying unconscious tribute to the survival in which they profess not to believe.

It seems to me that never before have the millions of Europe, despite those Champions of Death, been so deeply though *unconsciously* concerned about survival as to-day. And never has there been a minority so *consciously* concerned as to-day. In the break-up of orthodox religion as of orthodox science and of the dogmas common to both, men and women are seeking despairingly, pitifully, but persistently, for light in darkness.

They seek the persistence of consciousness, and of memory, of individuality and of feeling, that is to say, of love and hate, and hope and fear. And, above all, man the Curious seeks to *know*.

In the Olympian twilight of the sub-conscious, the human being is always playing hide-and-go-seek with himself—that is, between his conscious and sub-conscious beings. We say we hate life; but let disease or accident threaten and we fight fiercely for life—even for life maimed. We say that we most earnestly desire death as a freer from relations and friends who have become hateful to us; but if there is one thing persistently expressing itself in our day, it is the desire to communicate with those we loved—yes, and even hated—in life. We who so often in our facile summings-up of God and of life conveniently leave out the hate.

We feel, in a deeper sense than ever the hymnist conceived it, that "We have no abiding city here. We seek a city out of sight."

Spiritually starved, Europe no longer looks to the East for light. For light no longer comes from the East—but from the West. The East is still, though it will not always be, indifferent to the light which once it gave to a darkened world—that Light of the World, which in its ultimate analysis may be called the light of Survival.

II

HOW DO WE KNOW?

How do we know that we exist?

How do we *know* anything?

Man can only know by "knowing."

He cannot get outside himself and, so to speak, lift himself by his own boot-straps to look at himself and to ask himself questions.

A library of books could be written, and rational books at that, to prove that we do *not* exist. One of the most significant phenomena "on the other side" is the refusal of certain spirits to believe that they are "dead": just as our world is full of "ghosts" of men and women still in the body who refuse to believe that they to all intents are dead! For idea-projection and intellectual and spiritual adventure are dead in most humans by forty.

Man is still in the fetish stage. He is still a fetish worshipper. In his religions as in his science. And the medium of all fetishism is not so much the *ju-ju* figure as the *ju-ju* word. Man is his own gaoler; prisoned by his own symbols in the House of Bondage that is limitation . . . and life.

And it is these very symbols which, as it seems to me, have almost more than anything else held him from acknowledging his own ignorance about the roots of his previous and present existences on this planet, have confused him about his future life, and prevented the doors of the morning opening to him.

Man is a creature of obsession, that is of fetishism. He lives by his fetishes, which he calls his convictions.

But, once again, *how* do we know?

We know by experiencing.

But as the experience of no two people on this planet has ever been precisely the same, even experience itself is but comparative.

Allowing that all knowledge, which is to say, all truth, is comparative, so far as I know the only media we have of knowing anything are through the senses.

This, indeed, one would say is as plain as the sun in the sky, were it not for the fact that a scientist, and a doctor of philosophy and mathematics at a Dutch university at that, has just told us that the sun in the sky is but a myth; that it has no more existence

than the rainbow which it resembles; and that it is merely a phenomenon of sight formed by the eyes themselves. And he goes further and proves it by the one science that cannot lie—mathematics—which until the advent of one Einstein we had regarded as infallible. That it gives heat and light is of course another "myth!"

So far, science has allowed man but five senses. Hearing, seeing, smell, touch and taste. To-day it seems to me that science is being compelled to add a sixth sense—the *psychic*.

O word of ill omen!

The human being does not shy at ideas so much as at the "words" conveying them. Words are *magic*.

Man is confused by his words. For words are not "words" but symbols. And symbols are potent both to retard and to advance—at once the teachers and the fetishes of the race.

For which, doubtless, there is good and sufficient reason in the magic alchemy of the sub-conscious—itself but one more "idea," but one more "word."

The word "psychic" has masked more humbug unabashed, more loose thinking, and, most dangerous of all, more unconscious charlatanism, than any other in the language.

Intelligent men and women have good reason to shy at it.

Nevertheless, *it is there*.

The "psychic" is the four-dimensional—a term in itself but the skeleton of an idea. It transcends space and time as we know them—things which I at least am beginning to think are themselves but comparative terms, being one and the same thing—and that thing . . . non-existent!

Space and time, in a breath, are but symbols of that eternity which is stateable but not understandable.

So I venture to say that the only way we can *know that we know*, and therefore know that we survive death, is through the medium of these six senses—behind them, doubtless, countless others, hidden in the treasure-boxes of the twilight-world yet to be discovered, but perhaps not on the physical plane.

And of all these six senses, I venture to think that the sixth, especially in the form of music, is the most potent.

Just as music is the art embracing all arts, the great *unconscious* art, which teaches not by demonstration or by argument but by "feeling," so can man only primarily know that he is persistently immortal by "feeling" rather than by demonstration. Whether he can prove survival of the single ordeal of the death of the physical body is another matter and remains to be seen in these pages.

None of the greater things can be explained. All the deep-lying things are just "feelings."

It is only the superficial which does not elude us.

And to tell me that each individual from the beginning has had a different "feeling" about any so-called "fact," especially about the fact of the soul, is but to say that we are all, our vision set at various levels, on different stages of an eternal ladder, reaching out of yesterday into to-morrow—leading from unconsciousness to consciousness.

Exact truth is but a figment of the imagination—if any "imaginations" have not in them some truth, for something cannot come out of nothing. Although he would deny it, it is the postulating of such a figment by the physical scientist which has held him to his little keyhole, spying into the darkened cell of his science. If he did not believe there was something inside to see, he would not be at his keyhole.

One man's sin is another man's virtue. What we laugh at to-day we die for to-morrow. Whether a man, at least in his earlier development, becomes hater or lover of Christ, fascist or bolshevik, spiritualist or rationalist, often turns on the spin of a coin. And in the broader division of the human race, it may be said that no male truth holds good for any woman and no male "feeling" for any female creature. Yet both are right—and wrong.

"Whence?—Why?—Whither?" is the last instead of the first question he asks himself. It is indeed the last question ever asked by Science itself. Yet it is being asked to-day for the first time *consciously*. It is the question of our epoch. The answer to it, if answer be possible, is indeed the purpose of the present book.

III

SPIRITUALISM

STRANGE are the instruments of the gods.

Infinity has a nasty habit of challenging preconception.

Those who have been chosen in our day as the lamps of survival, the most important, indeed the only vital truth, are in the majority simple, rather uncultured, often intellectually underweighted folk, even though with them there is a tiny minority of what are the most spiritual and intelligent beings on the planet. As was indeed the case with Christianity, itself fed by the same secret oil.

We have the same contrast between instrument and message, and the same shock to preconception and "what ought to be" in the greater but more *indirect* "instrument" which the Powers behind life use for their messages. That is to say, the artist, who, in virtue of his sensitiveness to impression and its corollary, the power to imagine the worlds which lie behind that "reality," which is itself but the shadow of substance, is the mediator and interpreter between the invisible and visible worlds.

For the great musician or painter, even the great writer, is often an unkempt and hirsute individual, of dubious outward seeming save to the initiate eye—and not always to that. This is true often of the novelist, who holds up the mirror to life, often necessarily a distorting mirror, so that all who run may read. Yes, even of this being, who, when he is artist-philosopher, is the most important of all artists as the interpreter of life, whose method, again, is to convey life by "feeling," not by demonstration.

It is the same with the greater art, including all other arts, of religion. Many of the pioneers of Christianity were simple, ignorant souls, adopted and adapted, it is true, by the sophisticated souls who followed them and who so often "organized" Christ out of Christianity, as the scientists who have so often organized wisdom out of science—one of the many queer contradictions of life which have not yet found poise, in a world of matter which has not yet adjusted itself to the stresses of spirit—and all evolution is adjustment. But when that adjustment has found itself, it will have ceased to be within a physical world and will have translated itself to another plane.

So it is with the modern extension of religion, the revelation of the Nineteenth Century known as Spiritualism, for you cannot judge spiritualism by the spiritualist, who is rarely a god-like instrument, any more than you can always judge Christianity by the Christian! Nor, for that matter, can you always judge the thing behind life by the professors of life—that is to say, by the whole human race.

Yet spiritualism to-day embraces all life—every form of thought. It is the only "religion" I know which is not separate from life. It *is* life—which is to say it is "*religion.*"

In this word "spiritualism" you have one of the *ju-ju* words. I myself have disliked the word. I still dislike its limitative associations.

Many who read this will shy at that word and its implications.

And who shall blame them?

What a stream of charlatanage and conjuring does not come up to the mind when the word is used!

And in extenuation I have only one little thing to put forward.

For every hundred persons who will shy at the word "spiritualism," not one will shy at a word with similar connotations—"*science.*"

But what a stream of charlatans and charlatanage does not this word also conjure to those who have taken the trouble to study the tortuous, jungle-haunted course of science during the "scientific age"—that is to say, of the last hundred years!

But there is one broad difference between the spiritualist and the scientific connotation. Some, though not by any means all, of the spiritualist charlatanry has been deliberate. That of science, nearly always unconscious and born of myopy. Scientists may sometimes be silly. Swindlers they are not.

But there is one other curious difference between the two. Whilst the testimonies of science, often given didactically enough, are constantly undergoing metamorphosis and even blank reversal, the occult record, apart from its constant additions and new interpretative angles, is, as regards survival, exactly the same record down the ages in its basis and trend.

All this paradox of the message and the messenger may seem catastrophic, but a little consideration will, I think, show that it applies to everything human. It is only because we are compartmented, hag-ridden by fetish, that we do not always realize it.

And so we reach a consideration of what is vulgarly, often

grossly, called "spiritualism," in its infinite range and manifestation, which seeks to prove survival by seeing (clairvoyance), by hearing (clairaudience), by smell, taste and touch (materialization).

Why do we consider it?

Because it is, so far as I know, the only way by which we can *directly* know that we survive death, and, beyond that, realize implications which cover the whole evolution of the human being here and on other planes or spheres.

If there is any other way, I, for one, should be glad to hear of it.

IV

"FAITH"

THERE may be channels other than those of the Six Senses by which man may know his destiny. There almost of certainty are such channels.

But so long as man is, or, rather, regards himself as, a creature of six senses, it seems that he must rely upon those senses for all knowledge whether about himself or others. About his possible life or lives before this; about this life; and about the next. For, as regards the first, if he can prove that he has lived before, it would appear reasonable to assume that he may live again, although we are here not directly concerned with this or pre-living.

If it be pointed out that there is to our knowledge another method, that of "faith"—a word more misused than any other and by all peoples—then we are faced with the fact that "faith" lies outside experience, and indeed outside the senses, unless "faith" itself be regarded as a sense—a seventh sense!

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," said Paul. But even there I do not think that this great Church organizer, the First of the Churchmen, sincere, academic, and proud, who so often seems, all unwitting, to have organized Christ out of the Church, implies that faith lies outside *possible* experience, does not say that faith is not, indeed, in itself a sort of "experience."

Faith is but another word for intuition, itself part of the psychic sense.

Every physicist in his laboratory, dealing with ponderable matter, who puts out his *antennæ* into space each time that he hopes to make a discovery, is but practising "faith." When, the antennæ connecting with some *fact*, he sets down his "discovery," his faith has become "fact"—and so the eternal process begins again.

If it be admitted, then, that the proof of continued existence rests upon the evidence of our six senses and that the deep underlying belief of *all* men that they do persist is "faith," which *may* be translatable into "fact," what are the evidences which we may require for such translation?

It will be the evidence, I take it, of sight, and hearing, of touch, and taste and smell, all of these in their turn being used by the psychic sense as its intruments.

How do I know that *I* exist?

I see and speak to others. They see and speak to me. I see myself in a mirror. I eat my breakfast with relish, I can smell a rose or a drain. I can take my friend, or even my enemy, by the hand or kiss my sweetheart.

How can I know that John Smith exists?

By exactly the same method.

By speaking with Smith. By seeing Smith. By touching Smith's hand.

But how can I know that Smith, who was alive yesterday, and is "dead" to-day, is not really dead but continues to exist?

By "faith," you say.

But faith is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"—so faith is not enough. How can "faith" itself be substantiated by the only thing which can substantiate it—"fact?"

It may be said that this is a materialist way of interpretation. But no man can run before he can walk and no man can grow angel's wings before he has grown human feet. And, indeed, all angels have feet.

That we make no short cuts to heaven and the knowledge that our feet are on solid ground do not imply that this will prevent us one day growing angel's wings and soaring into the upper air.

The knowledge that we ourselves here and now are physical beings will not hinder but help us to the understanding also that "Man is a spirit."

And the knowledge that "over there" we can clasp the hand of a friend and hear his voice will not necessarily cause us "to entertain angels unawares."

We must, in fact, first put Spirit to the test of Matter before we can test it in the finer scales.

If spirit will not pass the material test, then it will not pass the spiritual. The one includes the other.

If spirit cannot manifest itself in matter—and that it can is, after all, the Central Fact of Christianity itself—then it cannot manifest itself at all—which is to say that the greater cannot manifest itself in the lesser.

Let us take the contrary.

If spirit can only manifest itself as spirit, then we, creatures

still struggling within our earthy matrix, will know of its existence only indirectly and impotently.

Spirit omnipotent would be spirit maimed—a self-contradiction.

If the proof of life persisting after death will not pass every test of the materialist scientist, then it will be no proof.

I purpose in these pages to submit it to such a test, with what success or failure the reader must determine.

V

"DEATH"

DOES anyone know anything about death?

All the religions of the world have professed such knowledge. Most wise men. A few wise women who ought to have been wise enough not to do so.

For woman has always been too wise or too earth-wrapped to profess knowledge of something which has always interested her far less than baby's first tooth, or a new shade of blue. She, practical earthy person, in matters celestial has always been more interested in goals than in the way to get to them—which is the reason her interest so far has largely been a heaven—rather than a death—interest. The earthly love and the heavenly have been hers. Not the love of death—which is peculiarly male.

Up to certain strange happenings in the little town of Hydesville, America, in the year 1848, what *definitely* was known about the other side of that narrow gate through which all sons and daughters of men must one day pass?

Apart from the experiences of the comparatively infrequent "sensitives" of all religions and of all ages, many of them semi-charlatans, conscious or unconscious, literally nothing at all was definitely known about the Unknown Kingdom—the kingdom of the dead, where once Man in his folly and misery thought Death was king. The worlds into which these strange creatures took their psychic headers were the worlds of the sub-conscious—not, as they thought, the worlds of hell and heaven—something other entirely.

It was, indeed, only quite recently that it burst upon some of these sensitives that the Monarch of the Dark Kingdom was not Death—but an elusive gentleman called Life, who walked about in a death-mask!

That the dead had, pitifully, vainly, been knocking at the door of the living down the ages is true. But they had never knocked before in the right age—*the age of science.*

For the Kingdom of the Dead would seem to be the Kingdom of the intensely Living, so far as we have been able to discover since those disconnected knockings in Hydesville town.

I am going to say, even, that nearly, but not quite all, the

libraries of books and all the Niagaras of words which have been written and spoken from the beginning of earthly records upon this kingdom might have been recorded in the single sentence:

"We think. We do not *know*."

If the reader consider that too sweeping a statement, I would refer him or her to the recorded sayings upon death of the greater mystics—those nearest to the Kingdom of God, which for the inhabitants of "The Sorrowful Planet," as this earth of ours is possibly known to the radiant myriads, is largely the Kingdom of Death.

In the case, for example, of the patriarchs, there is, in the Old Testament, scarcely any reference whatever to this kingdom, and nothing more pertinent than that death was a nuisance!

In the New Testament, the definite sayings of Christ upon the subject might be written upon the palm of the hand. "In my Father's house there are many mansions" would seem largely to sum them up, and even here he was speaking cosmically rather than parochially—of stages of existence rather than of locality.

Which is not to say that he did not know more than he said. I am one of those who believe that all the Great Initiates probably deliberately returned from the Kingdom of the Dead in order to speak to the Earth-Living, so that "the Word might become Flesh." They were chary in what they gave out to the world of men and women of their experiences in that kingdom because they knew that men and women bear darkness, as they bear light, badly.

When Buddha under his banyan tree, plucking a single leaf, said to his disciples that what he told them was that leaf, what he had not told them was represented by the leaves behind him on the tree. When Christ said: "There are many things I would say unto you but ye cannot bear them now." They were saying just this.

There are veils hanging between this world and the next which cannot be easily torn, and then only by the few. There would seem to be some deep inhibition which in the past has prevented men and women from tearing those veils.

The thing which first removed the inhibition was the coming of science—itself paradoxically in the way of the scheme of things, irrevocably, helplessly concerned with matter. It was the delivery of the human mind by the blind midwife of Science and with it the freeing of a new science—the science of death—which, as may be found later in these pages, has given us our first exact knowledge about that Death.

Up to that time nearly, but not quite all, knowledge of death was conjectural. Theology, the Blind Science, knew nothing about it, save in the echoes which it had caught from the great Guides whose teachings it had so warped.

We shall later consider the various channels through which definite knowledge of the Death Kingdom can be obtained by the earth-living.

There are, so far as I am aware, only two channels by which we can hope to know anything about death.

One is from the lips of someone who has returned from that kingdom, carrying his memory with him. The other is by some medium of communication which will bridge the chasm between the Kingdoms of the Living and the Dead.

That one or two lonely stragglers, recidivists benighted, have returned from that Sable Kingdom has already been indicated. Unfortunately, possibly for the reason also indicated, their lips were largely sealed. But the seal of silence is now being broken.

That there exist "bridges of death" I shall hope to show. One of them, a bridge which every daughter and son of man has traversed not once but repeatedly during her or his earth-life, whether it was long or short—"a bridge of dreams." But this we shall consider when, later, we come to consider death generally and with it the questions of whether man may one day reach the stage of being able to determine or prolong his earthly span at will and the possibility of the condition of eternal life being eternal death.

It seems to me that what we are here considering is something like this:

Where and what is the Death-World?

Has it any existence really? or is it but a dreaming and a forgetting?

Do we die only once—or is all life, here and hereafter, an endless succession of deaths? and is "death" not merely a change in the speed of vibration?

Has the laying down of the physical body at what we in this world call "death" any parallel in another world or worlds beyond this? And are all "deaths," here and hereafter, but a laying down of an endless succession of bodies?

And in all this—what is man? Inheritor of the ages or snuffling worm? Fleeting ephemera or immortal permanent?

I think that tentatively the answer might be put in this way. That man is an amphibian creature living in four dimensions and in two worlds—one, the world of light and air, the conscious,

of three dimensions—the other, the deeps of the unconscious, of four. In the former he has always believed he "died," never in the latter, in which he has always secretly known himself to be immortal.

For in these pages we are really considering Death.

VI

BODY—SPIRIT—SOUL

MAN, throughout his life-story, appears to have emerged from a series of envelopes—a chrysalis delivered by the midwife of revelation from the cocoon of matter. This series of deliveries has not meant a steady movement up an inclined plane, but, rather, has been that of an ascending spiral and a quick succession of releases, almost spasmodic, along that spiral. For all revelation, that is to say, all evolution, is dynamic.

It would seem that one of these midwives is again preparing the way for a new delivery of man's thought from the primeval darkness.

It is the consideration of that new revealing or midwifery, as I prefer to call it, to which these pages are largely devoted.

In recorded time, this series of releases has been marked perhaps by certain beacons white-gleaming in the darkness—the beacons of the Great Teachers—"sports" of life, as the biologist might call them, "Initiates" with little relation spiritually or intellectually to those whom they came to release, or, apparently, to their time. Such lights shining in the darkness of man's eternal night were, in our time, Buddha and Jesus.

They are but pioneers.

It is the fate of these Greater Ones to give their message, to be crucified on the cross of tradition, often by their own followers, and to go back into the twilight of the gods from which they have emerged. Their messages are always understood of the immediate few about them, become almost at once adulterated, and finally end in antithesis to the original message.

It is not, I think, mere coincidence—if there be such a thing, which I doubt—that every great Teacher from Buddha to Zoroaster and from Plato to Christ has stated that man is a triple entity, consisting of Body, Spirit and Soul.

All great teachings have their hiatuses. Each age has its own revelation and revelator. Life has to be made ready for new revelation, or it could not bear the light.

Man, like newly born kittens, bears light badly. Light in certain stages does not enlighten—rather it blinds and confuses, and it is doubtful whether any Teacher has given to those about

him more than the shadow of his knowledge. Neither Christ nor Buddha did so, as they are reported to have stated.

But the fact that all have agreed upon this triune unity of the human being is significant. Let us examine it as far as may be without prejudice, and *de novo*.

The physical body is evident. It is the thing with which these words are written and read. Bodies are always in evidence. Spirits and Souls more rarely.

Eluding and hiding itself behind matter is the "spirit"—a word nearly always confused with "soul," and a word only in the triune entity of "Body—Spirit—Soul" taken as referring to the "ghost."

What is really the "*spirit*?"

The spirit, despite the above, is *not* the "ghost," which leaves the body at its physical death, and which itself dies as a rule within a few days of the death of the physical body, to release the "astral shell," which in its turn dying, releases the "spirit body," the "body" with which we take up our residence in the next world, which is called the astral. The "spirit" is that "astral body" itself.

The term usually used for the "ghost" is the "etheric body," and for the "spirit" the "astral body," but Psychic Science needs as much as anything else a terminology and, indeed, a Psychic Clearing House drawn from both worlds for the tabulation and organization of the psychic data which is steadily piling up, something now being undertaken by The Survival League. Also I would here add that psychic science assumes, as does physical science, that all matter consists ultimately of the ether, the existence of which, as of so much else that is "scientific," has to be postulated. (Though I believe that one day the ether itself, last fleeting floating anchor of materialist science, will be found to be a mask for a reality that consists of . . . *nothing*!)

For the "ghost" is as much matter as the physical body which encloses it during our earthly life or as the much finer "spirit" or "astral body" which it encloses—though matter in an infinitely higher state of tenuity. It is, to put it in common terms, a "gaseous" body.

What, then, is *soul*?

"Soul," like ether itself also but a postulate, is the glorious immortal principle of man. Unlike the gross physical body which is the shell of the less gross "ghost," and of the "spirit body" which the ghost itself encloses, which last two "bodies" in these pages for convenience I will call by the single word

"ghost," it cannot be measured or weighed. For you cannot measure or weigh an assumption, although many physicists have attempted it! But we shall learn more about all this when we come to the "Ghost" section of this book.

We, in fact, assume that man is immortal, and that he goes on for ever and ever developing or retrogressing. For all evolution also implies the possibility of devolution, as we shall later see.

We are now beginning to realize something of the method of this eternal evolution.

We begin to imagine that the mineral forms the plant; that out of the plant comes the animal; and out of the animal, man, with the first appearance or injection of the soul which makes him what he is—the immortal.

We are beginning to realize, to our discomfiture, that it is not only man who survives death—but also the lower animals—and behind all this, confusedly, we also begin to apprehend the "group-soul" in both its lower and higher forms—in its lower form on the road to humanity; and in the higher the "multiple soul" of the evolved inhabitant of the astral—itself but a stage.

What evidence have we of this assumption of man's immortality?

Only the fact that I claim, and shall try to prove in these pages, that *man does survive the physical death*, and therefore by all the laws of probability, and indeed as we are definitely informed from the Other Side of the grave, death after death, whether here or on other planets or planes, or "out of space and time."

We have as collateral help, I will not here say "proof," the teachings of all those great teachers—who were, indeed, but "sensitives" or "mediums," and all of whom have, in one form or another, insisted that man survives physical death and is, again in one form or another, more or less diffused, an immortal spirit.

This was indeed, as has already been stated, at once the goal and foundation of all their religions.

Once more, I do not advance this last as *proof*. Only as a matter of interest, which perhaps will attain its true significance as the reader follows in these pages the argument—and especially the chapter on Mediumship.

I would only say one thing here. In the last resort, what constitutes "proof" will vary with the reader.

No proof can be given to any human being until she or he is ready for proof. Growth, that is receptiveness, cannot be forced. It is like a higher mathematician trying to "prove" the theory of

relativity to the average man. That man will need study and development before he can even begin to understand. For all "proof," like all "truth," is relative—relative to the minds of the teacher and of the man to be convinced.

And in all this, in which the Ghost is the focus, I am speaking only of fact. I am not dealing with theories.

If it be asked: How do you know all this?

My reply is that there are comparatively large numbers of people living to-day, as in all ages, who have seen ghosts and spoken with them. I myself have met many of these people. People not only of social standing, which may or may not mean anything, but what does matter, of understanding—people of intellectual and spiritual clarity and integrity.

I have known, for example, of a doctor sitting at his desk, a sceptical Scot, than whom there is none more sceptical, who had no belief whatever in survival, who hearing his name called, turned to find the spirit of his mother standing there, and, as he started up with the cry of "Mother!" to run towards her, the great beam over the chair where he was sitting collapsed and crashed down as he turned. Another moment and he would have been crushed to death.

And here is the proof personal:

I myself have with another man, who himself had never before seen a ghost, walked up to a ghost in broad daylight to ask it the way, when it vanished, and I am definitely neither clairvoyant nor clairaudient. Two cases taken from perhaps two thousand attested cases in my records.

The ghost is fact.

To deny it in these days is but vulgar incredulity—itself the bastard child of superstition. There are many kinds of superstition—none more childish than that of the babies of science.

There are men and women living who can pass from their bodies, sometimes voluntarily, sometimes involuntarily; can see the shell they have left lying there; and can re-enter at will.

But what about those excursions to the astral?

I can only say that I have been present in a company of people where one of those present, a studious and learned man, confessed that the voice to which we had just listened from the astral had actually given him an accurate account of some of his wanderings there, including some of those he had met, and even a special word spoken to him in his "dreams" by one of the astral beings.

And he is but one of thousands.

And if my unseen reader, who, like the ghost, is himself

invisible but there, persist: "But why is it we have never before heard of these things?" my reply is simple!

But you *have* heard of them. Millions who have read their Old and New Testaments have heard of them. The White Christ and the Early Church were persistently asserting them. And you would not listen—especially when you called yourselves followers of that same Christ!

The Witch of Endor was no lone banshee-voice crying in the wilderness—it was one of countless voices in an age when men spake with gods. And they did not always entertain angels unawares!

All the greater religions taught these things. Buddha, that Grey Philosopher of Neutrality, said them in one form or another to a third of the human race. The great Dark Prophet of action, Muhammad, persistently stated that they were in fact and, indeed, founded his kingdom as much upon spirit communication as earthly.

But when you were told these things you laughed at the sayers —called them, forsooth! "soothsayers." The men of science turned a deaf ear to them and with a scientific grin and perfunctory examination turned them down—until recently, when the accumulated evidence broke through even the leaden sarcophagi of science.

As for the Churches and the theologians, the subject was swept by the theologic broom behind the altars and tacitly relegated to the things that were "not done," with the result that the temples built to teach this very thing are empty, and the Sacred Ghost has flown.

As for the newspapers and the solemn reviews, bereft not of logic—only of life, it is not yet quite "good form" to print these things, save in the most guarded flippancy. But it *is* good form to print anything which seems to tell against these things—that is, against the only important thing in the world—survival, as a man will turn on his own life.

"But what about the explanations of the scientists?" you may ask.

My reply is: Read those explanations and tell me which is the more difficult to believe—the thing explained or the explanation!

Life must have its little jokes—for life is not only cosmic but comic.

I can here do no more than say to my reader that these things are to-day as well known and, as I have tried to show in these pages, as meticulously corroborated as the existence of the Crown Jewels or His Holiness the Pope. And to those who may

still suspect the conjuror, may I say that there is absolutely nothing up my sleeve!

I can only most earnestly assure him that all the evidence goes to show that man does pass at least a third of his life out of the body and in or in contact with another world—a world as real as this, of which the population, the habits, and even the geography are beginning to be delineated. All this is being persistently confirmed by the "Direct Voice" as by the voices indirect, and, what is noteworthy, all these voices are coming to all sorts of people in various parts of the world giving substantially the *same* account.

It is the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears.

VII

MEDIUMSHIP

WE have more or less concluded that the only way by which we can prove that death is not a state but a stage, and prove also the continuity of memory and identity beyond its purple portals, is by exactly the same means we should regard as proof of the existence of our fellow creatures in this life of the physical plane.

That is to say, by seeing them; by feeling them; and by hearing them. That taste and smell do not cease to function beyond those portals may also later be seen.

To make use of these five senses in our search for life on the other side of death we employ a channel of communication which I have called "the sixth sense"—the psychic sense.

Which brings us naturally and inevitably to a consideration of mediumship.

Mediumship is the Invisible Bridge between this earth and the invisible worlds interpenetrating and enveloping it.

If you wish to speak with and see a man in New York from London, it will be useless for you to do so by looking or hearing in the direction of the Atlantic. It is not that the man is not there. He is. But your vision and hearing are not extended or *sensitive* enough to see him or to hear his voice. You need a "medium" of communication.

So you employ a telephone and a televisor, which give you extended vision and hearing, because they are more sensitive than the human eye or ear.

They are, in a word, *mediums*.

In the same way, if you desire to speak with your dead wife or friend, you employ a man or woman with a more extended vision and hearing than yourself, because they are more sensitive.

These people are called *mediums*.

Mediums of communication with the other world. Or, as it might be more exactly put—*translators*. Translators of the higher vibrations of the invisible worlds, registrable by their greater sensitiveness, into the lower vibrations which can be felt by the average man.

There is no black magic or hocus-pocus about this. It is plain matter of fact. As much matter of fact as the microscope which

the physicist uses to make the invisible visible or the microphone which he uses to make the inaudible audible.

Just as some men have more piercing sight than others, so, but to an incomparably greater degree, some men and women have the power to see things and to hear things denied to ordinary men and women. This power, in psychic matters, is called clairvoyance and clairaudience.

Mediumship is a property of the mind.

All human beings rely upon light-vibrations for sight. So does the psychic medium. He does literally see the things he claims to see, hear the words he claims to hear—he does not merely "imagine" them. All of which we deal with more fully later when we come to "Vibration."

Again, there is no hocus-pocus. It is plain and straightforward as any fact of physics. Occultism and oculism are but two manifestations at different rates of vibration as it might be put, of a single principle—the principle which lies behind all sight.

Unless for thousands of years, thousands of men and women, often of intelligence and reputation, have either lied or deceived themselves and others, the psychic vision and hearing is fact.

If a significant portion of the world has not entered into what is a gigantic conspiracy since recorded time to deceive themselves and others—and conspiracies against ourselves are even more deadly than those which others lay against us—then in all ages there have been human beings gifted with this "extended vision and hearing."

In this book, chiefly because of length, I am deliberately avoiding *detailed* analysis and criticism of the various theories put forward by scientific opponents of survival—for that is what, stripped of scientific jargon, it amounts to. You cannot argue with insensate hate—and above all with the hate that is unconscious that it hates. For in order to grasp even the most primitive fundamentals lying behind their Championship of Death, the materialist would have to make deep study of the occult basis of all life—something for which he is totally unfitted by temperament and *previous evolution*. For it must always be remembered that what is "evidence" to one man is not evidence to another—and before you can accept certain evidence, you "have to be made ready for evidence."

The Seventh Symphony of Beethoven is music to one man and "noise" to another equally intelligent.

It would, indeed, be just as fatuous for the materialistically

minded man to expect that he could understand certain evidence of psychic science, as it would be for the writer of these words to believe that because he understood the mere words and without training in the higher mathematics, he would be able to assimilate the evidences for relativity. (Evidences, by the way, which vary with the individual, which do not mean quite the same thing to any two scientists living, and about something of which the brilliant author in our day—for the idea is an old one—himself confesses a certain opaqueness of vision!)

Such contentions therefore as that mediumship is explained in many cases by "dual personality"—a phrase which, like "Mesopotamia," to the Old Ladies of Science once acted as a sort of soothing syrup, like the syrup of "telepathy" to-day—are only treated shortly in these pages.

About this single item of "dual personality," as about other similar items, libraries of books have been written—the only result being, I think literally, that the materialist investigator finds himself travelling in the endless squirrel cage of science where psychic phenomena is concerned. It is science's "magic circle," with the magicians inside, armed with scale and scalpel, in fool's cap covered with cabalistic signs, moving round and round in stately orbit, as they murmur the incantations of science, and . . . never getting anywhere, as they fall into their own booby-traps. For of the real traps of survival investigation they often know nothing.

As regards dual personality, it is enough here to say that the exhaustive experiments conducted by the American Society for Psychical Research, upon that remarkable medium, Mrs. Eileen Garrett, seem to have set at rest and for all time this bogy of dual personality, which has haunted generations of scientific investigators.

Put shortly, the most modern psycho-analytical methods, employing a galvanometer independent of the medium's volition, showed quite different time and mental reactions from the stimulus or "test-words" as regards Mrs. Garrett and her "control" Uvani.

So, one after another, the impregnable bulwarks of materialism melt into thin air!

In this "dual personality" side of psychic research, as in nearly all the other sides, we are paradoxically driven back from hobgoblin flight on "horses of air" to the solid ground of spirit communication. *It is, indeed, the only thesis which fits nearly all the phenomena.*

And what is "dual personality" but "possession?"

And, if it comes to that, what is telepathy?

Telepathy will yet be found to involve, and indeed is being found to involve, the same theory of natural law in a spiritual world. For even where the "dead" are not involved in it, is not the living man himself a spirit?

None of which rules out extraordinary and subtle variation in all experiments with mediums. Truth has a thousand facets—not least, pyschic truth. There are innumerable pitfalls for the unwary. But unless all evidence, meticulously and repeatedly demonstrated, goes for nothing, the spirit theory of mediumship rests upon unshakable foundations.

It may be asked, if this be true, then why has man been so reluctant to admit what is, after all, his only interpretation of what is the root fact of all life on this globe—that is, survival?

Man is a sceptical animal. You see, he has suffered so much and so long!

He is still crawling on his belly upon safe mother-earth, although first "superstition," and, later, Superstition's lovely sister, Religion, a Cinderella who has arisen in all her glory from the ashes, have set his heavy brain moving with new thoughts about his origin and his future. Set him thinking even that he is not only man but *spirit*.

But what was first the muggy apish thought of man has now become, in the clean light of psychic science, ordered and conscious knowledge.

As he emerged from the night of superstition, the shadows of which still persist, and began to stagger upright upon the earth, man, like the gorilla of the Congo forests, uttered his dark cry of bewilderment and awe as he saluted the dawn—"He who breaks the Night" or *ngagi*, as the Congo pigmies have it.

In this book, as I have said, it is not my aim to discuss at length the arguments for and against the facts of science underlying it. I will leave that to the psychic and physical scientists. But I will here, as regards what I have called the bridge, content myself with saying that the evidence is gradually mounting up, and can be investigated by any reader of these words, that all human beings have some quality of mediumship. It only needs development.

We are all mediums.

Were we not conductors of the thing behind life, life itself would be impossible.

But, just as a man is born every now and then who can leap higher than any other man, or a calculating child prodigy who

can baffle the great mathematicians, and himself, for his gift is nearly always unconscious, so men and women do from time to time make their appearance who, in a way impossible to their fellows, and to put it vulgarly, can "see and hear into the next world."

And, it may be said in passing, that mediumship is not confined to such matters as speaking with the "dead." Every genius is a medium—that is to say, is more sensitive to impression, that is, to inspiration, than his or her fellows.

I, by profession a novelist and dramatist, will even go so far as to say that no work of art, from a painting to a piece of sculpture, or from a symphony to a novel or a play, has ever been composed without this strange incursion.

Inspiration is a flickering will o' the wisp. And no man who is wise dare assert that he alone is the sole creator of his own works.

But, in a very real sense, it seems to me that *all life is mediumship*.

VIII

CLAIRVOYANCE AND CLAIRAUDIENCE

WHEN I say that the medium does actually hear and see the voices and things of the other world with her own physical ear and eye, I am saying something which needs elaboration and qualification.

There are even to our earth-bound knowledge many ways of hearing and seeing the invisible world. Actually, did we know a little more, instead of being vastly ignorant and, unfortunately for us, un-humble in our ignorance, we should discover that there are, literally, innumerable ways of hearing and seeing.

And in all this it must be remembered that we humans are in a sense just as much "in spirit" as any astral being of them all. It is only that our environment is not so fluid and ductile.

The deeper one plunges into the psychic deeps of clairvoyance and clairaudience, the more one realizes that we know nearly nothing. It is a realm constantly fluctuating in concept. It flickers past us like a film.

But, like the film, its flickerings do ultimately give us a picture, only that we find at any given moment we have but one fleeting angle of vision upon something which has countless angles and facets. Let us not dare to be didactic, we who are insects crawling within the bowl of life!

It *is* possible to see and hear direct with the physical eye and ear. But the methods of communication and reception can vary unbelievably.

The truth is that all intuition; all premonition; all inspiration; and all telepathy is *seeing*. That the human eye and ear have through æons of time gradually developed sensitory nerves which enable those particular parts of the body to *focus*, so to speak, the whole of the body to the seeing and hearing point, does not mean that we do not hear also with our legs, arms, and trunks, and with the In-dweller we call our "ghost" or etheric body.

We *do*!

We say "blind as a bat," but what sort of "eye" is it which enables the bat, when placed in a dark room crossed by innumerable wires, to fly unerringly without touching them? "Sensitory

nerves in the face" the scientist may say. What, however, are such nerves but "eyes?"

The truth is that in our crazy "specialization" we have so strait-jacketed our opinions and phenomena that we cannot see the divine synthesis lying behind them. The astrals at least are freed from this, and it is their freeing from the physical body which brings about the wider vision.

We are once more, in fact, for the fundaments of all this, driven back to our old friend *vibration.* All communication, as we know even from orthodox science, is a question of vibration, whether of light or air or what not.

All mediumship is a breaking down of the vibrational barriers between the worlds.

To go into the minutiæ of hearing and seeing with the psychic vision would need a volume in itself. We must content ourselves with what *appears* to us to be the broader technique of communication.

When the very high and remote spirits wish to speak with the earth, they have to do one of two things: either by a series of "relays" or deliberately to clothe themselves in matter in order to bring their vibrations down to those of this earth, this in its turn for two reasons. First, to protect their high-tensioned "bodies" from the low earth-vibrations which would destroy them just as they and we would be destroyed by being plunged into a bath of higher vibration; and secondly, in order to be able to speak with mortals. (The whole object of the "voice-box" of the Direct Voice, into which the communicating spirit enters and with which we later deal, is to reduce that spirit's vibrations.) It sometimes can take years for a lofty spirit to clothe himself with matter through the astral doctors, much as a diver puts on his diving-suit before going under water, and I know of one of these, "The Voice out of the Cloud," of whose friendship I have reason to be proud and grateful, who took seven years to "acquire matter" before coming down to speak with us.

But in those cases where the spirit has gone beyond the astral on to the next sphere, called the "Spirit Sphere," he can only communicate by a series of "relays" down to our earth—and even then, I have reason to think, it is not the Spirit himself, but one of his "multiple personalities" or spiritual *antennæ* which is the actual communicator.

But here we are passing into rarefied atmospheres and are impinging upon spheres and problems lying far beyond the scope of this book.

However it should be here stated that after anything, say, between thirty and fifty years after "death," spirits usually lose touch with the earth, unless they have strong earth-ties of affection or hate. They, in some cases, lose the memory of ever having been on the earth much as we lose our own memories of having come here from the astral, as we shall later see that we do. Something else which plays a determinative part in communication difficulties is the reluctance of many spirits to communicate with a planet which has for them such sorrowful memories. And all these statements have complete and persistent backing from astral guides and inhabitants of the most varying types.

It is enough here to say that when we have given up this childish seeking of "proofs" of a survival that is already proved to the hilt, and can free ourselves of obsession, we shall find awaiting us Psychic Science's true ultimate field—the investigation of the Greater Problems in the Spheres Beyond the Astral.

First of all, before the Guides on the other side make any attempt to communicate through a medium, they "sit" themselves and, when they open the door between the two worlds, take scrupulous precaution to prevent the intrusion of unwanted spirits, from whom proceed the lying messages with which we are all familiar.

Next, they insist upon regular sittings, at fixed hours, so as to keep the power going, with as little movement as possible during the sittings—all this to prevent the intrusion of the wandering inimical spirits. They are the Doorkeepers, deciding when the swinging door communicating between life and death shall be opened and when shut.

The more "remote" and peaceful the spirit of the medium, the less will be her interference with and the purer will be the message.

The Guides always use something from a medium. Either her brain or solar plexus or ectoplasm, or all three, and, as one guesses, many other elusive substances.

As we might anticipate, the closer the Guides are to the medium in feeling, the less power they take from her.

The medium is watched literally from birth to death by her Guides, who see that she is not harmed physically or mentally. ("He shall give his angels charge concerning thee. . . .") For the medium sends out such light-vibrations that she can easily attract all sorts of undesirable entities "on the prowl" with that

secret passion of each unit of life to influence all other life—but not to be influenced!

And here I wish the reader to realize that this earth of ours has a belt or plane cheek by jowl with it which is inhabited by spirits who are, literally, like Muhammad's coffin, hanging "'twixt heaven and earth," who instead of passing on to their proper plane on the astral have been, so to speak, mis-born into the astral much as we find certain imbecile or crippled children mis-born into this earth. Some of these spirits are merely unhappy wandering souls, seeking their outlet to the normal-astral. Others are evil and "earth-bound" in the most terrible elemental sense. These are, however, not the dreaded elementals proper but elementary and degraded beings with a modicum of human soul.

It is from these prowling spirits the medium has to be protected.

In all this it must not be forgotten that in the spirit world *thought* is the chief but not only method of communication, for speech is also used, particularly on the lower planes, and thought is, in its primary stage, something apart from language—for we do not "think in words but in ideas." The intrusion of the "word" is the secondary stage. It is, in base, a sort of perfected telepathy, and is conveyed by picture rather than sound and primarily by vibration—though sound and sight and vibration are ultimately the same thing.

But it should also be noted, as I myself have observed in America, that "the gift of tongues" is fact. It is done every day in the mediumistic circle, where mediums speak tongues of which they have no conscious knowledge—but these strange tongues can only be conveyed from the other side when the "control" is complete and the speaker or instrument is completely entranced.

Thus we find at last the explanation of those Esquimaux who were heard by a reputable scholar to speak a pure Homeric Greek! They were simply entranced and "controlled," possibly by ancient Greek spirits.

It is true that the function of language is to convey ideas—but these two things are nevertheless separate. Words are symbols of the ideas behind them, as the body is the *form* of the *spirit* enclosed and interpenetrant.

The most direct method of communication is of course that of automatic writing, with which I deal later *in extenso*. In this case the hand of the medium is actually *held* by the spirit communicating, who makes her write what the spirit wills, the control, however, being not only mechanical but suggestional.

As regards the *language* in which they communicate, spirits have to learn a foreign language just as we have to do. Only they do not learn it in the same way.

The spirit world can master a new language in a fraction of the time it would take a terrestrial.

I believe that "catching" the medium's *thought*, they see the words first as symbols—much as the old Egyptians wrote and saw their hieroglyphs, and that little by little these symbols, through communication with the medium, resolve themselves into the actual words of that medium's own tongue. (They can of course also learn a language by hearing it with the etheric ear or by reading it with the etheric eye.) With the vital difference that the medium, being entranced, is not conscious of the words she uses, we have seen the obverse happen in the case of mediums here who can speak or write some ancient dead tongue of which they literally knew not a word. I myself have sat with such a medium, "Rosemary," who has been able phonetically to write Egyptian, checked and found accurate by an Egyptologist of note.

The method commonly used by the Other Side in "sending" is, I think, that of impressing a series of pictures of the messages to be conveyed upon the medium's brain, which she naturally translates into her own words as she speaks or writes the message. Often she will think she hears the actual words—when she is only "hearing ideas" or "seeing symbols!"

And is not all this true equally of our earthly communication?

But this method is not so much favoured as that of directly giving the actual words in the medium's own tongue to the medium's brain, because in the former method the medium is apt to write her or his own ideas into the original message.

In the twitterlight of clairvoyance, mediums can flutter backwards and forwards in and out of trance during a sitting, giving the communication first in, for example, automatic writing, and then in trance-speech, with clairvoyance and clairaudience supervening and intertwining as Guide, and/or as medium's own subconsciousness, desires. For *there are no rules of any kind for spirit communication.* If we will only remember that spirits *live in "idea," not in "time,"* we shall have a new light thrown on spirit communication.

Nor must you forget that as we seek to communicate with our Astral Guides, inhabiting the Astral Sphere, lying next above us in the planes of consciousness and evolution, they in their turn are constantly, for inspiration and enlightenment, communicating

with the "Spirit Sphere," as the sphere above the astral is termed, and so on throughout the cosmos. Mediumship is not terrestrial. It is cosmic.

The Lady Nona, who is the Egyptian guide to that gifted medium, Rosemary, like Nona, a spring of crystal water, once described the appearance of the medium as she "sits" with her fellow-sitter, Dr. Frederic H. Wood, that fine musician and composer:

"There is a light above your heads now, as I write. It is a large bowl-shaped light of a pale, golden colour, and from it there are darting sparks of a deeper golden shade. It seems to expand and contract and is never still. Inside is a still brighter light of fire-brilliance, and from this a cord descends to your heads, and thus links you up to the light."

Here we have "the silver cord" and "the golden bowl" of Ecclesiastes—"Ere the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken"; i.e. the silver cord of life and the golden bowl which is the halo.

Some day earthly science will make this cord and this bowl visible to the physical eye. When that day comes, I at least believe we shall find that each thought of our hearts sends out "a great cloud of witnesses" in a multitude of coruscations, and that we are each one of us constantly surrounded by a constantly contracting and expanding colour-vibration, or *aura*, which is constantly seen clairvoyantly and which I believe has now been photographed, running the colour-gamut as we *think*, and infallibly registering our minutest thoughts. But I also believe nature has devised some method by which we can, when we will, "cut off" and so occlude ourselves from our surroundings.

In all consideration of clairvoyance and clairaudience, let us finally realize that telepathy is the *normal* method of communication from the beginning of time, and that language is a more or less artificial superimposition, of inferior quality and power, though necessary to certain stages of being.

IX

THE LADY NONA SPEAKS

SOME of the most extraordinary documents in the history of automatic writing are those known as the Rosemary Records, communicated through a very pure, soft-gleaming channel, known as "Rosemary," with whom I have sat, together with Dr. Frederic H. Wood, the organist and composer, her recorder or "witness."

The communicant from the Beyond, the honour and happiness of whose friendship I have had, according to her, for three thousand three hundred years, but whom in this life I have only known a short time, is the Lady Nona, to whom I elsewhere make reference.

I do not know in the annals of spirit communication anything more crystalline clear than this Egyptian princess's description of the method used by the Guides of the Astral for trance-control, as set out inimitably by Dr. Frederic Wood, in this case given through Rosemary.

The one hundred and twenty odd phrases received up to that time, for they are constantly coming through in the Egyptian of the Eighteenth Dynasty, of which neither Rosemary nor Dr. Wood knows a word, were *not* given in trance control. They were heard clairaudiently by the medium and repeated verbatim.

I will let the Lady Nona, a woman of a fine reticence, herself speak upon what I take it governs all communication and which is an extension of what I have said in the last chapter on "Clairvoyance and Clairaudience":

"The actual words are impressed on the medium's etheric mind. She does not hear the words as sounds. It is a thought-transmission. It is there, suddenly in the mind. She seems to hear it, but inaudibly, if I may put it so. Her etheric mind can repeat the word at will, as you could repeat a memory picture. This impresses it on the physical brain, and when it is so impressed she speaks the word for you to hear and record. All these human senses of yours are linked up more closely than you think. For instance, you could train other parts of your body to *see*, if you wished; and a sudden sound, if unpleasant, will react upon all your nerves. They *hear it*."

The Lady Nona makes clear that the "Control" (in this case herself) does not actually hear the words she speaks through Rosemary. "I am not hearing now," she says, "these words as you hear them, but I *receive back an impression of them from your mind and hers*. Nor do I hear the Medium say those language-tests as you hear them, but the impression is conveyed back to me through her etheric brain, and I am thus able to check their accuracy or otherwise. The analogy of your 'wireless' may help you to understand, Doctor. I get the *waves* back to me rather than the *sound*, but unlike you I can interpret the waves too."

This lovely, high-intelligenced Egyptian explained that she could hear the Doctor's words by listening through the medium's ear, if she wished, but that it interfered with the continuity of her own speech and thought. So results were better when she did not try to hear what was happening at the same time.

Dr. Wood uses a perfect simile to sum up all this.

He says: "It would seem that the various processes of control are to the Guide like separate telephone boxes. When in one box, she cannot function through another, and continuity is lost if she attempts to pass from one to the other: and just as we in our telephone boxes cannot both speak and listen at the same moment, so Lady Nona, in using Rosemary, may do either but not both at once."

In describing the method of "partial-trance," my Egyptian friend shows her customary lucidity. The process seems to be the impressionist method adopted in writing-mediumship. She says:

"I am here, first, just as I told you, for writing. When the power is good, I can tune my mind in to hers in the same way that wireless waves can be tuned. *I approach her thoughts through her aura*, and superimpose my own thoughts upon her mind. I *think* into her mind, and use her mind to produce results.

"I do not impress her physical brain. It is done through the etheric body, which in turn passes it into the grey matter of the brain. If there is any disturbance in the physical brain, the thoughts get confused, but they are not confused in her etheric mind. Her etheric mind sees the picture as clearly and as accurately as I do."

Rosemary's degree of consciousness in this partial trance is shown by her remarks as she appears to fluctuate in and out of consciousness. For instance, once when in a warm closed room I felt the "psychic draught" and the "psychic cold," as I term

them, and the whole room seemed to be pregnant with light-particles in which I felt myself bathed, Rosemary turned to me: "Lady Nona has left me and is bending over you." And then, a little later, when I had said something rather *naïve*, Rosemary said: "The Lady Nona is laughing at you."

On return to full consciousness, she will bring back with her the fleeting memories of that Other World into which she has for a moment peeped and will say: "This place is horrid." Or: "Why couldn't I stay there? I don't want to come back."

But I have heard Mrs. Estelle Roberts repeatedly say similar things when returning from the *full* trance, some of them intensely humorous—and I have heard her describe shortly a fragment of a scene from the reign of Nero with gladiators, which brought back to me my own earth-memories of that period as set out in my novel *Echo*.

There have been, up to the present, seven types of clairvoyance in the Rosemary Records, displaying a vision of imposing scope:

First, symbolic pictures, in which the Guides have used such symbols as bay-leaves (conquest), a globe (power), and a sword (fighting).

Then descriptions of the Spheres Beyond, higher and lower, often deeply impressive.

Next, etheric impressions of past events—that is to say, imprints upon the ether (referred to elsewhere in this book) of events which happened centuries ago, read by Lady Nona from "the film of life" as it is unrolled back and described through Rosemary.

Fourthly, striking evidential spirit-memories, including some of John Bunyan.

Fifthly, descriptions of spirit-visitors, corroborated by those who knew them.

Sixthly, tests of identity of such visitors, there being sixty-one of these in a single case.

Lastly, rare cases of travelling clairvoyance, illustrating Nona's power to visualize what is happening elsewhere.

X

"INSPIRATION"

I THINK it is here that we find ourselves naturally in our journeying towards the stars disemboguing from our matter-entanglement upon the shadowy plains of inspiration, where mirage and oasis and sand find themselves mixed in a confusion that at times seems inextricable.

We, ourselves *entranced*, in a word, find ourselves launched upon a slender consideration of "trance"—that is to say, of *inspiration*.

Now "trance" is really "possession." Possession by some spirit.

I will call trance "The Little Death."

Wherever "possession" takes place, the vehicle or medium is more or less passive. This passivity, for which another name is receptiveness, can vary from what is nearly full consciousness (*absolute* consciousness I think is not possible to any mediumship) to that complete obliteration of knowledge which we find in coma or apparent death. It is, in fact, even a deeper unconsciousness than the "night-death" which we call "sleep."

There is no human being living who has not at some time or other been mediumistic, and this apart from the sleep stage, *during which we all become mediums*. When a man, idly playing with his pencil, scribbles or draws meaningless things upon his writing pad, he is often being affected mediumistically. When we find ourselves doing and saying things of which we have no direct consciousness at the time, or afterwards only a hazy after-memory, we have really dropped for a moment into mediumship. When the orator, as apart from the mere "talker," in what is really a great though now a degraded art, the art of speaking, finds himself saying things which he actually does not want to say and things which afterwards cause him considerable embarrassment—finds himself "carried away," as he says even better than he knows, he is acting as a medium for unknown forces.

And when a Beethoven or Gershwin, sitting at the piano, allows the unspoken, unconsidered thought to flow through his fingers, he is not only *entranced* but "in trance." For all creative art is mediumship in subtlest, highest form.

But I will once more venture to assert that all creative writing, all sculpture and painting and music, are to a large extent "automatic." It is only when the artist at once sublimates and subordinates his conscious self that he reaches his highest.

That is why Shakespeare and Goethe and Milton wrote "in ecstasy." That is why they were, to use a common, but, as we shall later see, perfectly accurate phrase, "outside themselves" when they set down their immortal phrasing and poesy.

That all this is a shock to what is necessarily the extreme egoism of the greatest of all egoists—the artist—does not alter the fact.

I believe that any artist who is honest with himself will admit it.

None of which means that the creative artist is not "original." It only means that he has such property of mediumship and of "impression" that he flickers, film-like, from "inspiration" to "creation" and back again in fluidic, rhythmic, and usually cyclic vibration. The psychic medium, on the other hand, is not creative, but subjective, not constructive but neutral—yet I would here say that it will yet be found, I believe, that the psychic medium is, to a degree, "interpretative." There are a hundred ways of interpreting Beethoven—but the Beethoven music is still *itself*. It is just like that.

XI

CONCERNING MEDIUMS

WHEN we come from the general consideration of mediumship to the medium herself or himself, we find ourselves faced with problems psychological and physiological as well as psychic. We find ourselves faced also with a series of disturbing contradictions between preconception and fact. And, unless we keep strict control, not only of the medium, but of ourselves, we shall find ourselves lost in a No Man's Land of vague conjecture, questions half answered, and inconclusive assertion.

We shall, indeed, and as has been the case in the squirrel cages of the Psychic Research Societies, find ourselves coming out of that same door in by which we went, our thoughts dishevelled and our imagination unwraught.

. . . . .

You cannot study the medium from the book, as so many have tried to do. You can only study the medium from the medium.

At the outset you will notice a strange fact. That nearly all mediums, certainly nearly all the best mediums, are women. But that some of the greatest and most "penetrative" mediums the world has known have occasionally been men.

Men like Home (the medium of Sir William Crookes), Valiantine, and Rudi Schneider can only be paralleled by the greater women mediums such as Eusapia Paladino; Mrs. Piper; Mrs. Crandon ("Margery"); Miss Geraldine Cummins; Mrs. Osborne Leonard (Sir Oliver Lodge's medium); "Rosemary," and that extraordinary psychic—Mrs. Estelle Roberts.

Nevertheless, the vast mass of mediums of our day are women, as were the so-called "witches"—really mediums—of biblical history and of the Middle and Later Ages.

So we shall not be far wrong if we assume that an essential quality of mediumship in our day is passivity and the virtues of self-abnegation. Although I think we shall be wrong if we assume that this will always necessarily be the case.

I even believe that we are about to leave the era of "passive" mediumship and enter upon the era of "active." Strong personality, powerful controlled feeling and commanding intellect,

even the creative passion of the artist, will, in the time that is coming, be found to be aids, and not as they are so often to-day, hindrances, to what will be a new order of mediumship.

Next, we shall, naturally, examine the spiritual, intellectual, and the physical character of mediums. We shall do this in order to see if and how far *morale* and intellect and physical health affect the quality of mediumship.

All through the centuries, we have been told that mediums, when women, were beings of evil, even diabolical, character. This was especially true of the "Dark Ages," when male mediumship was almost unknown save in the form of the alchemist and seer. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live" is, one thinks, a fair index of the attitude of the patriarchal and mediæval mind towards the medium. These gifted creatures were harried and tortured—with the result that the world not only cut the life-lines to the etheric worlds, but has been the poorer, psychically and psychologically.

Here we shall, I think, find ourselves ultimately facing the irritating fact that mediums, whether male or female, are in mind and body—and in everything except their special gift, usually normal women and men.

Of the men and women mentioned, Schneider, for instance, is far more interested in association football than in his mediumship and is an exceedingly robust young man. Geraldine Cummins, despite her frail, high-bred quality, has played hockey for her country—Ireland. And as regards Estelle Roberts, she was a dying woman until she took up professional mediumship, which she, and others, competent to judge, including medical men, declare has saved her life.

The experience of many with a large knowledge of mediums is that they are rather above than below the average, in spirit, mind and body. It is certainly my own.

Mediums like Mrs. Osborne Leonard and Mrs. Crandon have superabundant health and vitality, nor does either the male or female medium, even after a lifetime at their art, usually show physical or mental declension or erosion.

Mrs. Hester Dowden declares that after over twenty years of automatic writing she can state definitely that her professional work has given her better health and strength than before she "sat" daily.

Here, however, two qualifications should be made, which have behind them the backing of theory and experience.

There is a certain amount of wear and tear upon the body,

though, curiously enough, rarely upon the mind, of the medium. It is of vital importance that any medium, and of either sex, should exercise regularly; have at all times an abundance of air and light; and should eat regular meals of good plain food.

There is no rule for meat or alcohol or tobacco—it all depends upon the physical and mental type of the medium, but, generally speaking, as regards the two latter, although the medium is usually better without them, some mediums are better for them. Something that will cause the godly and the unco' guid of the more rabid sects to scoff, but which nevertheless will still be true, as experience and even theory and Jesus himself have taught.

True mediumship in such matters is always the better for un-abnormality. Asceticism is always a two-edged sword!

It is essential that with many mediums, though not, I think, with all, that they should eat a good meal before "sitting," as there is a certain amount of wear and tear on the *physical* tissue, the opposite to what one would expect.

I will even go so far as to say that in the case of a very frail man or woman, certain types of mediumship in particular, such as the "Direct Voice," working on a "high vibration," may shorten the natural span of life—though not by much. And most mediums who regard their work as what it undoubtedly is—a sacred vocation—prefer to wear out rather than rust out.

The other qualification concerns the creative artist, who never, under any circumstances, at least in our present state of knowledge, should practise certain types of mediumship, as there would seem to be some psychological law by which each human being has only a certain amount of energy, either stored or inducted, available, and if his fundamental store be used for mediumship it cannot be used for creative art.

What has to be remembered in all mediumship is that the medium is an "instrument," used for a certain purpose, and that, like any other instrument, it can wear out. The most perfect medium is the medium who can at will induce complete "neutrality" towards sitter, "control," and, indeed, towards the cosmos!

For here is the one field in which, at the moment, and, as I have said above, only for the time as I believe, will and imagination not only play no part but are even direct hindrance.

But they are now at work "Over There" upon an attempt to devise a purely mechanical and therefore neutral medium—a valve which will get rid of the living medium for "straight" as opposed to subtler communication, for which the living medium will be necessary until that day when "direct communication" between

this world and the next is established. Something which I state definitely we are now in sight of, as we shall later see when we come to the "Direct Voice," itself only in its primitive stage.

Let me be definite about this seeing and hearing into the world invisible.

I have before me the clear statements of leading mediums, of the highest personal character, tested sometimes over decades by the world's first scientists. Their statements substantially agree.

Summed up, these statements amount to the following:

The medium sees the spirits objectively as she (or he) sees the human beings of her everyday life.

They do not usually, though they can, come to her. She goes to them—that is to say she as a rule, at least when "sitting," deliberately "thinks" herself, if you like to express it in that way, into the world of the astral, which to the medium is a place as definite as this earth, *but is interpenetrant with it*. Some mediums will see that "next world" as lying apart from this—others as interpenetrant with it. But the concept is basically the same.

The medium sees not only the inhabitants but the houses, trees, landscapes of that world of the astral as plainly as she sees those of this world. Sometimes more plainly! One great medium at least, Estelle Roberts, has stated that she feels more at home with the people of the spirit world than with those of this earth. For the astral landscapes and seascapes, like the astral music and orchestration and painting, have a peculiarly vivid quality, some of which even the average man or woman catches occasionally in dreams—to which we shall later allude. I can attest the haunting beauty of these astral landscapes and seascapes as of the astral music which I have occasionally seen and heard in the astral-dream.

"I see their mouths moving. I hear their message," says one of these mediums. "They speak with a speed that is remarkable. It beats like drumfire against my ears. I have to listen as intently as if I listened to a high-speed message through the telephone. *Once I miss the line of vibration on which the words are coming, it is gone, I cannot get it again.* Suffering and emotions are conveyed by a reflector-method. I feel their joys and sorrows. They are temporarily mine, and I suffer from the former memory pangs of their former physical ailments. But the pain is just a memory. I wear it off without inconvenience."

In other words, a medium is during the moment of mediumship a "possessed" man or woman. Not possessed by devils—though that *can* happen. Possessed, if herself of fine quality, rarely, by

sublime and lofty spirits; nearly as rarely by evil entities; but on the average by "average" spirits which make up the bulk of the next world as they make up this.

But it cannot too clearly be stated once and for all that never at any time in the case of trained *un-abnormal* mediumship, whether of lofty or ordinary calibre, can the medium be *forced* to take any message which she does not wish to take. Never at any time is the medium mastered by her "possession," save, perhaps, in cases of mediums of indifferent *morale*.

It is exactly the same with the man who is hypnotized. The "control" can make him take a paper dagger and strike any person in the audience through the heart, but if he substitute a dagger of steel, the hypnotized "subject" will refuse to strike what would be a fatal blow.

The very essential of all genuine mediumship is absolute volition and personal independence. Which, it might be mentioned at this juncture, is one of the three basic laws which govern the next world as they govern this, and which is invariably insisted upon by all the Guides or "controls" worthy of the name. If any attempt were made by a Guide of the astral to insist upon a medium taking a message, it would result in disorganization and dangerous mental strain to the medium.

None of these things are guesses. They are as clearly known after generations of empirical investigation as is the danger in the science of high explosives of mixing certain elements. I wish to stress this absolute scientific accuracy throughout these pages, and not only as regards mediumship. It is an accuracy which has never, at any time, under any combination of circumstances, been successfully challenged by orthodox science.

I think I am in the position to state, after consultation with experts on either side of life, not least with the astral scientists, that in all communications from the Other World the "power" comes in and is applied at the back of the head just above the neck. I have even had the strange chance of seeing the position exactly and objectively indicated by one of the greatest communication authorities of the astral.

This power comes in on the higher vibration to the physical or "superior" brain, and is "drawn out" in the form of emanations by the solar plexus or "inferior" brain. These emanations are, so to speak, the "expression" of the higher vibration coming through.

But I wish to warn my readers that any sort of communication from the astral is enormously complicated and full of pitfalls. It

involves the use and transposition of such "psychic machinery" as the earth-brain cannot imagine, including, for example, a sublime interplay of the subliminal and supraliminal consciousnesses, the latter, on the astral, being a mechanism of infinite complexity which has evolved subtly through the ages for its special purpose. It enmeshes a "nerve-memory," or "nerve-soul," as that finely poised spirit, Frederic W. H. Myers, has stated through the automatic pen of Geraldine Cummins.

It involves the "threefold consciousness" both of spirit and man—the customary parallel of earth and astral, for everything earthly has its correspondence on the other plane, and a "Unifying Principle," or astral "steam-governor" of which we are only just beginning to understand a tiny fraction.

But I am personally beginning to suspect such subtleties in psychic communication as go beyond anything conceived by any human philosophy. And when over and above all this you realize that spirits often do not communicate by the spoken word, but by "thought-symbol impressed on the mind of the medium, and that when spirits wish to communicate with physical beings through a medium they enter a dream-state, varying in subjectivity with circumstance," it will be seen that I do not go too far in stating that even the most knowledgeable of us in this matter of communication is a little stammering infant playing on the shores of the Astral Ocean, and fearing engulfment.

Nor does the scope of this book permit our entering into this mazy forest more than a little way and even at that only in order to begin to understand something of the labyrinthine nature of the astral phenomenal.

I believe that that "inferior brain" which we know as the *solar plexus* is the "sub-battery" of all mediumship. It is through that and from that the medium derives his or her "power" and "impression" when the "pyschic circuit" with the superior brain is completed. Some mediums, in fact, state that they "feel it there." And it is at least worthy of note that all the Oriental greater religions and philosophies, from Buddhism, outwards, stress the importance of this part of the human body, or, as I would prefer to put it, of the human mentality—for the solar plexus is much more than a physical organism. The Oriental occultist has used it throughout the ages for meditation, since the days of Atlantis—if that "Lost Continent" or "planet" be more than a lovely legend. The Japanese ju-jutsuist calls it the *tang*, and those of us who practise this beautiful four-thousand-years-old art are taught to regard it as the very fountain-head of our

psycho-physical Power—for *judo* or *ju-jutsu* is as much a philosophy of the mind and body as a physical exercise. The old Greeks, as their statues show, stressed its development as the fundamental of all athletic excellence in a country which never made vicious segregation of soul and body, in a day when the philosopher went down into the arena to compete in the Games.

How have we Adams and Eves not indeed fallen from grace?

Now, I believe, whether he or she realize it or not (and it will vary enormously according to the medium), the vibrational impact of the "sitters" or audience strikes the medium in this solar plexus much as the glove of a boxer finds the "mark," as it is called, before he literally "knocks out" his opponent—out of time into eternity—and "sends him into dreamland," as the glove-gladiator expresses it, and, though he know it not, quite scientifically. But it is more than mere physical impact. It is psychic impact. It is a "telegraph," which places her or him *en rapport* with the most intimate thoughts of the sitters or the audience and so makes the "connection" which completes the circuit with the astral.

But the brutal truth is that nobody yet, so far as I am aware, really knows anything much about the facts behind the technique of communication or mediumship. In all other sciences, the "scientist" or operator understands his machine before he understands his results. In mediumship the case is reversed.

One thing only do I know. The medium, in the earlier stages unconsciously and before she can be "communicated," is "prepared" for her mediumship from the Other Side of life. She or he undergoes a quite extraordinary training, psychological and physical. It may take years to develop a medium to the ignition point, and her education is never finished.

Mediumship is a will o' the wisp, which can come and go like the flicker of an arc-light. It can even leave the medium for ever, at its own fair will.

Having said all this, one finds oneself in the realm of paradox which is the psychic, confronted with the further vital question of the effect of the medium upon the message, which will be dealt with later in the book under the different forms of mediumship.

It will be enough now to say that the mental and to a lesser degree the physical condition of the medium does appear to condition the purity and integrity of the message.

"High-brow" messages do not usually come through "low-brow" mediums—if only because low-vibrating channels cannot

carry the "high-vibrations"—though even to this there are exceptions, in a topsy-turvy, Alice in Wonderland domain, where the shadows of paradox play hide and seek with themselves, and one in which even the most level-headed students, after a lifetime of study, often find themselves, as their theories, completely upset.

For, as far as one dare be didactic, it is not even the physical or mental but the *spiritual* condition of the medium, which, other things being equal, is ultimately the determinative factor in faithful reception and accurate transmission. Even in this *terra incognita*, as will be seen, you do not "gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles."

Psychic investigation is a magnificent shock to preconception and forms the ideal exercise ground not only for the average human but for the scientist—who so often to the lay mind seems un-human if not inhuman!

We are at last perhaps beginning to realize that the task upon which we are here engaged is the opening up of an entirely new science based upon a practice as old as the hills—a science at least unlike all physical science.

We shall find as we go on another disquieting factor which sets psychic investigation apart from all other. That is, our powerlessness to evoke our phenomena at will, this necessarily being accompanied by the difficulty of checking them and "organizing" them. It is even a science almost without a terminology! Like the Chinese with their ideographs, we shall have to invent our terminology as we go along.

Mediums and mediumship will be found, roughly, to divide themselves into the following divisions and types.

In the first place, we have the two basic divisions of "conscious" or "objective" and "unconscious" or "subjective" mediumship. In the former the medium is in full possession of consciousness and in the other case is "in trance." There is a third or "semi-conscious" division—one in which the medium is half-conscious and which is known as "partial trance." (Here it should be noted that many mediums who profess or even believe themselves to be "in trance" are often fully awake and perfectly cognizant of everything that is happening. But as the human being, and not least the scientist, has limitless capacity for self-deception, this does not necessarily imply fraud.)

We speak glibly of "going into trance," but how often do we ask ourselves what we mean by that mystical expression?

Is it that the medium's soul is expelled from the body during trance? Or is it that her normal faculties are temporarily held

sleeping? Or is it that she is merely hypnotized—and if so by whom and how?

From everything I know from the two chief sources for my statements in this volume, that is to say from personal and vicarious experiment and from my astral teachers and scientists, "trance" is not hypnosis, either self-induced or superimposed.

Nor is trance the vacating of the body by the soul.

Trance, put simply, means the occlusion of the conscious mind and the consequent freeing of the sub-conscious—the field through which the Astral Guides and Masters do their work when in "control."

But *how* is trance induced?

More immediately the medium submits herself or himself *to trance* by a deliberate effort of will which is "surrender."

Speaking out of pure speculation, I imagine that trance can be induced by the Astral Guides in a hundred ways—by some form of hypnosis even—but I have more than speculative reason for thinking that in one of the ordinary forms of trance induction something akin to anæsthesia is employed, the "operating table" being replaced by the medium's chair, the earthly anæsthetist by the astral ditto, and the E.C.U. or other anæsthetizing mixture by a similar etheric mixture made up by the astral doctors, which has more than passing analogy to our ether and chloroform.

I believe it will be found as our astral studies progress that the Guide rarely acts as his own anæsthetist, but, like the terrestrial specialist, carries about with him his own anæsthetist who administers to the medium a sort of "etheric gas" of a highly rarefied type and having no ill after-effects. The dose will vary enormously with the medium, but the curious effects of trance upon the heart and breathing of mediums here find largely their natural explanation.

The above three broad divisions as to "condition" will subdivide themselves naturally into the following types of mediumship:

First the "fundamental primitives of clairvoyance and clairaudience"—which usually, but not invariably, go together, in which the medium may or may not be "in trance." Clairvoyance and clairaudience mean the capacity of seeing and hearing things and voices in the world invisible unseen and unheard by ordinary humanity.

This clairvoyance and clairaudience in its turn is split into two sub-divisions. In the first of these sub-divisions, the medium, whilst unconscious herself, professes to be "possessed" by spirits

of dead people who communicate by using the lips and larynx of the medium as instrument of communication, the voice being that of the medium "modulated" perhaps by the invisible communicator, during all of which the medium lies as if in sleep, she being quite unconscious of what has taken place and having on awaking no memory of the message. In the second subdivision of clairvoyance and clairaudience, that of the famous "direct voice," the medium, lying in trance, supplies only the "power," not the larynx or instrument, which is formed "on the other side" out of an ectoplasmic substance which will later be described, the medium, on awaking, still being quite unconscious of what has transpired.

Our second type of mediumship is the well-known "table-rapping," usually but not by any means always, induced by group-mediumship and which, it may be said, is possible to large numbers of private persons.

Thirdly, we have the type known as automatic writing, and with it automatic painting, in which the medium, almost always fully or semi-conscious and at times even carrying on a conversation whilst writing or painting, allows the alleged spirits to take her or his hand and to write or paint with it what they will.

We have for our fourth type the materialization medium, working on what is known as a "low vibration," whose mind and body yield the "power" which enables what are alleged to be the spirits of dead people or animals to "materialize," as she or he lies entranced. The medium so far as I know is usually but not always unconscious of the phenomena, nor have I ever heard of a materialization medium being conscious during "phenomena."

Apart from the above four types of mediumship, there are three others of quite another nature—namely, psychometric mediumship (usually "conscious"); healing mediumship (generally "in trance"); and the mediumship of prophecy, often but not always associated with dream mediumship, which itself forms another "type," because it often operates in dreams, and so is the mediumship of the "conscious-unconscious"—that is to say, unconscious at the moment it takes place and conscious of it upon awaking. Prophetic mediumship can also be "conscious!"

Then we have telekinetic mediumship, with the property of being able to lift ponderable objects, to make, it is claimed, things fly about, and even to "levitate" the human body.

This telekinetic mediumship embraces such widely differing

forms and phenomena as what is known as *Poltergeist* phenomena or the induction of violent elemental spirits, and ectoplasmic mediumship which is of a pacific kind, in which the medium by "pseudopods" or ectoplasmic rods, can move things at a distance. (Ectoplasm, the existence of which, though originally denied, is now admitted by many scientists and which has repeatedly been photographed, seems to be the common possession of all human beings, who, when mediums of this type, have the power to exude it, usually through some orifice of the body such as the navel, mouth or nostrils, it being afterwards retracted without danger or difficulty. Ectoplasm seems to have affiliations to the human seed. It is referred to later on in its proper place.)

Under this telekinetic category comes the baffling *apport* mediumship with its phenomena of "chemical" mediumship, this *apport* mediumship involving, however, strictly speaking, another and peculiar quality now being widely investigated—the power to disintegrate matter and to pass solids through solids either by the disintegration of enclosing walls, etc., or by disintegration of the *apport* itself. A phenomenon, astounding though it seems to the uninitiate, for which, as will be seen, there is now substantial scientific backing.

But to speak truth, there are probably hundreds or even thousands of kinds of mediumship in the world, some mediums combining in the one person the "conscious" and "trance" forms and several types of mediumship.

As regards the customary division of mediumship into "physical" and "mental" (the former being the mediumship of materialization, including the "Direct Voice," and the latter that of clairvoyance, clairaudience, automatic writing, "trance-speech," and so on), I am exceedingly doubtful as to whether the division is not to an extent arbitrary. I am fairly sure of one thing, however. In the case of "physical" phenomena, the medium is truly a "medium." In the case of "mental" phenomena, she or he is more an *interpreter* than a true "medium."

I would therefore venture to divide all mediumship into that of "*passive*" and "*active*" i.e. "physical" and "mental." In the former the human instrument is the "registrar." In the latter she or he is the "transformer."

We shall, I think, later, when we have examined various aspects of mediums and mediumship, find ourselves contemplating some such conclusions as the following:

First, after allowing for fraud, that there is a certain range of mediumistic phenomena lying outside "normal" explanation—

whatever "normal" may mean in these days of scientific abnormality.

Secondly, that it will be found that "miracles" do not exist in nature and that there is apparently no infraction of natural law, and that certain phenomena hitherto regarded as "inexplicable" and therefore "miraculous" will be found to be explainable in terms of that same natural law. Also, that much which has hitherto seemed miraculous has only been the working out of laws of which we are to-day for the first time becoming dimly percipient and lying underneath the surface laws with which we are familiar.

In the third place, that though probably nearly all mediums start honestly and some end dishonestly, there appear to be many who after long years of scrutiny by scientific men have come through untarnished.

Fourthly, that the now admitted discoveries in psychological, physical and especially mathematical science appear to indicate an entirely new world of thought and action, most if not all of the phenomena we shall have studied being conjecturable under the newer concepts of mind and matter.

Finally, until we enter upon the later stages of our quest of the other world or worlds, I will leave my fellow-searchers with the concept that what we call "the world invisible" or "the unknown world" may before the end of that quest be found to be no remote heaven-world but *a world which is all about us and part of the earth on which we live.*

XII

THE MEDIUM AS A HUMAN BEING

LET us now look at the medium as a human being

So far, we have treated her or him as "something born out of due season" and as un-human if not inhuman. But the medium is like to each one of us, with the same affections, passions, loves and hates, hopes and fears—only, usually, infinitely more sensitive to the pinpricks of life (those of death do not trouble her!).

In the ancient days, before our earth had lost its psychic ear and eye, the medium was shut up in a temple away from the prying gaze of the world, her tenderness to impression guarded and respected. She was treated for exactly what she was—a holy woman—a vestal virgin, who tended the undying flame of life within the realm of death.

To-day, we take these sensitive, gentle women, and we expose them to the lowest as the highest vibrations from any untrained and curious, or blatant, sceptical "sitter" who cares to approach them fee in hand, asking in exchange what should be the gifts of the gods.

No wonder that so many woman trance mediums, though usually, as I have written elsewhere, of normal health, undergo uterine and other operations, which should be easily avoidable. The cause of this is primarily physiological—though deriving, as do all physiological and pathological symptoms, from mental causes.

The actual physical cause of this in the woman medium is the peculiar fact that in all trance there is extreme pressure and "concentration" on the uterus, and in the male medium, upon the corresponding genitals. But it is the woman who, as in so much else in this world, suffers most. The genitals and solar plexus have intimate psychic connection.

This rush of blood and "psychic power" to a single and exquisitely sensitive organ, causes a "starving" of the surrounding tissues, the stomach walls, etc., which gradually assume a condition of semi-paralysis—or, to use a simple simile, a state of "pins and needles."

Now after "sitting," when the whole female body needs rest and warmth, the unfortunate medium is often compelled

to walk about and talk with all sorts of people and receive the shock of all sorts of vibrations. Instead of which, there should be a rest room attached to every *séance* room; a trained masseuse in attendance; and the whole of the stomach walls and plexus should have gentle massage and warmth and, when possible, the medium should be allowed to sleep and to have refreshment before going to her home.

These mediums are the very brain and heart of the psychic wireless. No more noble women and men exist on this earth than these sensitive, often cultured, beings who deliberately, and usually in our day quite consciously, yield their physical bodies and their minds to the astral for communication with and helping of this earth. We should care for them; treat them with affectionate sympathy, indeed, reverence them. Instead of which, in wanton brutality, there are those who regard them more or less as public women, pay them a fee, and for that wretched fee expect to have the use of their bodies and souls for the space of an hour or more.

It is not, however, wantonness but ignorance which makes us, as a rule, do these ugly things to those who are of the same flesh and blood as ourselves.

But there is a more subtle wantonness—not of the physical but of the mental.

The uninstructed insist upon tacitly relegating our mediums, as far as they can, to a condition of unconsciousness and unintelligence. We assume that when a woman or man is a medium they must of necessity be inferior mentally and physically to their fellows. Sometimes *we* are mad enough to insist that *they* must be mad.

We do not care to realize that if we will only take trouble and give the sympathy and love necessary to the training and development of mediumship, we shall find a high intelligence and strong personality not a hindrance but a help. Passivity, as I have indicated in another place, is only an advantage to-day because we are too slothful and too un-fine to take the exquisite trouble which is necessary to properly train our mediums. For it is always easier to "control" a passive ignorance than an active intelligence. But how much finer will not be, and, indeed, are not, the results in the latter case, and as we see in the work of mediums like Geraldine Cummins and "Rosemary!"

Next, and arising out of this, instead of training our "sitters," itself a vital concomitant of successful phenomena and a happy normal mediumship, we let any sort of ignorant primitive in to

our *séance* rooms—in the case of a certain type of scientist and especially of a certain type of lay-observer of semi-scientific attainments, one of the most inimical types, not of elemental perhaps, but of "elementary," that can be let loose against the defenceless medium.

Which scientist of them all would permit the casual passer-by to enter the physical or psychological laboratory without investigation and some assurance as to training?

Nor in all this have I set down more than a fraction of the actual dangers to mediums from such exposure—the thing which has made so many mediums "science-shy."

It never seems to cross the mind of the average investigator, or even of the "professional sceptic," that there is another reason than that of the disintegrating effect of light or possible fraud for the use of darkness by the medium.

Women mediums in particular are sensitive people. They, poor things, wish for darkness as a shield and covering for what I will call the "psychic nakedness" to which they expose themselves when they enter the *séance* room or the public hall. Which psycho-analyst of them all would care to sit before anything from one to ten thousand people and expose the workings of their minds and reveal that piteous helplessness of the human being when asleep? Especially in the deeps of the trance-sleep?

The Guides often have no objection whatever to some light or even full light, as I have heard one of the Greater Guides state, but they know the repercussions which are set up by light upon the mind of the medium controlled, and which inhibit phenomena.

And, in passing, it should be stated definitely that many so-called cases of fraud, especially in "materialization" *séances*, working as they do on the low vibrations of physical mediumship, are due to the influence of the untrained sitters.

A circle of casual untrained people, with no knowledge of psychic matters, can, positively, induce hypnosis in the medium, and through their crude natural wish to "get phenomena," can cause the woman when in deep trance, and quite unconsciously, to walk about the circle in the darkness as though she were herself the desired disembodied spirit.

Again, I would venture to warn the world of science in particular that one cannot be too chary in asserting fraud, especially in the case of the well-known mediums with reputations built up through the years. The deeper that "science" probes psychic science, the more it will find, as it is finding, that the greater

portion of the alleged cases of fraud in the past have no other foundation than the ignorance of the investigator.

"Sitters" should be trained as are mediums. Until we get the trained sitter, that is the sitter with reverence born of knowledge of the facts of the astral, our mediums, precious chalices of spirit, will have to suffer.

Let me take a solitary example of our still utter lack-knowledge of psychic law—which is to say, Natural Law.

Constantly, you hear a sitter "fire" a blunt demand for a name at a communicating spirit. The spirit boggles—says he cannot give it "now." The sitter facilely believes therefore that everything else he had heard and seen was fraud.

Here the truth is that the difficulty sometimes, but not always, in getting names is due to the fact that a "name" is a neutral thing to anyone who does not know the original. Now we all know what it is to attempt to "dial" a telephone when the instrument is "dead." It has to have that vibrant buzz of life before we can make connection. The same is true of the medium, who is our instrument or telephone.

In many cases, a name brings no "resonance" into the medium's mind. The result is that although the communicating spirit may know the name perfectly well, he is unable to transmit it along a "dead" wire.

Behind this lies a principle of natural law known to every scientist who reads these words.

Let us be careful in jumping to conclusions. This question of name is an exact parallel of the unsuspected fact behind a hundred other difficulties of communication. I here give it, because it is one of the simplest.

It is also a criminal waste of the mediums' time and tissue, to doom them eternally to the production of the Lower Phenomena, by which I mean—to the Babies' Class of proving survival over and over again. The time is long overdue for mediumship to be employed by the physicist and psychist, by the mathematician and physiologist, to reach out to the higher planes of the astral and to co-operate with the astral scientists and to learn from them what they have to teach. Even with the little we have been able to glean to-day of the astral knowledge, we can safely say that such organized regular communication of the two worlds might revolutionize our own scientific outlook—especially upon the elementals of Time and Space. And it will come.

Persistently, the Masters from the Other Side say to us: "You say we do not give you any new contribution to science or to

art. But, although that, definitely, is not true, when have you asked us? How can we speak to ears that hear not and deliver messages for which you are not ready and for which you make no effort to prepare yourself? We are ready when you are ready."

And do they not speak the truth?

But behind and above all this consideration of the medium and her mediumship lies *Love*. "No love, no mediumship," would be a fair way of putting the prime condition of successful communication.

The *love-vibration* is potent vibration. It is the all-conquering vibration, not only in mediumship but in all intercourse, human and divine. If we give our mediums love they will give back to us the treasures of the astral and some day even of the worlds beyond the astral.

There is never any excuse for *hate* at any time, anywhere, against anybody. But neither is there for *indifference*—much less indeed, for even active hate is preferable to dead indifference—to that deadly neutrality which baffles and erodes.

Love means ease of communication because it means understanding. We know it to be the Natural Law that love, still using that most misused of all words in its fuller finer sense, sets up vibrations which make for sympathy and health and for beauty—therefore for happiness.

In no branch of human endeavour is love so necessary as in the *séance* room, however much the hard-headed man of science or the carping probing sceptic may cachinnate. Love is more than an emotion—it is a scientific fact, *without which—nothing!*

When love weds science, we shall have a science of *understanding*, not only one of analysis.

XIII

THE SUB-CONSCIOUS IN MEDIUMSHIP

I WISH here to consider the sub-conscious in mediumship.

What I here say applies to every type of communication where the human medium is employed. They will only cease to apply if and when the mechanical medium replaces the other. This will very possibly be a valve-medium.

The Sub-Conscious has been the happy hunting ground of the sceptic psychologist and physicist—and at that not only of the quack. Like the pineal gland in the realm of medicine, in penning disquisitions upon which sapient sapheadedness has so often won learned distinction, the quack of either sort—the qualified and unqualified—has found in the sub-conscious a hobby horse upon which he could sally out into the wilderness where the windmills of the expert turn crazily round and where the "specialist" tilts at phantoms to the confusion of man if not always to the glory of God!

The Freuds the Jungs and the Adlers have gone a-tilting too with phantoms of their own creation (and let it be said often with one another!) to their hearts' content if not to that of their victims, and riding their horses to death. Getting hold of the genuine central fact of "suppression" and "complex," the founders themselves obsessed and suppressed, proceeded to build upon it a glaucous *soufflé* of fiction.

The scientists of the astral sometimes say: "We read and hear much of what passes for science upon our former home. Much of it seems to us foolishness." Some of us understand that!

So with the sub-conscious, about which to-day everybody in the world of the psychic knows everything and nothing.

When one surveys the reams of addle-pated "sub-consciousness" to which an incorporeal incorporated Science has given her name for the last half-century in her effort to explain away the fact that man had a soul which survived death, one remembers oneself to be humble!

At one time, everything came out of the medium's sub-conscious mind—Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, from mediums who knew English and that badly; verse and prose of a high order

from a woman who felt only at home in two places—the mediumistic chair and at the wash-tub; dark Poesque phantasy from fat ladies who thought that Poe was a river in Spain; and Elizabethan verse from receptive susceptible dames who never knew the Virgin Queen and even had only a nodding acquaintance with Queen Victoria or with King Edward—the former of whom, by the way, they usually regarded as the very last word in literary criticism.

Then a change came over the sceptic's dream. When he found that even a medium couldn't get a quart out of a pint pot or weave a silk kirtle out of fustian, he discovered his universal anodyne in telepathy—and great is its name—but not so great as it used to be!

Now everything became telepathic. Feats of thought transference of which no psychist up to that moment had even imagined became matters of every day. And anyhow, thank the God! who of course didn't exist, when all was said and done, telepathy itself was only our old Sub-Conscious Friend all over again! and so scientific scepticism put itself to bed and to sleep once more.

Now that both the sub-conscious and the telepathic hypotheses have more or less as universal panaceas for panic-stricken sceptics become beautifully less, it may be admitted that in all mediumship the sub-conscious mind of the medium does play its part and does to an extent condition the message.

Nevertheless, though what I have written above be true, mediumship is the only science in which you do at times gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles. For the medium gives more than he has got.

In all mediumship three things are essential. Patience; power; and *passivity*. Good or bad mediumship is largely a question of how far the conscious can be held in thrall to the sub-conscious or unconscious—call it what you will—something of which man still knows infinitesimally. That is to say, as to how far the medium can keep his or her emotions from interference with the message which itself actually comes *through* his sub-consciousness.

If the medium's conscious mind assert itself, you get "interference" and a corrupting of the message, which will then be compounded of two things—the impressions and views of the medium's own mind; and as much of the message proper as is able to get through.

Regard the *method* from the Other Side.

As we have before stated, all mediumship is telepathic. Not

a telepathy as between the medium and other beings still in the physical body—but telepathy *from* a being out of the body *to* a medium in the body.

All communication, and of any kind, here or "Over There," is *vibration.* The moment any one of us thinks of any other being, astral or terrestrial, a communicating vibration is set in motion and an attempt at communication takes place. That is, unless everything that our own earthly science is beginning to teach us and everything we know from the astral is nonsense. The only difference between a medium and an ordinary mortal in such vibrational attempts is that the former is a high-powered multi-valved wireless in comparison with the single-valved latter.

At the very instant of "sitting," or even of the intention to sit, the medium sends a "wireless" etheric message to the Invisible Communicants, summoning them, thus making the "connection." This may be that Communion of Saints of which we often so glibly speak without understanding, or it may be the Communion Diabolic. That will depend upon the sitters and the circumstances, as will later be made plain.

With constant practice, this connection is gradually permanized, and it is pretty safe to say that the Guides or "Controls" attend hundreds of times ere such permanized connection is effected. And once more let us not forget it may take many years to develop a medium.

The connection once established with the medium or circle, the Guide begins to "telepath" his messages, seeking by deliberate effort to impress what he wishes to say upon the mind of the sensitive.

I believe that all this in greater or less degree will be found to apply to all mediumship—even to "psychic photography" and to *apports.* But it may be that further discovery will explain to us the exact form of these strange variants of "impression," with which I deal under "Clairvoyance and Clairaudience," and "The Lady Nona speaks."

The invisible control in automatic writing, for example, is faced with the problem of "impressing" the brain to manipulate the fingers of the medium by "thought-vibrations." But to do this, the control has to "compress" a four-dimensional world into one of three. The quart into the pint pot with a vengeance!

It is this difficulty of bringing the vastly elastic world of the astral down to an inelastic world governed by time and space *which is the recurring and main problem of all psychic communication.*

The moment communication is established and the fingers

begin to obey the invisible dictates, the medium's conscious mind instantly and naturally rebels against its subjection. The medium finds herself listening to the vibrations of her sub-conscious mind. Fears, doubts, protests instantly invade that mind, so fogging the message. And then, with the invasion of the conscious comes chaos, and with it the breaking in of those unruly *Poltergeist* spirits who maliciously play merry hell with the message.

But with practice the conscious can be held down and these "playboys" kept out.

The sceptic is always apt to forget that it takes two to make a message. The receiver and the sender. If this were recognized, we should be saved the fatuous protest: "But if there be a messenger and a world Over There, why can't the silly ass say what he wants to say? He could say it down here!"

But the vapid critic forgets that "down here" it is one three-dimensional physical being speaking with another three-dimensional physical being!

And yet, despite all that I have said about passivity and the need for holding back personal emotionalism, I cannot help feeling that we shall ultimately discover, as I say elsewhere, that the medium of temperament and passion, *when* and *if* she can hold that passion-power in abeyance to the sub-conscious, will make the best medium. For passion means *driving* power and, when transformed, *carrying* power. And all this I would say, if for no other reason, because some of us are beginning to suspect that in the psychic, *nothing is ever wasted!*

SCIENCE

XIV

THE PHENOMENA OF SURVIVAL

SENTIMENTALITY is, one imagines, as great a hindrance to clear thinking as action. Emotion, on the other hand, is the mainspring of all thought.

The difference between sentimentality and emotion is the difference between glass and diamond. Nevertheless, man must be sentimental before he can be emotional. Sentimentality is primitive emotion. It is a stage.

Sentimental thinking means loose thinking.

Most of us think what we want to think.

We buy our books or our newspapers, not in order to be stimulated by contradiction, but in order to have our prejudices confirmed.

Man, though not woman, still makes his God in his own image. As for that delightful creature, who is at once man's equal and opposite, she makes him in the image of man. For God is still male.

The age of the female Goddess, as of the female religious founder, is yet to come.

And so men and women in their churches and religions make their God in their own image and their life after death in the image of this. They had, indeed, until the other day, no other models. Now they are able to go to the fountain-head and compare their fancies with the facts.

They are, in a word, able to appeal to the facts of psychic science, with at least as much assurance as the physical scientist appeals to his.

For here, I am concerned, or hope to be concerned, only with what I conceive to be facts. Facts themselves, as we have seen, being comparative. I shall make no appeal to sentiment.

And so in our consideration of the survival of Man, the Triple Entity, and of the Body, Spirit and Soul of which he seems to be compounded, I wish to deal only with the facts as they have so far appeared.

These facts, although they implicate infinitely greater issues than those of the physical scientist, are exactly the same whether

they have made their appearance in Pekin, in New York, in Paris or Moscow or London.

For although, as I have said elsewhere, you cannot evoke them at will, you can rely upon their continuity and correlation as much as any physicist can rely upon the orderly manifestations of matter. Behind them, as behind the latter, stands *law*.

The "ghost" is the same in its methods of expression and of manifestation whether in Richmond Park, where, as I said, with another man who, like myself, had up to then never seen a ghost in his life, I saw one in broad daylight, or in the Kremlin, which, though Mr. Lenin did not know it, is full of ghosts—and is now haunted by himself! Nor can all the solemn scientific treatises in the world set aside that single wraith in Richmond Park or those billion others outside the park.

The "Direct Voice" is identical whether in a London drawing-room or in a Nottingham or Copenhagen back parlour.

Automatic Writing in its technique and method is identical whether in Chelsea or China.

The phenomena of materialization are as firmly knit together and to the intelligent student are as coherent as a demonstration of the electron discovered by that pioneer of spiritualism and of chemistry—Sir William Crookes, the greatest chemist of his time.

Alfred Russel Wallace, the contemporaneous discoverer of the principles of evolution with Charles Darwin, was able to demonstrate the persistence of memory and identity after "death" by the same methods which he had used in his biological and other researches.

What, then, has led to the obfuscation and confusion of what is known as "the scientific mind" in face of these apparently unassailable facts?

Here I think a consideration of the scientific mind in all its glory and littleness, more particularly in relation to survival, may help us in the problems which will later present themselves.

XV

THE SCIENTIFIC MIND

THE scientific mind is of its own kind.

There is certainly nothing else like it on earth—some think, nothing even in heaven!

It is at once the most unselfish, the most eager for knowledge, and, it is sometimes said, possibly the most myopic of all minds, and, in its taboos in the field of research we are here considering, even amusingly unscientific.

It is a strait-jacketed imagination—but still "imagination."

However that may be, the scientific mind itself being singularly dumb, without the power, often without the inclination, to defend itself, I wish here, as one who has had many opportunities of observing that mind at work, to say something in its defence and even justification.

If at times it seems to the intelligent layman that the scientist, especially the physicist, has a single-minded, or even narrow-minded, view of phenomena, it must be remembered that the scientist is a man of One Idea. That is, the idea to which he happens, often most unselfishly, to have devoted his life.

No other ideas exist for him.

He even boasts, and from his viewpoint, not unnaturally, that no others exist.

His is even, if you like, the one-track mind—the Henry Ford mind carried to the *n*th degree.

The scientific mind is analytic, not synthetic. It is the creative artist, not the scientist, who is the great synthesist of life and death.

We have even gazed awestruck upon the spectacle of one of the most distinguished anthropologists living, gravely discussing in the columns of a daily newspaper of vast circulation the question of whether the Angels of Mons could have had concrete existence in view of the fact that, although he admitted that some most reliable witnesses had seen them, Anatomy was reluctant to accept the possibility of a flesh and blood angel, or indeed any angel at all! And this because, as it was solemnly pointed out, "a vertebrate animal may have arms, or it may have legs, but one with both arms and wings has never been seen in the flesh."

I believe it was during a perusal of the journal in question, which, quite unknown to it, has a celestial circulation, and the reading of these words upon the angelic anatomy, that the Sons and even the Daughters of the Morning on the Other Side of Life shouted for joy!

And it is in this connection interesting to note that the thing which more than all the thousands of materializations and tens of thousands of "Direct Voices" and clairvoyance tests displayed before the Scientific Mind, affected that mind, was the Osty-Schneider experiment with the infra-red ray.

Dr. Osty was the first investigator to use infra-red rays as a means of detecting the up to then unrecognized *emanation from a medium's body*, now known as "the Schneider phenomenon." For this experiment, the ray was encased in a muslin and wooden cage.

That mind does, indeed, strain at camels and swallow gnats!

But how this mind has been able to brush aside all these thousands of evidential facts through fifty years or more will always be one of the insoluble puzzles to the scientists of the future, as it is to us who to-day are psychic scientists, and who know that human survival is one of the most repeatedly proved of all the facts of science.

How this manner of thought inhibits and hinders can be seen even in some of those scientists who do believe in survival. Men of very real intelligence like the well-known American psychist, Thomson Jay Hudson, who in his *Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life* makes quite fantastic assertions as to the dangers of psychic experiment, whilst admitting its necessity!—this in face of all the accumulated psychic knowledge of the last fifty years! His myopic segregation of the objective faculties to this world and the subjective to the next is one of the tragi-comedies of the "scientific mind" which is simply "unavailable" to and incapable of assimilating certain types of evidence.

You cannot argue the colour of a violet with a man who is colour-blind.

But, once again, in his defence, it must be remembered that he believes that he draws strength, if not vision (he rarely speaks of "vision") from concentration. He says, in so many words, that his business is not with life, only with life's vehicle—matter; to him, until yesterday, synonymous with life.

Also, he is revolted by the occult jargon and by the woolly terminology and grandiloquent thinking of the multitudinous

"osophist" sects who assume a cinch on Satan—if not on God! And who shall blame him?

The *tu quoque* is of course obvious. He is never revolted by the unscientific jargon of science! But two blacks do not make a white and two unscientific swallows don't make perhaps even the Indian summer of the "osophists" with its mad mahatmas and vague haunted transcendental twilights in which gods and devils, truth and superstition show in flickering, ghostly struggle. Sects, let it be said, often founded upon the truths behind life and having amongst their adherents men and women of a deep sincerity if also of a vague transcendentalism and divorced from life. But the trouble with the Scientist is that instead of finding the pearl in the transcendental hogwash he dismisses it all . . . just as, not hogwash, but eyewash.

Now in all this you cannot blame the physicist in his Blind Kingdom—that is, the Kingdom of Matter, where the king is a one-eyed Cyclops, any more than you can blame other people in other kingdoms of the blind, of religion and the occult for example, who also pay homage to the one-eyed man. All this is the inevitable result of the scientist's training, or, to go deeper, of his evolutionary rung, and it is only fair to say that in all this there are increasing numbers of exceptions from a now revolting minority.

Also, his observation is objective, not subjective.

He is not accustomed to *feeling*—only to *thinking*.

One more, he is the man of One Idea—the one-eyed man.

Whilst it is quite accurate to say, I think, that because no other ideas exist for him, his conclusions about his One Idea are sometimes valueless, it is also only fair to say that they are almost invariably honestly given. His "conclusions," I said, that is to say his "interpretation," not his *facts*, which are always faithfully recorded at each stage of their observation.

Also, it is not fair, *in his present stage of development*, to ask the materialist scientist in particular to be both recorder and interpreter. To record the phenomena and to interpret *the Thing Which lies Behind them*. For that is the business of the artist, not the scientist. The day of the artist-scientist is yet to come, and, as some of the astronomer-mathematicians show in their extraordinarily piquant disturbing excursions into their faery lands forlorn, is already dawning.

At the moment, it is, one imagines, the business of the scientist, still a recorder, to be the milch-cow to the artist-interpreter, turning over his facts, laboriously, unselfishly acquired, to the

artist-philosopher, whether novelist or dramatist or poet, for their *interpretation* of and *application* to life.

A more difficult criticism for the orthodox scientist and his apologists to meet is, one imagines, the criticism that he is lamed even in his own special domain by his monomaniacal "One-Idea" preoccupation. That, so to speak, no man can really know his own parish who does not know the world outside it.

To put it, as it will seem to men of science, fancifully, no scientist can know the "spirit" of the atom or electron who does not know something of the humans composed of those atoms. He can only know the "form."

In a word, that in his very analysis of matter itself, he is warped and hindered by his lack of knowledge of the spirit informing that matter.

Meticulous in his *physical* observation of the atom, take him outside his darkened chamber and he is a newly-born child bewildered by the light. No more capable of evaluating evidence outside his special domain than is the legal mind itself.

That, I think, may be said, not unfairly, to apply to him when he makes one of his rare incursions into the fields of "living," from those of politics, and politics' antithesis, social reform, to those of art (something also that needs "living"), including that most abstruse yet living of all the arts—the art of sex—about which indeed nothing is known by anybody! His views upon such subjects being, indeed, notoriously, often of a gigantic *naïveté*—a reluctant conservatism.

That is why, to those laymen who have sometimes been present at a gathering of scientific giants, it often seems a gathering of giant babies, of enormously intelligent anthropoids, who at any unsuspected moment may discover that they are *human*—with possibly disastrous results to their "intelligence."

Yet even here, it is this man so full of inhibitions and limitations, who, often under intense suffering, often at the risk of life, as in the radium cancer experimenters, wins life from dead matter.

And let it also be said, no scientist of them all can be seduced by material reward—although sometimes, despite his remoteness from life, being human he can be seduced by glimmering, glamorous fame, that last seduction of noble minds. One could wish that one could always say the same of his opponents in the world of the occult!

It has been indicated by a distinguished physiologist that scientists may be divided into two groups—those who have got

into the Royal Society and those who hope to get in! Despite their remoteness from life, being human, few scientists will do anything which may break the orthodox taboos or imperil their chances of getting the "signed, sealed and delivered," of their Supreme Council—the *imprimatur* without which, nothing!

All of which brings us by a certain inevitableness to a field of objection in which one, as apologist for orthodox science, finds oneself still further handicapped.

This is the steadily increasing realization and contention that, with the one notable exception of the theological domain, this mind of paradox is in some ways the most dogmatic.

For, as it seems to many, the scientific mind of our day, in fading revolt against the dogma theologic, as that dogma weakens, has succeeded in developing a dogma of its own.

The scientist has usurped the rôle of the theologian.

To say all of which is but to say what many distinguished laymen who have ventured into the scientific labyrinth, and what many distinguished scientists themselves, have said.

Dogma is always supported by taboo.

One of these taboos has been psychic research, particularly on the side of survival.

In scientific circles, the occult is not yet quite "good form."

But it might be pointed out with a certain gentle insidiousness that at neither Eton nor Harrow, Oxford nor Cambridge, Yale nor Harvard (I leave out the Continental universities), is it considered "good form" to speak about the soul—save in the philosophic plural: "souls." As for the idea that the foundation of all real education would be the teaching of the children that they have souls, where these souls came from and whither they possibly are going—this would send polite shivers down the Etonian or Oxford spines.

For of such substance are our educationalists of to-day made! But not to-morrow, where the occultist will have his part in education, and Chairs of Psychic Science will be founded in all our universities, which will then no longer be divorced from life.

Some of the councils of science are of a Torquemada-like inflexibility—their laws as the laws of Divinity, the slightest infringement of which by these Champions of Death is punished by ostracism. This I think is a moderate statement of what are sometimes immoderate facts.

Yet even here, there is a case for the scientist, which should in common fairness be put forward.

In all this, it is only, one thinks, that he has not yet realized

that in the field of the occult we are gradually becoming percipient of laws lying behind other laws. For, as I have already said, there is not in the occult any more than on the physical plane, so far as we know, ever, at any time, any suspension of natural law—whether that law be natural, or, to use an old-fashioned term, "*super*-natural." For actually no man has ever observed at any time a fact which is "outside nature."

We are beginning to recognize, often reluctantly and even hatefully, that the supernatural has no existence—recognition, let it be said to his credit, first made by the scientist.

All of which, I think, goes to explain at least some of the scientific aberrations and contradictions, so often perplexing to the orderly mind peering into the witches' pot of science.

It is also gradually being recognized that the scientific mind, outside the very limited field upon which it happens to be engaged at the moment, has little sense of the evaluation of evidence. But to say that because of that, the scientist is deliberately dishonest, is not fair. He means to be fair.

Scrupulously honest with himself in his laboratory investigations of the "permitted" subjects, the average scientist, intensely orthodox by force of circumstance if not by nature, becomes at times amusingly, amazingly, though all unconsciously, dishonest in his excursions into a field of research antipathetic to him and for which his three-dimensional mind and training have, frankly, unfitted him. That field is the occult.

Inside this enchanted circle, it is unfortunately true that he often becomes dogmatic. He denies the evidence of his own senses, even after he has sometimes admitted that evidence in private, as those who have met him, slightly fuddled, scrabbling on the floor of the *séance* room for the strings which are not there, know. And, let it be said, this evidence he would at once admit in other fields of research.

There comes a solemn moment in all this when one remembers, however incredibly funny it may seem to-day, that only a few years ago orthodox science denied the very existence of telekinesis, i.e. the levitation of objects at a distance; denied the appearance of the ghost; and denied the "direct voice." All these phenomena are admitted to-day by numerous scientists who, entrenched in the last ditch, can now only deny not the fact, but the origin. If science were so faulty a guide in these matters a decade ago, why should we trust it to-day in its "explanations?"

But although even the most anxious apologist will find it impossible here to defend the attitude—or is it the ears?—of the

deaf adders of science, it is still possible to point out one thing in partial explanation.

The thing which shocks, and naturally shocks, the "scientific" mind more than anything else when "septic and sceptic" it enters, still too rarely and casually, the gloomy precincts of the psychic laboratory, the darkened door of which is so often the gateway to the light, is that the phenomena cannot be evoked at will, as in the physics laboratory. Nor can they always be controlled.

It is this lack of control and power of evocation which make, to the scientist, all the phenomena suspect, and leads to that devastating *ignotum per ignotius* by which science explains the unknown by the still more unknown! And the scientist, like so many who are not scientists, takes the easy way out. He simply says: "They have no existence."

Which comfortably disposes of all inconvenient questionings . . . for the time . . . until the next ghost arises, a fury at the feast, to gibber in the ears of outraged orthodoxy.

The scientific mind does not like the dark, except when it itself uses it, as it is compelled to do for certain of its own experiments in the physical. Like some churches, it likes to have a "corner" in devils! Logic is seldom the strong point of the highly localized mind—for logic needs vision. To tell that mind that there is a perfectly scientific reason for the use of the dark in certain psychic experiments means nothing to it.

All of which, though scientifically quite indefensible, is humanly understandable.

To sum up, despite the researches of great, light-filled mathematician-astronomers like Jeans and Eddington, the definitely declared belief in the existence of a spirit world, and the survival of man beyond death by some of the first living mathematicians, who indeed have practically abolished matter, and the substitution in our day of a God of Wave-Length for a God of Mechanics, the scientific mind is still matter-clogged.

But it is becoming emergent.

The members of any scientific society may, I think, be naturally separated in their attitude to psychic investigation into the following groups:

First, those who still think, as did Professor Tyndall, that the occult is unworthy the attention of the serious scientist—something, admittedly, quite unscientific, for science's domain should be limitless. (This being in his famous, or, were it not for his honest ignorance, as some would call it, "infamous" Belfast address to the British Association, although I have not heard that

this "infamous conduct," as it is termed in the ranks of medicine, was ever brought to the bar for indictment!) Secondly, those who temperamentally and by training feel that, although the occult cannot be altogether barred, the material is the only safe, or indeed possible, field of investigation. Thirdly—a large number in our day—those who, having ventured their heads gingerly into the *séance* room, are terrified at having their dogmas and preconceptions upset by evidence which each year is becoming increasingly urgent and destructive of the old dogma, for the scientific mind, like some others, often shrinks to a curious degree, considering its claims, from the scourge of fact.

And lastly, a tiny band, magnificent pioneers, who, taking their scientific reputation as "serious" scientists in their hands, have defied the *quid nuncs* and either begun research into the psychic, or having done so, declared that they regard man as a spirit, as in the notable case, one of many, of Sir Oliver Lodge, who, science's *enfant terrible*, flung the survival bomb into the comfortably cemented phalanxes of the British Association in his presidential address, stating that he regarded the persistence of life after death as clearly proven as any other fact of science.

XVI

THE COMING OF THE ARTIST-PHILOSOPHER

Where Man within his earthy prison held,
Plays hide-and-seek with masquing demon-angels,
Rushing the will-o'-wisps that spot the murk,
Seeking to wrest his secret from blind Death. . . .
He hears a cry from out beyond the bars,
Which trembles faint within the enchanted airs,
To call him through the twilights of the spheres
And throne him Prince of Light among the stars.

I HAVE said here many hard but true things about the scientific mind: its cowardice; its conservatism; and above all, its sometimes shocking evaluation of evidence when that evidence clashes, not with fact, but with preconception. But there is, as I have already indicated, another side. None of this should blind us to that other nobler side.

It was the scientist who first freed mankind from the tyranny of ecclesiastical orthodoxy, and first threw down the gauntlet to the *ex cathedra* mediæval mind. And, although science in our day has largely substituted one tyranny for another and one set of dogmas for another, it will be the science of to-morrow and especially psychic science, in that Armageddon which is yet to be fought, which will once more challenge the hierarchs. Challenge the last tremendous effort which the hierarchs will put forth in an attempt to fasten once more the strangle-hold of their particular brand of "faith-dogma" upon fact—of a faith that is false upon the fact that is real.

It is the scientist, and of any school, who year after year yields all that he has of health—of wealth he rarely thinks—and of patience and brain in his endeavour to wrest her secrets from nature and to help humanity. And if at times it seems, as I have said before, that he has forgotten his humanity in his science, it is not that he does not at times remember the Greater Comradeship of us all, and the one debt which can never be repaid and which we all owe the one to the other.

And even when ignorant he is always sincere.

The scientist lurking in his Aladdin's cave may be blind to the treasures about him, nevertheless he alone amongst human

beings, has in that cave a piercing light, literally neither of earth nor sky, which even now helps him to stagger upon chance gems of great beauty, and which one day will flood the whole cave. But not until that day when the cave-dweller learns that no man can see the part until he sees the whole and that the triple foundation of Body, Soul and Spirit and its all-round purview is the only foundation for the specialist.

For it is not to the theologian but to him, in his further incarnations, when he shall have learned that the poetry of life is also its science, and religion, life itself, to whom we shall have to look for our future victories over space and time, as we shall have to look to the artist in *his* later, conscious incarnations, for those of spirit. And it is because of his faithful truth-pertinacity even though his heavens fall and his hells rise up, that man may yet scale the ramparts of heaven. But all that will only be in a day when the artist-philospher also comes to his own, the day when the artist and the philosopher become one.

For the scientist—most unhappily for himself!—is a spirit, though he still thinks of himself as a body.

And, as I have elsewhere said, the poet-scientist is already on the horizon, and when he has freed himself from the trammels of matter and taken unto himself the wings of the newer imaginings, it is he who with the artist-philosopher will lead humanity into spirit out of its clay.

That day is not yet.

But it is coming.

XVII

SCIENCE AND SURVIVAL

MAN has always known in his heart, where the deeper things are known, not in the brain, that he survived death.

But it is only within the last decade that the mass, as apart from that tiny minority which are always the salt of life, began to think about survival *consciously*. As far as the mass ever do think consciously.

It is one of the queerer things of a queer world that whilst the mass, and especially the English mass, is as uninterested in science, as it is in science's lovely sister—art, it is the scientist who, as regards its daily life, has the second last word. The last word, of course, is to the creative artist.

A certain juxtaposition of circumstance has brought about this conscious mass-thinking upon survival. That is the juxtaposition of the Great War and the radical change in the outlook of orthodox science.

War, like disease, is one of the ploughs of life, literally torturing, that is, harrowing, the ground for the new seed and the new harvests—first the red and then the golden.

And although I think suffering will not always be essential to human evolution, certainly not upon the higher planes, where stranger forces work, it is, so long as we are on the earth, still as essential to it as happiness.

Unwraught by their grief, and with a natural eagerness to know whether their loved ones survived the holocausts of the West Front, survived them not in this world but the next, those left behind rushed first to the Church, and then to the *séance* room. The former could only ask them "to have faith." As regards the latter, amongst much that was true and good, there grew up a host of quacks and such venal deception that it might make hell laugh and heaven weep—if, as we may yet here be compelled to assume, angels and demons have existence other than in metaphor!

Then came the inevitable revolt of that common sense and decency which is essentially the mass-possession as apart from intellect and phantasy, which is the posession of the few.

The average man revolted so strongly that, for a time, all

mediumship, however vouched, was suspect. Men and women, heartbroken at the fraud practised on their sorrow, went about denying that man was other than an animal, who played his little hour, and, having played, passed into the Eternal Silence. But we men and women have always done this.

As in the Romes and Babylons of the past, extraordinary impetus was given in countries like Germany to the spirit of "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die!" Europe plunged into excess to forget her grief, and found, what we have all found, that pleasure never yet dulled memory.

And then with the fateful swing of the pendulum, men and women in the United States and Europe once more turned to the everlasting quest to ask: "*Do we survive Death?*"

. . . . .

Like myself, when I set out on my quest for an answer to the same question many years before, they found themselves faced by two contradictory positions: that the Religious Pioneers through the centuries were passionately impregnable that man did survive death—but that Science, on the whole, was as dispassionately certain that he did *not* survive.

I said "on the whole," because for the first time such enquirers discovered a scientific minority which either said that survival was not impossible or, definitely, that we did survive the great ordeal.

It was just this new attitude of science, of great astronomers like Jeans and Eddington, to "psycho-physicists" as I will call the new school, with men like Richet and Lodge, and the devastating theories of mathematicians such as Einstein, which was the second contributory circumstance towards the stirring of the mass-consciousness in what had hitherto been its death-sleep, bringing it *a wish to know*.

In their and our quest after the Eternal Secret, as it used to be, and can no longer be, termed, we shall penetrate strange places; visit curious spheres; and whilst, as I hope, holding our feet to solid ground, shall find ourselves at times apparently off the earth.

But always, as we blaze our trail towards the stars, shall we hold our feet rigidly to fact, and if, as we are bound to do, we allow the lanthorn of imagination to guide us from one discovery to another, we shall make it clear to ourselves that it *is* imagination and not one of those will o' the wisps which so often mask themselves as fact both to the physical and psychic scientist.

. . . . .

Here, at the outset of our "phenomenal" journey, we find

ourselves confronted with the first of those challenges of the New Science to the Old.

It begins with Sir James Jeans's quotation in that glamorous un-matter of fact *Mysterious Universe* of his, of Berkeley's assumption that some sort of Eternal Life-Force or "God" does exist behind life and death:

> "All the choir of heaven and furniture of earth, in a word, all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world, *have not any substance without the mind.* . . . So long as they are not actually perceived by me, or do not exist in my mind, . . . they must either have no existence at all, or else subsist in the mind of some Eternal Spirit."

The italics are my own.

Berkeley, in a word, assumes that God, *in one form or another*, does exist. But, the crux of the matter for us here, we have that great equable mind, Sir James Jeans, after quoting the above, commenting:

"Modern science seems to me to lead, by a very different road, to a not altogether dissimilar conclusion."

If Mr. Jones or the Archbishop of Canterbury had made that comment, nobody would have noticed it. But when it is made by a scientist with the letters M.A., D.Sc., Sc.D., LL.D., F.R.S., after his name, though such "letters," to any name, are just what they may be worth, you naturally take note.

If there be a God, whether as person or force, then there is at least presumptive evidence that Man, the Diver, made in this likeness, constantly exchanging messages with Him from the depths along his silver life-cord, does survive death. And when, as each day brings forth its evidence, we find that matter *qua* matter is on the road to dematerialization, and that, not by the theologians but by the mathematicians, as *The Mysterious Universe* indicates, we are also finding that science is being relentlessly, if reluctantly, driven to the idea that *man is a spirit*, as the spiritual teachers have asserted since time was young.

We are, indeed, as Jeans says, being driven to some such weird conclusion as that "events in time and space become

> no other than a moving row
> of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go."

One by one, scientists, once Champions of Death, are lining themselves up silently behind the Champions of Life.

Here we find the French psychologist, Professor Henri Pierioni, addressing in Chicago, the American Association for the

Advancement of Science, telling his astonished hearers that all life is a dream and that "what we see, hear, touch, smell, taste, and feel, think or know, are merely shadows. . . . They are merely symbols of objects, not the objects themselves."

They are in a word, as Shakespeare, like all poets a man pioneering ahead of science, put it: "such stuff as dreams are made of."

And I believe that the farther we advance upon our starry trail, the more we shall realize that all nature is but a symbol of the super-nature lying immediately above, and so on through all eternity, and on every plane of living.

The sceptical attitude of science towards survival is one at which no thinking man can complain. The only attitude, it seems to me, of approach to *any* enquiry is one of receptive neutrality. The onus of proof of survival is not alone on us but on that Power behind Life of which we are a part . . . if that power exist and can prove its existence.

If, as we consider the attitude of science to survival, we resolve at the beginning: "I shall refuse to believe in survival until I am fully convinced of the facts," we shall not go wrong. It is the only decent, fair attitude. And Gods who are not "jealous gods" will not demand other from us.

But I would here warn the reader that he must not assume, because he may not have heard of it, that quite a library of books have not been written by scientists and others to prove either that we do survive or that the evidence points that way. As foolish to assume that nothing has been written upon the structure of the atom or the electron because the average man, naturally, knows little of such things.

The truth is that for the past half-century or more many thousands of volumes have been written and tens of thousands of lectures have been given upon human survival. It, indeed, seems destined to occupy first place in scientific discussion in the near future, as in the pulpit and on the rostrum, and I am prepared to go so far as to say that it is not inhibited that the time is coming when in a day that science and religion will both be found to be one with life, and neither segregate from it or from each other, all questions, scientific or religious, will be found to relate themselves to the solitary question—"Do we survive Death?"

In Great Britain alone, there are most certainly several millions of people directly or indirectly interested, and throughout Europe and America and the East, probably over a hundred millions are occupying themselves with this question.

The "irrational rationalist," atavistically crouched in the apish twilights of science's yesterdays, has nearly ceased to raise against his impending immortality his ill-considered howl of protest. I do not sneer at him, for once was he not himself a "Dawn-Breaker" like his simian friend to whom we have already referred, as he beats his doubtless hairy chest against the pyschic dawn? But we all of us do drop back so easily to the ancestral "all-fours!"

. . . . . .

The literally epoch-making change in the scientific attitude, of the spiritual implications of which the scientist is scarcely yet aware, cannot I think better be illustrated than by the following paralleled statements of the science of yesterday and to-day:

Then.	*Now.*
"Surely no baser delusion [than the belief in spirits] ever obtained dominance over the weak mind of man." PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL, The great physicist (1864).	"The spirit world is filled with intense life and action, and the inhabitants are busy workers." PROFESSOR LARKIN, Director of Lowe Observatory, California.
". . . degrading as the spiritualism of the day." PROFESSOR TYNDALL (Belfast Address given to the British Association.)	"I tell you with all the strength of the conviction which I can muster that we do persist . . . I say it on distinct scientific grounds. I say it because I know that certain friends of mine who have died still exist, because I have talked with them." SIR OLIVER LODGE, D.Sc., LL.D., The eminent physicist and ex-President of the British Association.
"The belief in the immortality of the soul is a dogma in hopeless contradiction with the most solid *empirical* truths of modern science." PROFESSOR ERNST HAECKEL, (*The Riddle of the Universe.*)	"We proclaim to astonished mankind, with an assurance no longer doubtful, the existence of another material and intelligent world. I have shaken hands with a friend from the other world." PROFESSOR ZOLLNER, The great German scientist.

Then.	*Now.*
"In assigning mechanical causes to phenomena everywhere, the law of substance comes into line with the universal law of causality." PROFESSOR ERNST HAECKEL.	"Einstein's law did not lend itself . . . to any mechanical interpretation whatever—still another indication, if one were needed, that the age of mechanical science had passed." SIR JAMES JEANS (*The Mysterious Universe.*)
"Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing, and can know nothing?" PROFESSOR THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY'S lecture on "The Physical Basis of Life" (1868), speaking on the spirit world.	"I am absolutely convinced of the fact that those who have once lived on earth can, and do in some cases, communicate with us who are still 'in the body pent.'" SIR WILLIAM BARRETT, F.R.S., The scientist.
"Wise men . . . will probably agree to a verdict of 'not proven.'" PROFESSOR HUXLEY a quarter of a century later, upon human survival.	

I could fill a small book with similar contradictory quotations, all of them with the same amusing pathos of science, which leaves behind a trail of fallen idols, something which should, but which I fear does not, make science humble. It is, indeed, not too much to say that quotations of the words of scores of modern scientists are exact counters to the statements of the once victorious materialist science, which pontifically denied all possibility of survival—sometimes, indeed, of all possibility of knowing—something that for a certain "cock-eyed cocksureness" can only be paralleled in some of the theological preserves.

Nevertheless, in our strictly scientific attitude of this section, we are compelled to say that assumption is not proof. Neither by the statements printed above on the right, nor by sentiment, shall we allow ourselves to be swayed . . . unless we are convinced, after painstaking review of the evidence, that the authorities we quote carry sufficient weight in their respective spheres of science for us to accept the results of their empirical work in

survival *so far as those spheres apply*—and even not then, unless we find that the *facts* they adduce are with them.

Yet, however scientifically detached we may keep ourselves at this juncture of our search, but bewaring of the detachment which paralyses observation, because it paralyses feeling, we cannot blind ourselves, I think, to the comfort which such statements, if they can be substantiated, will bring to sorrowing parents who have lost their little ones; to husbands and wives rudely separated by death; and to broken-hearted lovers and friends who have said what some of them believed to be an eternal farewell at the "Ever-open Door." That door through which it has so often been said that *no one ever returns*.

Each one of us enters upon a consideration of the "unknown world" through a different door, but the world itself we all pass into through the one narrow portal, with its low difficult lintel—narrow as the door of life itself—a dark channel to a new glory.

Many of those who read these words will have had that consideration roused in the past, at a time when the scientists who believed in survival came singly, and not in battalions as to-day, by the declarations of men like Alfred Russel Wallace, that they had by actual experiment scientifically proved that man survived death.

The bombshell which the first chemist of his day, Sir William Crookes, flung, over half a century ago, into the ranks of the outraged Mrs. Grundys of science, when he made the then apparently outrageous statement that he had seen and *felt* the materialized spirit of one Katie King, exploded also outside in thousands of minds—and *hearts*. And when men like Sir William Barrett followed Wallace and Crookes, tens of thousands who up to then had "thought it all tommyrot," and unlike the materialist scientist, began to think that survival could not be unscientifically settled out of hand by bald denial and without personal investigation.

Then in rapid sequence came in our day the Cesare Lombroso experiments with Eusapia Paladino in levitation, *et cetera*; the experiments of Lodge, F. W. H. Myers and Professor William James and others, with mediums of the first class like Mrs. Piper of Boston and Mrs. Osborne Leonard of England; and the amazing and still strongly debated "Margery" direct voice, finger-print and telepathic cross-correspondence mediumship with her dead brother Walter and the American scientists.

It was during this period also that the ectoplasmic and telekinetic experiments of Dr. W. J. Crawford, D.Sc., Extra-mural

Lecturer in Mechanical Engineering at Belfast University, marked another blazing of the trail of psychic research.

England has quite a strange capacity to initiate new movements which she rarely finishes. Hers is the fructifying brain thought—as contrasted with the organizing and abstract brain of France and Germany. England, in the past, and I am not including the Celtic fringe whose dark romantic genius is of another order, has been the great launcher of scientific adventure. There is something "starry" about the English scientist, who, like the English poet and dramatist in one of the least poetic and dramatic countries in Europe, is, to speak biologically, a "sport"—a special creation—something quite apart from the national matrix from which he has been, often literally, expelled.

And so it was that the English scientist, "pioneering beyond space," was, in his exploration of the Death Kingdom, trailed in the years that followed by large numbers of continental and American scientists, nearly all of whom started as sceptics.

The next links in the survival chain were inventor-scientists—electricians like Edison and Tesla.

Edison, for example, had personally assured me as we sat at that little wooden table of his in his West Orange laboratory that, although sceptical, he was deeply interested in the question of survival, and was trying to invent a "valve" to ease communication between the two worlds, if that communication were possible. He had, in fact, developed a scientifically naive theory of a sort of "multiple soul."

But, later, Thomas Alva Edison, taking his place in the now formidable queue of the scientists of survival, at whom their fellow scientists were now staring in haggard wonder, was to write:

> "I have now reached the point where I am forced to the positive statement that my researches tend strongly to support the view of life after death, and *I am even inclined to support the spiritualist view that communication between this and the world to which the dead pass is possible.*"

These were the beacons, or explosions, as you like to call them, which, in the earlier days, aroused the attention of the mass to a question which, up to then they had—rarely consciously—asked themselves, although it was not only the most vital, but, indeed, in a deep sense, the *only* question that really mattered to them. Man is always reluctant to the fundamental issues—woman so assured of them that they rarely cross her mind!

Later, there appeared something which I at least regard, not so much a beacon as a bombshell. I refer to J. W. Dunne's *An Experiment with Time*, to which we shall refer later when we come to consider "Prophecy and Dreams." This little book will yet, I am convinced, be regarded by those who follow us with amazement and amusement at our childish efforts to understand, as a shining axe in the blazing of the survival trail.

For here, for the first time, so far as I know, we had prophecy reduced to a science.

Then the world of science was confronted with the results of the psychic experiments of the Baron Schrenck-Notzing in Austria; of the Richet experiments in France; of the experiments in England of H. Dennis Bradley with Valiantine and Rudi Schneider; and finally with the most shattering experiments of all—the *apport* investigations of Professor Ernesto Bozzano of Italy with the Marquis Carlo dei Centurione Scotto at Millesimo Castle and elsewhere, upon which science has still to pass ultimate opinion.

Finally, giving the latest researches in psychic science, there is the "Direct Voice" circle of the now famous inter-spherical Guide, Red Cloud, using Estelle Roberts, one of the most gifted mediums of all time, as his channel.

Red Cloud, let it be noted, being the first visitor still in spirit to our earth from the after-death world, the astral, to build up an earthly following with a heavenly leader, giving, so to speak, to the earthy story a heavenly meaning—a pioneering experiment of such significance for the future that it cannot be over-estimated.

Which, brings us down to the present year of grace.

These then, were the stepping-stones which have led first the tens, then the thousands, and now the millions, to the edge of the Dark River to ask the question: *"Do we go on?"*

. . . . .

The position to-day in relation to survival of the scientific worlds, for there are as many "schools" and spheres of science as there are spheres in our solar system, may be set out under three heads or "schools of thought."

First of all, it being the attitude still held by the vast majority of scientists, we have the Materialist School, as I will call it. The great protagonists of this school in the past were men "set in the rock," limited, honest, but gifted men, like Ray Lankester; Huxley; and Tyndall. To-day, the chief protagonists are men

like Sir Arthur Keith, the eminent biologist and anthropologist; and Sir Edward Shafer, the physiologist.

Sir Arthur Keith's statement in his lecture at Manchester University, when he was President of the British Association, is typical of the outlook of this school. He said:

> "Every fact known to them [medical men] compels the inference that mind, spirit, soul, are the manifestations of a living brain just as flame is the manifest spirit of a burning candle.
>
> "At the moment of extinction, both flame and spirit cease to have a separate existence. However much this mode of explaining man's mentality may run counter to long and deeply cherished beliefs, medical men cannot think otherwise if they are to believe the evidence of their senses."

As will later be seen, when we come to consider the evidence now available for survival, there is the same gigantic though of course absolutely honest *naïveté* of the scientist in this that there is in the statement by the eminent surgeon, Sir John Bland Sutton, who, literally "makes no bones about it" but states:

> "Death is the end of all—an endless sleep."

School number two occupies what I will call the *via media* or mid-position, usually known in politics as "sitting on the fence."

Such well-known scientists as Sir James Jeans, the astronomer, René Sudré and Professor Charles Richet, the psycho-physiologist, the latter the most eminent of all French psychic investigators, take this mid-position, which is equivalent to the Scottish "not proven."

Some of these gentlemen feel that matter being in the melting-pot, there may be a non-material explanation of the universe, with possible survival connotations. Others of them, like Richet and Sudré, go far on the road to belief that the evidence demonstrates that man survives death. Others, again, believe that the balance of the evidence is against the survivalists. None goes so far as to say: "Survival is proved."

The third school, which we may call the "Idealist," a school still very much in the minority, has during this "Age of Survival," with the advances made in mathematical and physical science, come to the conclusion that from what we now know of wave-lengths and "vibration," as set out in such scientific treatises as Sir William Bragg's *The Universe of Light*, there is nothing

inherently impossible in man surviving death in a ghostly form. Indeed, they go farther. They state definitely that the balance of evidence goes to prove that man does really survive death, or, at least, points that way.

Amongst these last are scientists like Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the first physicists of our time, Dr. William Brown, M.A., M.D., D.Sc., F.R.C.P., one of the most daring psychologists and psycho-analysts, and Professor Ernesto Bozzano, whose telekinetic and materialization experiments have aroused world-wide interest, and some ribaldry, by the Prometheuses of science as they struggle on their rock.

Dr. William Brown, in a London lecture, made the following statement:

> "Nevertheless, I think I range myself with our President . . . in claiming for the evidence that has been brought forward by the Society of Psychical Research during the last fifty years that it is sufficient to make survival of bodily death, scientifically speaking, extremely probable."

In this third school of the "Idealists," or in the schools which approach it, are men like Eddington, who in his address to the Society of Friends made some illuminating indications of the possible existence of a world of spirits, and Dr. R. J. Tillyard, a man with wide experience of psychic research and an entomologist, who has put forward evidence which he regards as conclusive experimental proof of the survival of the human personality after death.

But in all this attempt to give fleeting review to the scientific position towards survival and its phenomena, I wish to warn my readers who, like myself, have in this section entered upon the arguments for and against survival, that this is a treacherous realm which we have chosen for investigation, one in which everything is distorted and one full of pitfalls for the unwary.

It is only when one has gone through the statements upon the interaction of mind and matter of hundreds of scientists and investigators of the first class, of men like Einstein and Osty and Gilbert Murray, of McDougall and Rutherford, "the man who split the atom," that you will realize how baffling are the replies to the question: Does man survive death?

There is, as I have said before, a certain giant *naïveté* about materialist science—a certain gigantic babyishness—which makes it nearly useless to warn the scientific investigator that nine out

of ten of his cunning traps and his elaborate detectors of fraud are merely funny—and quite useless. For the "astrals" can read not only the thoughts of the sitter but of the sitter's friends—thoughts quite unknown to the sitter himself or herself! The scientist's assumption of *human* telepathy to explain the inexplicable is to the experienced experimenter a psychic joke—for it is *un*-human, not human, telepathy the scientific sceptic should watch! For here he has embarked upon a celestial thimble-rigging, with himself as the victim, and the pea always under the wrong thimble.

But I can at least warn the intelligent lay-investigator, entering upon his search with open mind, against that facile credulity of so many well-intentioned searchers in the No Man's Land of the psychic, where as in the laboratory of the physicist, men strive with phantoms.

What the psychic investigator has to avoid is first, the confusion of what one *wishes* to know and what one *does* know. Secondly, a tendency to accept grandiloquent assurances that we survive death by self-styled "authorities" without the weighing of the evidence. Thirdly, that wallowing in pseudo-mysticism and with it the easy belief in spirits who call themselves Plato and Napoleon but whose speech and thinking is of the same level as that of the little grocers on the corners of life. Fourthly, a common mistake, shared by the scientist—the conviction that there is only *one* explanation for each of the phenomena they meet instead of a possible half a dozen.

And lastly, one of the most serious and common errors of all—the investigator allowing his personal religious convictions to distort the evidence which he actually does get.

Faithful adherence to the twisting path of *fact*, and only to *fact*, however that fact may run counter to our preconceptions, will alone lead us to the only safe door in a search which at times becomes a sort of Bluebeard's Chamber. For "strait is the gate and narrow the way" which the scientific investigator has to enter and travel—a way, as we shall see, not unfraught with physical and mental danger.

On our road we shall see how far Science and Religion are antagonists on this central fact of all life, or how far they go together.

We shall, I think, realize finally, that what will be "The Greatest Discovery in the World," that is, survival, if we make it, will not only change our view of the Beyond but will affect every detail of our lives on this earth "whilst still in the body pent."

And in all this, we shall be saying no more than much of what physical and other science is saying about the possible results of the latest discoveries, which are not only profoundly affecting the outlook of the Scientists but also of the Churches.

For our supreme discovery may be that Science, though she know it not, is the handmaiden of Religion.

And as we go, we shall find with both scientist and churchman that the condition of all progress is shock to preconception.

One of our many shocks to preconception will be the discovery that everybody does not wish to survive death! and that in our generation especially, many people wish "to be quit of the shadow-show."

Nevertheless, I think we shall find that the great mass of humanity, with its poor brave heart, despite all the wretchedness that it sometimes suffers, the disappointments, the petty exasperations of daily life, *does wish to go on*, as the names and hearts shallow-cut in the seats and trees of every public park demonstrate. I believe that humanity deep in its heart does believe that life, *anywhere*, *anyhow*, is worth living because it is worth experiencing, and because without experience there can be no evolution. Also, we are all of us driven by something secret, even foreign to ourselves, to resist which we are powerless.

We can no more resist this secret spring of our existence than we can resist death—or life—as we climb upwards along the starry trail.

THE METHOD

XVIII

"THE ETHER BRIDGE"

We have already considered mediums and mediumship generally, and followed it up with the pertinent consideration of "the scientific mind" when it, in its turn, considers mediumship and the phenomena of survival. We are now about to leave abstract consideration and come to the concrete, or the *method*, which will occupy us in the sections immediately following.

If I wish to communicate with a living person, I use voice or gesture.

If I wish to communicate with a person who is "dead," I do exactly the same.

I do so because the dead are not "dead" but living. If they were "dead," neither voice nor gesture could reach them.

I may sit here in my room and address some of my dead friends, but if I continue to do so until the crack of doom, unless I possess a certain quality, I shall never know that they hear me or see me.

But if I possess that quality, I shall be able to see them or to hear them or both.

That quality is the mediumistic one of clairvoyance or clairaudience, which we have already considered in the abstract and the principle behind which we are now about to consider more directly.

To understand the principle upon which it is based, a short explanation is necessary.

That principle is the principle of *vibration*.

It is the bridge between the Visible and Invisible worlds.

That you are able to see me, or to hear me, is also due to this principle.

No scientist will deny that.

When I speak, my voice sets up certain vibrations in the air, or ether, as you will, which register themselves upon your ear, which vibrates in tune with my voice, and so enables you to hear. If you are deaf and so cannot vibrate in consonance with the waves or vibrations of my voice, you will not be able to hear me, shout I never so loudly. In a word, the sensitiveness of your instrument of reception, that is the ear, being lessened, is not

fine enough to pick up the sound of my voice, the vibrations from which are moving much faster than your ear can register.

The same is true of the "light-vibrations" of the eye in a man whose sight has been badly impaired. You can see him, but he cannot see you.

Now this is exactly what happens when you try to speak with or to see the "dead," in other words, to see the spirit form, which is vibrating at an abnormal rate.

The dead can see and hear you, and their instruments of perception and reception, no longer in the body pent, are infinitely more sensitive than the coarser slower waves of the human eye or ear. But they are unable to make themselves heard or seen because your own eye and ear, still flesh-cumbered, slower and coarser, cannot register either the words they are speaking to you or the forms of the speakers.

You are both seen and heard. But you can neither see nor hear.

It will, I believe, yet be proved that all the Universe hangs together upon *vibration*, all vibration being *light*, and light really something else. The theory of vibration underlies all phenomena; links up all things living and dead; is the medium of all communication; and is, indeed, the very essence of all *being*.

All of us have in varying degree some power of vibrating and of receiving vibrations. If only because of that, and apart from other proofs now pointing inexorably to such a conclusion, I believe that all human beings have some property of mediumship, using the word in the sense of "seeing and hearing into the world invisible."

But the difference between the true clairvoyant and clairaudient and the others is that the true medium is, at will, owing to some peculiar mental and physical property, able to vibrate so much faster than the ordinary human being, is so much the more "sensitive," that she or he is able to sense sights and sounds impossible to the average man or woman. Is able, in a word, by inherent natural property and by development, to "vibrate" himself or herself *into* other worlds invisible to ordinary mortals, and because his or her vibrations speed up to the pace of those other high vibrations of the invisible, he or she is able to sense things denied to ordinary people. The reason for this is still almost unknown—but no more so than the reason for the phenomenon of genius.

The scientist, as also the average uninstructed person, has hitherto said: "But these things of the invisible can't exist because I don't see them or hear them!"

When I recently went round the Horn on a Finnish windjammer, I was, because of abnormal sight, able from the mizzen rigging to see that nearly fabulous monster long after he had disappeared from the sight of my shipmates, who might, with as much right as those I have mentioned, have said: "But the Horn can't be there, for I can't see him!"

Or, to take another illustration.

Here is a steel spring. It is plain to the eye. I bend it back and release it, when its vibrations become so rapid that it becomes invisible, for my eye is no longer able to "keep pace" with its vibrations. You may say: "The spring is not there for I can't see it." Well, if you do, you are only saying, and with as much reason and "science," what the physicist or "rationalist" is saying who asserts: "Ghosts: why there can't be any. I've never seen one!"

We do not hear the roar of the turning earth—nevertheless it is there. We do not see the rushing wind—but it is there. We do not feel the impact of the electrons of space after their million-mile flights—but they strike upon and through us. We, poor things, in sober fact, register but a tiny fraction of the phenomena of our lives as we cower in the tiny nest of our earth, hoping of life and fearful of death, riddled by cosmic-rays of which we know nothing.

And in all this I am not straining analogy. The parallel is perfect—and as I think, deadly.

How correct these assumptions are may be shown by the collateral that when in ecstasy or by artificial stimulant such as opium or alcohol, the ordinary vibrations of a human being are speeded up abnormally; he sees things and hears sounds denied to him when "normal." The visions of the saints, as the nightmares of delirium tremens, can be simply and scientifically explained in this way. And when, later, we come to a consideration of the dream-state, we may find our subject irradiated by another light, "one neither of earth nor sky."

So that when the true clairvoyant or clairaudient sees and tells us that he speaks to the world invisible, he does see his communicants and does hear their replies. None of the poppy-cock of "science"; none of the intellectual distortion of facts so beloved of the dialectician; none of the hocus-pocus and abracadabra of the conjurors of physics and metaphysics have any power to set aside these facts—recorded century after century under every conceivable condition, and now since those Hydesville rappings of a century ago, the best thing that America has

given or could give to the world, gradually being reduced to a "science" as meticulous in its demonstration as any of the other sciences.

The little foolish children of dogmatic science play on the seashore with their wooden spades, building their castles of fitful doubt, but the tide, recurrent, ever coming in, washes them out, leaving not a wrack behind. Ears have they and hear not; eyes have they but see not:

> Behind their sand, the little children hide,
> Nor reckon with the coming tide.

And how swiftly, inexorably, are not those new tides now rushing in, when each day the sun rises upon another landmark of materialism wiped out; upon another accumulated quota of fact; upon another beacon hung in the pale ether:

> Night after night, day after day,
> Our Ship of Dreams, in bowsprit-play
> Lifts new stars in the faraway.

And so our clairvoyant speaks and is spoken to, sees and is seen.

And others also clairvoyant and clairaudient, not professional mediums, or with anything to gain from lying, sometimes themselves men of science, testify that the words heard by the clairvoyant are the words they hear, that the people and things they see are also seen by them.

We human beings are gradually becoming dimly percipient of the fact that, as we advance stage by stage, from life to life, from expansion to expansion, we become attuned to higher vibrations, become more sensitive to impression. That the extreme sensitiveness, whose other name is *sympathy*, of the artist, whether writer, or musician, or painter, now peculiar to the very few, may one day become the property of all those now living.

That, if one may phrase it fantastically but perhaps not inaccurately, we men and women may one day become as gods.

But in all the methods of communication with the World Invisible, that is, invisible to *some* but not to *all* of us, we shall have to remember this theory of vibration. Yet we shall not

have to recall it—it will recall itself, even in those subtler, vaguer forms of communication which transcend both clairvoyance and clairaudience, such as telepathy, itself but a ghostly pioneer dimly peering through a future rainbow-hung.

For we may one day find that the bridges between the Two Worlds are legion—between *two worlds that are really one.*

XIX

"BEING YOUR OWN MEDIUM"

We now, having realized the theory behind communication, whether terrestrial or celestial, are compelled to a consideration of the *method.*

The simplest method of communication with the "dead," as I will continue, unscientifically, to use the popular phrase for describing living beings who are out of the body, literally who have "given up the ghost," is by oneself seeing them or speaking with them.

(I prefer to give a new word to the world and describe the "dead" as the "*astrals.*" Not "spirits"—for we are all spirits.)

Increasing numbers of intelligent men and women in our day are their own mediums.

They speak with their dead as freely in death as in life. That is, unless they are all liars or unconscious cheats, and depositories, even for humans, of a most unusual quota of foolishness.

Fru (Mrs.) B.—— H.——, a Danish lady, a friend of the writer, and known to hundreds of her countrymen as an estimable, clear-headed woman, of a certain peculiar fineness of character, loses her husband by "death."

But during her lifetime, at regular intervals, her husband's materialized "astral body," or, as people would inaccurately call it, "ghost," that is, her husband himself, as real as in life, would enter her room in Copenhagen, sit down, and discuss with his wife the most romantic as the most practical affairs of life. He was her adviser in financial matters, as is the case to-day of hundreds of other widows who have said a temporary farewell to a husband who has taken what is at once the longest and the shortest journey possible to man. (I might say that I have sat on many evenings and listened to the conversation between another widow-lady of my acquaintance and her dead husband, hearing his actual voice—the "Direct Voice"—and sometimes joining in myself.)

She would say that between her "man" in death and life there was no essential difference. He looked the same. He spoke the same. He betrayed the same shrewdness and intelligence and, to her the most vital of all, love and that intimate understanding

of her heart which he had shown in the earthly life. If you had said to her that she just "imagined" all this, her reply would be, wonderingly: "I see him. I hear him. I recognize his face. I know his voice. What then do I see and hear if it is not my husband?"

If you persisted, she would reply:

"I recognize you. I know your voice. How do I then know that I am not 'imagining' you?"

Or let me take another typical and no longer exceptional case of the wife of a professional man and her husband in a North of England city.

This woman and her husband, until the events which are here recorded, were, as regards survival, agnostics—itself, let it be said once more, and if one has not the inner sense of other worlds, the only decent and reasonable attitude to the occult before it has been investigated. For agnosticism is often the door to conviction.

The two sons of this man and woman were killed suddenly. Their father and mother just "gave them up as dead." That was that. There was nothing more to be said or done about it. They resigned themselves to their lonely grief.

One day, soon after their death, the two boys walked into the room where they were, greeted them, told them how and when they had been killed, and said, laughingly: "We are more living to-day than we ever were when on earth."

If it be contended that in these two cases, taken out of thousands personally known to me, or to others, that Fru B.——H.——, as also the professional man and his wife, were mad, the reply is, simply, that all over the world there must be thousands of similar "mad" women and "mad" men who claim to have regularly this experience of speaking with those they have loved on earth . . . and, let it be said, often with those they hate! Mad also must be the friends who visit them, also with "the extended vision," who are witnesses to these meetings, hear the same voices, see the same faces.

The world is full of mad people—but in this case they are not where materialist science so often and facilely assumes them to be—but, rather, perhaps, in the ranks of a dogmatic unscientific materialism which refuses to accept the evidence of its own senses. For if the refusal to investigate and draw conclusions from phenomena be not a sign of madness, then what is? and if the observation and admission of phenomena of this kind be not the business of science—then what is its business?

Sincerely and obviously, phenomena of a kind that are persistently observed by various types of people, scientists or lay, are as worthy of consideration by the scientists as any other kind.

For communication with the so-called dead, there is no reason of which I am aware for using *only* the professional medium. It happened that Fru. B.—— H.——, like the professional man and his wife, discovered accidentally, as such discoveries are usually made, that they were naturally clairvoyant and clairaudient. It may be that you who read these words may one day make a similar discovery, not accidentally, but by trying intelligently to find out if you are so endowed by nature.

If you should not have this property of developed mediumship, there is another method from the standpoint of "direct" proof, the "next best"; that is the use of a friend as a medium—preferably one who has never experimented but is willing to permit himself to be used as the "bridge." It is almost assured in any circle of friends, meeting together "in spirit and in truth" for the purpose of such discovery, there will be found at least one who has mediumistic powers, who will act as the bridge or channel to that Other World lying so close to us.

Between such "Home Circles" and the masses of scrubby, doubtful mediumship of the Back-parlour of the "psychic tea-shop" there is just the difference between light and darkness.

The former is a perfectly legitimate and wholesome method of speaking with our friends of the Invisible. The latter is mere necromancy and base fortune-telling. The former is intercourse with friends—the latter is commerce with demons, and, at that, masked demons. By the safeguards of prayer and purity of motive, the former is quite safe to all normal people of good intent. The latter is harmful and can lead to physical and moral disintegration and destruction.

So long as we live under a commercialized system in which everything is commercialized from a Pachmann recital to a pound of sugar, it is only right and decent that the gifted professional medium should have her or his due reward, "for the labourer is worthy of his hire." Any artificial segregation of the medium from her livelihood is mere sentimental balderdash which scarcely one of those demanding it would dream of applying to the average minister of the church.

But the "Back-Parlour" medium, even when possessed of genuine psychic powers, debases them to mere money-getting; hands the *poltergeists* of the under-world to her clients in the

guise of angels of mercy; and when she cannot evoke genuine phenomena, just invents them.

Any medium who primarily does her work of sensitive communion between the worlds of the Invisible and the Visible *primarily* for gain and not primarily from a desire to be a light-carrier to the world, is digging a pit for herself into which she will one day fall—a pit of despair and degradation.

The Home-Circle on the other hand is a bearer of light and hope to millions to-day. From it there is everything to hope and nothing to fear, even though, as I say in all solemnity, *careful study of psychic conditions from the expert is essential to its safety.*

Its Guides once established and their bona-fides tested repeatedly and meticulously, there is, once more, nothing to fear.

If in a circle of private friends, sane and balanced, for whose bona-fides you can vouch, you repeatedly witness the same phenomena, hear the same voices, see the same things, it will then be for you to decide how far you ought to reject evidence staring you in the face and drumming at your ears, which you would not dream of rejecting in any other aspect of life.

Nobody else can decide that for you.

XX

"THROUGH A TABLE LEG"

ONE day in the year 1848, a little quick, eager-faced girl in a Hydesville farmhouse, in the State of New Jersey, America, listened to some ill-considered knockings. *Tap-tap—tap-tap.* Though that little child did not know it, it was the past knocking on the door of the future, and with it, ushering in a New World from an Old.

But more.

Those disconnected, "foolish" raps on that Friday the thirty-first of March were the ushers of a movement which was to affect the thoughts and aspirations of millions, and may, perhaps, yet change the fate of nations.

More powerful than any politic; more potent than any Church; more weighted than any pronouncement of physics, the Age of Psychic Science was at hand.

Tap-tap—tap-tap.

Gleefully, little Katie Fox snapped her fingers and cried out:

"Here, Mr. Split-foot, do as I do!"

"Mr. Split-foot" did it.

Fatefully came an equal number of raps and so made history.

The Mr. Split-foot on the other side of the veil had been knocking in that way all through recorded time. But never before had they knocked just at the right time!

They had knocked in the twilight of humanity when beasts, men and gods were indeterminate. A million years later they had knocked in the Age of the great esoteric magical religions—Egypt and Babylon and China and India had heard them. Two thousand years ago they had sent their tappings through the wall which separates the Living from the Dead at the time when an ill-considered Child had looked out into life from a manger and when He later trod the earth with other children who had not yet balefully learned to segregate religion from life or from death and who, like Him, spoke with angels as men will speak with men.

Never before had they knocked when man, forgetting old

lessons and old gods, had learned to think concretely and as he phrased it, for man lives by phrases, "scientifically."

Never before had they knocked in the Scientific Age.

Apart from the direct communication in which you yourself are your own medium, of which we spoke in the last chapter, and which is only possible if you are yourself a medium or "sensitive," the most direct and simple communication along "the Invisible Telegraph," or "bridge," is that of letting the communicant from the other side express himself or herself by "raps."

The mind of the Great Average with the instinct to propriety which distinguishes that Average, inevitably revolts from the idea of a table leg leading to the profundities.

The scientific mind, which is to say the conservative mind, ordered as it is by law, with a quality of orthodoxy which gives it its own rigid concepts of what ought and ought not to be, takes indentically the same view. The same mind, however, has no objection whatever to employing the leg of a compass or a human to lead to the profundities of mathematics or of surgery.

Nor does this mind revolt when it listens on the wireless to a drum beating ten thousand miles away, nor does it reject the evidence.

The scientist enters the *séance* room with as free and open a mind as he would enter his laboratory—save for one little thing—the little thing called prejudice!

For of such stuff are not only we mortals but even the immortals of science made.

Just as the theologian sometimes forgets that Christianity came out of a stable, so the scientist forgets that the law of gravity, as we know it, came from a falling apple.

We human beings, still in the twilight, agog for signs and wonders, always want our saviours to be gods rather than men, our advents as our judgments to be heralded by blast of trumpet, or failing that, at least by fiery earthquake. Instead of which, our judgments, like our saviours, steal upon us like thieves in the night.

Here we are face to face with a strange fact, of stranger implication.

When Professor Rutherford says he has knocked spots off the atom, the first successful experiments in which were, I believe, originally made by Sir J. J. Thomson, only the highly trained few with highly evolved apparatus can control his assertion.

But when I make the statement that we can communicate with the world invisible by raps through a table or on a wall, any person who reads these words can at once and without further apparatus than his own mentality plus that of one or two others, a little good faith, and an ordinary table, check my contention.

That such contention is not checked and confirmed by every scientist who professes the knowledge that life only manifests itself through matter, as by any "rationalist," is but to say that there is in humanity something incredibly "cussed" and contumacious, something neither to be argued with nor convinced. The *odium scientificum* is but another form of the Church bugaboo, known familiarly as the *odium theologium*. Yet such resistances, no doubt, play their part in all scientific, that is to say, in all religious advance. They are there as a stimulus to spirit, to excite effort to ultimate victory.

This contention is not mere assertion, any more than the dance of the electrons about a central sun is assertion—each of them possibly filled with a shadow-play of living beings, of dramas of love and death as on our little earth, for who shall set bounds to the infinity of tininess? It is ascertained fact, capable of persistent proof, to which it is being subjected every hour of the twenty-four and throughout the world by hundreds of thousands of investigators, from the luminaries of science to those poorer, ill-lighted lay-planets, who, feebly revolving upon their assumedly unscientific axes about the suns of science, dare sometimes to criticize those cold, lofty incandescences, now however flickering slightly unsure between space and time.

Any circle of well-intentioned friendly people, holding their minds free and open (the condition, by the way, of all scientific advance in any field), sitting about a table with the fingers touching, will, within from one to a score of sittings be able to obtain "raps," and, in some cases, be able to see levitation of the table without human intervention.

This is simply ascertained fact—ascertained many thousands of times within the last few years by all sorts of people from men with letters after their names, to men who could not read them if they had them!

Science, or at least a formidable fraction of it, has now, after half a century, been compelled to admit the facts of the last paragraph. For "science" in psychic matters, or as some will prefer to phrase it, in "religion," is usually a generation behind the advanced lay thought which lies beyond its castellated battlements.

We must, however, always remember that the scientist as he is, but not as he will be, is observer, not philosopher.

But in these pages I am not concerned with any church; any form of dogma; any scheme of philosophy or metaphysics. Neither Buddhism or Muhammadanism or Christianity, nor Kant, or Hegel or Bergson are here my concern.

I am just concerned with "facts."

If science reply that whilst the rappings may be fact and even the levitations, all this is due to some force of which to-day we know very little—I am quite prepared to agree.

If science continue that none of this is of any significance, I do not agree.

I can communicate with the Spirit behind Life as easily through the leg of a table as through a star or an angel, or through those transcendental elementals which the "osophists" of various and vague schools of occultism have snooped from religions and minds loftier and less nebulous than their own. The leg of the table may, in fact, be for me, as it certainly has been for millions, angelic communication.

If science claim that the communications are "trivial," my reply is this: Most human things are trivial, and most minds are concerned with trivial things. Secondly, that countless communications or messages which have been received by rappings or otherwise are not trivial but run the gamut from profound philosophic reflection to poetry, prose, music, and even painting of high order.

And I, as any other creative artist, only make my claim as artist to judge of what is good art with the same right as any physicist claims to judge the value of the often chaotic, haphazard evidence of the laboratory. No more—no less.

For the evidence of art is the one evidence which cannot be faked.

And I am prepared to use any form of communication, and at any time, which may tap the infinite. If a piece of soap gave the world—some will think most unfortunately!—the talking machine, I am prepared, even eager, to use that soap. From which, indeed, one of the loveliest things of earth—the soap bubble, with its shining colours, springs!

Now if our table give forth meaningless sounds, I may have to assume that there is no "mind" or "intent" behind it. That it is just a "natural phenomenon" like thunder or breathing—though it would be a bold mind which would to-day assert there was no intent behind either.

But if it give out, by means of an agreed alphabet, messages which are coherent; messages of things outside the knowledge of any of those present (let it be said in face of the fatuous assertions to the contrary, a frequent experience); and if our table betray anger, love, hate, doubt, despair . . . in fact any of the human and inhuman attributes which make up our common humanity, then I think I am compelled to postulate that Something really is speaking to me.

Is any of that unreasonable?

Is it thought unreasonable in the case of the infinitely less sensitive and certainly not more sequential phenomena of the ordinary physical laboratory or even in the case of those more shadowy phenomena of the psychist? I think not.

It was through just such crude medium, that a Danish writer whose name is widely known, originally a sceptic, was persuaded of the continued existence of his "dead" father and of that "inconsequential trifle," as the materialist regards it, that man does go on.

He was seated at a table with a friend. Raps, to his surprised indignation, came out of the circumambient. Interpreted by a code, these raps meant: "I am your father. I am not dead. I live. I love you."

He refused to believe, typical product of a land of congenital, generous materialists.

But when his father (through the table leg) told him of things he had done during that father's funeral, even of thoughts known only to himself which he had thought, he began reluctantly to take notice.

When, finally, as conclusive proof of the survival, he, a man who could not even pick out a simple tune on a piano, was induced by his "dead" father to go over to the piano, to surrender himself to that father's inspiration, and to play with the fluent, altogether characteristic touch of his father, who had been in life an excellent pianist, to the astonishment of his friends, hard-headed scoffers, who vouch these facts, the circle of proof was complete.

But the facts and conclusions which he has set out in *Guds Smil* ("God's Smile") are the facts of thousands of other lives everywhere, the case being only here adduced because it is typical and final.

If this be found difficult of credence, I might say that such experience has been duplicated by the violinist Florizel von Reuter and others. It is to-day scarcely noteworthy.

After all, these things are either facts or not facts. Neither science nor the critics of science can have it both ways, although that is exactly how large numbers wish to have it.

Later, we shall consider the possible force behind such rappings.

But, as I continue to insist, I want, in these pages, to confine myself basically to what I believe, rightly or wrongly, to be "fact."

Speculation will not be excluded, but I shall endeavour when I venture upon it, to indicate clearly that it is but "speculation."

That is, I think, the "scientific" method.

It is the one which we shall apply even to a table leg.

XXI

AUTOMATIC WRITING

As I believe that nearly all people of goodwill and open mind have the power of evoking raps, so I believe that one of the most common occult powers latent in us humans and waiting to be called forth is that of what is known as "automatic writing."

Such writing is farther removed from the volition of the operator than "rapping," and still farther removed from the first and most direct method we have mentioned—that in which the sitter is her or his own medium for ghostly materialization and which would seem to depend more than any other form of mediumship upon the desire of the operator.

I say "farther removed from the *volition*" but not from the "control" of the operator. For in one sense, in automatic writing it is the automatist who "controls" the communicator from the Other Side of Death rather than the other way about! It is a case of the fiddle controlling the fiddler, who wishes to play upon it in a certain way but whom the difficulties of technique will not permit!

It is the subconscious mind of the medium or "fiddle," which translates automatically the message of the communicator as it comes, not in words but in *thought-symbols*. We do know from actual experiment that a clever communicator, who is also an artist, *can* colour his symbols with his style—that is to say with his particular "technique" and manner of expression. But we also know how nearly incredibly difficult it sometimes is for any communicator, however practised and subtle, to so attune his instrument that he can convey his own actual "words."

Yet I personally have reason to believe that at times the *actual words thought* by the communicator on the Other Side are written down by the automatist.

What is automatic writing?

It is what it calls itself—"automatic."

It is "written" by the hand which holds the pen, but it is not composed by the brain which drives the hand. It is written by the Thing which drives the brain, just as the motor engine is actuated by the petrol, which in its turn is not the original

"control," which is the man who runs the engine, in this case the spirit communicator.

The writer is usually quite unconscious of what he or she is writing until he or she reads it afterwards. The writing often conveys facts as much outside the mentality and powers of the writer as the brain of an Einstein is outside that of the average man.

How detached in the case of automatic writing is the human instrument, that is the automatist or operator, from the motivation entity is shown by the fact that some of these operators can write at double or even treble their ordinary rate, even sometimes, I imagine, whilst carrying on a conversation or letting their minds wander momentarily to other things.

The often provable facts set down are, however, of course, not always completely outside their range of experience.

When that talented instrument, the Irishwoman, Miss Geraldine Cummins, whom I regard as one of the few great living automatists, set down her millions of words in her now recognized books, she was writing upon a subject which had never had the remotest interest for her—Early Church History, she never having studied when she wrote *The Scripts of Cleophas*, theology, philosophy, or Christian origins. The "writing" produced archaic Greek and Hebrew words of which she had no knowledge whatever, never having studied those languages, and, as a matter of fact, some of these words only having been used at the period of which she was automatically writing.

If it be contended that such writing is useless, I can only quote exegetists who state that they throw light upon much that is obscure in Early Church History.

As regards the prose and the idiom in which it is written, I, personally can only say that it is of high excellence, of great purity, and often of entrancing interest.

Geraldine Cummins has written without a pause 2,230 words in one hour and thirty-eight minutes. On March 16th, 1926, in the presence of four witnesses, she wrote for an hour and five minutes at the rate of 1,615 words an hour—a rate quite impossible to her normal writing. The power seems to give out in about one and a half hours, and when she first began her "automatizing," only fifteen minutes were possible to her.

I myself have seen her write a quite exquisite prose of about 1,800 words in an hour and ten minutes.

When you find in the case of Mrs. Hester Dowden that the automatic writing, purporting to come from Oscar Wilde, is

identical with his own hand—and I have compared some of it with the Wilde scripts in the British Museum—with the same turn of phrase and jest, all this written at furious speed, then, once more, I think it is not altogether unreasonable to claim that we are at least speaking with some entity quite apart from the writer—who may or may not be Wilde.

And when you find the discovery of the Lost Chapels of Saint Edgar and Loretto at Glastonbury made by automatic communication in English and the monkish Latin of the period, with the exact dimensions drawn, and situation and depth given, the excavations being guided step by step by the Invisible Guides who once lived at Glastonbury—these abbeys having eluded discovery for centuries and the documents having been placed first with the Somerset Archæological Society—then I think I am not going too far in saying that the claim that such automatic writing is valueless becomes null and void.

I do not wish to labour these facts. I give them and leave them to the consideration of those who read these words.

What is peculiarly noticeable in the case of some creative automatic writing—itself a misnomer—is that the writer is often without a particle of artistry or at most of a quite ordinary artistry, in normal conditions.

I say, definitely, that poesy like "Patience Worth" is fine verse, and yet it was written by a plain motherly woman—a Mrs. Curran of St. Louis. The "idiom"; turn of phrase; and the mentality are inimitable and would be nearly so even by a great artist of words.

Yet—the message is to a certain and still indeterminate extent conditioned by the human channel. It is rare to get communications of high order of creative phantasy through a medium quite bereft of imagination. Nor have such lofty communications as *The Writings of Cleophas* and *Paul in Athens* come through channels less lofty and pure than that of Geraldine Cummins, so far as I know.

And I think one may look forward to the day when the knowledge of the universe will be opened up to us by such channels with the advance of mediumship, the coming of the intellectual to its ranks, in other words with the development of "The Science of Mediumship," one of the greater sciences of the future.

With the passing of the charlatan and the coming of judicious control of the mediums, already initiated by the leading spiritualist bodies, we shall see the medium, who will pass from the passive

to the active stage of mediumship, honoured equally with the physicist or the psychist, and the psychologist—it being indeed his own field.

I see in the future the establishment at the universities of Chairs of Psychic Science. But, as one hopes, freed from the leaden hand of "authority," which throughout the centuries has pressed upon the brain and spirit of original thinking and of youth.

This automatic writing, however, can vary enormously in quality. From the crudest scribblings to prose and verse and even philosophy of a high order.

And there is this to be said about the automatic writing, in no other form of communication is it quite so easy to act as one's own medium. If for no other reason, because full trance is not essential to the writing, and it seems to me that the condition of full trance, save to the natural medium fully endowed, is comparatively rare in any kind of mediumship. Nevertheless, I should be chary about determining the quality of a medium primarily upon her trance-depth quality.

Automatic writing is no more than telepathy acting upon the mind of the sitter and transformed into writing.

In a sense it is a foreshadowing of the day when education in mediumship, though not necessarily in trance mediumship, will be the norm of every child's education, and where every human being will be his or her own medium. For it cannot too strongly be emphasized that the interposition of the living medium as a third person will not always be *essential*, the medium being our first tentative line of communication, because it is the only one to-day available.

Here we will consider the conditions and the best method of automatic writing. Many of these conditions govern all types of mediumship. Others are peculiar to automatic writing.

Automatic writing, whether we use the pen or the *ouija* board or planchette, needs its Leschitiztkis and its Paderewskis and Kreislers as much as does the piano or the fiddle, an instrument which, by the way, is itself the "medium" for the forces of the invisible more than any other instrument. When Elman and Kreisler play there is more than Kreisler or Elman playing!

Its technique is as meticulously defined as the Prague theory of finger-action or the Paganinic theory of "practising in the head," if this last were ever more than theory, and if it does not need quite the same harrowing apprenticeship as the fiddle or piano, or the art of applied telepathy known as *judo* or *ju-jutsu*, it will be found upon examination that the *goal* is identical.

I have no hesitation in mentioning ju-jutsu play with fiddle or pianoforte playing, for that we still separate such things is a departmentalization born of ignorance. Ignorance of the fact that rhythm and the sub-conscious underlie all life and especially that phase which we call "art," itself the mainspring of life. The Pagans at least never made that stupid division of "body, mind and spirit," to which we moderns have degraded our common life.

For the whole object in the securing of automatic writing of a high order, as in the arts of which I have written, is to cut off the conscious mind from the sub-conscious, so that the latter may do its work freely—that is to say, *automatically*.

But there is one important difference. The object of the great interpretative artist on the violin, the piano, or the *judo* mat is to induce what I will call "conscious-unconsciousness," a term not arbitrarily wrenched out of the sportive imagination, but something that is known to every creative artist and, to a lesser, or rather another, degree, by the interpretative artist. The goal of automatic writing, on the other hand, is so to subordinate the consciousness that it actually does cease to function, though of course not to exist. The automatic writer is an *automaton*, a marionette moved by telepathic strings, but, for all we know to-day, a highly intelligent marionette whose consciousness, again for all we know and in spite of all we have written, may in some obscure way play its part in the phenomena secured.

I am personally convinced that in all mediumship it will one day be found that consciousness and mental quality *do so play their part*. If they did not, you would not have the extraordinary vagary and range in mediums.

I go farther. I am convinced that the actual words written by the automatist are usually, though not always, *her own words*, which she uses unconsciously and instinctively to clothe pictures and symbols which come hotted from the imaginative furnace of the communicator or "group-communicators" from the Other Side of death. It is the automatic writer's *brain* which swiftly transforms these symbols, and I am also convinced that only certain types of automatists can be effectively and accurately used by certain types of communicators and of communication.

Also, as it has been finely said: "What is needed in all true writing of history is not so much accuracy of *fact* as of *vision*."

In the technique of automatic writing, one of the first considerations is the securing of "balance"—that balance which is as true

of that strange "Direct Voice" of which we shall later write, as it is of the "writing."

Here again one is compelled to a short essay into space upon mediumship's horse of air.

I believe that the male and female principles, or the "positive" and "negative" as they are called when we are dealing with sex in electricity, obtain through all phenomena. The happiest marriages—one had almost written the "only" happy marriages—are those in which the male is strongly male and the female equally strongly feminine—they are, so to speak, counter-irritants. As you get the best results in marriage, that most persistent failure of all human institutions, by securing balance in sex, so also do you endeavour to secure it in the *séance* room. That is to say "balance" as regards the sitters, who are usually arranged in alternate sexes, but not as regards the medium, who should be predominantly feminine-passive.

That is why I advocate the working together of a man and a woman if possible when sitting for the writing, the *male* holding the hand of his companion. (Whilst I cannot say definitely that the reverse, in which both sitters are of the same sex, will not obtain such good results, everything I know tends to that conclusion). In those cases in which two women or two men sit together, and obtain noteworthy results, it will, I think, usually be found that in one of the women the positive male principle preponderates, or in one of the men, the female.

Where you get the masculine and feminine qualities more or less balanced in the same person, I believe you usually get inferior mediumship and results. I have noticed that the male trance or other medium has often, but not always, a tendency to the feminine passive quality, and that in extreme cases he seems almost to be an outrage on nature. He is, so to speak, always at war with himself. Nevertheless, in view of the many male mediums of a high quality of mediumship, one dare not be didactic in this, or indeed, in anything connected with mediumship.

But such "neuter" male mediums, as it seems to me, have rarely been great automatic writing exponents, being mostly trance mediums working clairvoyantly and often in association with the Direct Voice, in which the feminine quality of what I call "conscious-passivity" into which a certain *lethal awareness* enters, is more essential than in automatic writing. For the writing, unlike the other mediumship, seems at times to gain access of force from the combination of the male and female

elements. And it *may* be that in these male "neuters," the male positive quality is subordinated to the female passive.

But much of this, in our present state of knowledge, must be mere conjecture—but conjecture with, behind it, "direction" and "intent."

Mediumship, however, it seems to me, is essentially a feminine passive quality, and it is noticeable that the great mass of the "Controls" or "Guides" on the Other Side are male, just as the great mass of the mediums they control on This Side are female. So is the necessary poise secured. Yes, even though this feminine quality has a "positive," lethal power denied to the male.

I know of only two cases of a woman medium of the very first class, themselves essentially feminine, being controlled by a female Guide. For to all rules there must be exceptions, and any dogmatism in these matters is to be deprecated, in what is still, I contend, largely an unknown science. Humility is the essential condition of advance.

So far mediumship has largely been an empirical science. To-day, in the stage upon which humanity has now entered for the first time, it is being ordered to law.

We are really entering upon the stage of a *conscious* mediumship, which possibly had its parallels in those "Lost Continents" of the past. In the ages past, all men and women were more or less mediums, people to whom mediumship in daily life was the norm. That type of mediumship we lost with the advent of acquired knowledge and science, and we do not wish to return to the days of a mediumship that was "misty." On the ascending spiral of time we are simply returning to mediumship as the norm, but on a higher conscious level.

Now once more to return to the more immediate conditions for successful automatic writing.

Having secured "poise" and balance of the male and female elements by two people sitting together, or even where the writer sits alone, it will be found at first that the pencil shows a tendency to "wander in its mind." For in the beginning there will be "interference"—that is interference by the conscious mind which has not yet been subdued into non-functioning.

I am convinced that most automatic writers are clairvoyant or clairaudient or both. One of the greatest, and as regards the quality of her prose, with one possible exception perhaps the greatest, Miss Geraldine Cummins, whom I have watched at work, tells me that she gets her message in a series of "speaking-pictures," in which neither actual speech nor actual sight predominates,

although she does at times, have a startling vision of the place about which she is writing—sometimes one about persons.

Rosemary, of the Lady Nona scripts, tells me much the same.

But automatism, itself clairaudience and clairvoyance, does not usually come for a long time. It needs practice. How could it be otherwise?

(It is worthy of note that Miss Cummins is herself a novelist and playwright, who deliberately segregates her year into two parts—one given to "sitting" and the other to her own creative writing. To do the two simultaneously would be mutually destructive.)

Until the channel has been purified by constant practice, the messages will be so confused and "contaminated" that they will be more or less valueless. The tyro is apt to be so excited and enthused by the results that, in spite of himself, he will find himself returning again and again to this tapping of the cosmos. It is *so* easy!

For automatic writing uncontrolled can soon acquire the qualities of drug-taking.

If the novice be only intellectually interested, he or she will believe that the results come altogether from her or his subconscious mind—that rag and tatter theory which has now become the Guy Fawkes of science. If—and this will sound strange in something that is supposed to be automatic—no attempt be made to control the phenomena and the beginner plunge into a sort of delirium of writing, the lower astral will break in—with possibly disastrous results. Demoniacal voices will be heard and goblin faces will be seen, for clairvoyance can easily follow on the heels of clairaudience or vice versa.

Messages will come through, as I myself have witnessed, gross babblings—or lying messages—predicting financial and social disaster, or on the other hand, proffering gross flattery. These in every case where they can be tested will be found to be untrustworthy.

In a very deep and scientific sense, the messenger must always be controlled—and yet not controlled. It is the induction by practice of this state of "conscious-unconsciousness" which while holding control, yet keeps the vehicle free, which alone can evoke substantial and trustworthy results. It is a certain mental attitude which will with practice define itself.

Now in all this it must be remembered that practically all *trustworthy* and genuine messages come through a "Control" or "Guide."

I have good reason to believe that attached or waiting to be attached to each human being there is "Over There" an astral Guide—the original of the "good angel." He is always there outside the Closed Door of the mind—waiting. When the time has come in the life of the human being for the door to open, then it opens and the Guide is seen. I believe indeed, there is a whole succession of Guides waiting to bring us on from stage to stage.

For when your Guide makes his appearance in automatic writing, do not imagine that he or she will be your only and permanent Guide. Others of higher capacity and higher grades of development will make their appearance as you progress—and this progression to the message pure and undefiled may take anything from a few months to as many years. The writing needs patience, "purity," and "power."

It is only when the conscious mind has been subdued that the messages become of value.

In automatic writing as in all the other things of life, *festina lente* is the motto. It is not the automatist of fluent novitiate who necessarily becomes the best writer. It is the rather slow writer who is prepared to give at least as much thought and time to the study of this art as he or she would give to the study of German or gymnastics.

The prevention of contamination of the channel is essential. Regular outdoor exercise and regular gymnastics help to secure the best results, and, unlike the mediumship of materialization where, in the beginning at least, lack of control does not have so deterrent an effect, the control of the bodily appetites is essential to first-class automatism.

The *poltergeist* or playboy or "dweller on the threshold"—call him what you will—must be kept out and from the beginning. By prayer if the medium be what is called "religious," and if not religious in the orthodox sense then by silent mental appeal, praying to whatever gods she or he may know! For however heterodox it may sound, it is not the method nor even the particular Divine Concept to which one prays but the prayer itself that matters—this coupled with purity of motive. *In this as in all things of the pyschic, motive is everything.*

And, do not let it be forgotten, evil spirits, like all evil things, have at heart, for all their scoffings, a deep respect for religion, if only because, freed from the comfortable clay, they know that there is a Power and a Plan behind all life "Here" or "There." They have, indeed, a wholesome fear of God and of the Great Masters who stand behind life—and death!

XXII

SUBLIMINAL AUTOMATA?

Oh jewelled masonry with history bedded in
On Glaston's isle.
You lift your broken fingers to pale crescent moon
A little while—
And pointing to the stars which golden loom,
You mark the passing of man's afternoon.

"NOTHING ever comes out of the 'next world' but contemptible trivialities."

That phrase has been repeated for half a century by the parrots of religion and science. Let us examine it.

By automatic writing alone, hundreds of valuable statements are coming through yearly from that Other Side of Life, which itself is also life. Where once they came singly, they now come in battalions.

They vary from those "contemptible trivialities" mentioned to valuable archæological information, and from poetry of a high order to a philosophy which sometimes touches sublimity.

When all is said and done, Religion, though hardly anyone realizes it, for two thousand years has added little to that last revelation of Jesus Christ, which is still the Light of the World. Science, it is true, has gone forward in a series of leaps to what is virtually a new revelation—but a revelation of structure and function rather than of purpose and origin.

Psychic investigation, by mediumship, its electric conductor, on the other hand, and I say it with all due restraint, is rapidly becoming the chief means of man's enlightenment both as regards his past and his future. The psychic lantern is a lantern held to the feet of benighted humanity as it straggles on its starward road.

But it is more than a Lighter of the Farther Path. It sends its rays backwards to light up the dark places and to reveal the otherwise unrevealable.

As definite proof of what I have said, I will take a few extraordinary examples of results secured from that branch of psychic science known as automatic writing.

If the Röntgen eye of this writing can pierce through many

feet of clay to meticulously reveal the buried secrets beneath, and if we had no other evidence to offer, instead of evidence piled on evidence, I think it might be even then claimed that a case had been made out for the "Writing."

Once more, let a plain tale suffice.

The storied Glastonbury Abbey now emerges from the shadows of the gemméd past for our consideration.

A Mr. "John Alleyne," with the gift of automatic writing, was the medium through which came the information of a certain long-vanished portion of this Abbey.

Seated at a table one day in 1907, pencil in hand, upon a request for information being made by his friend, Mr. Bligh Bond, an ecclesiastical architect, the pencil at once wrote: "All knowledge is eternal, and is available to mental sympathy."

The Mind behind the pencil did not make vague statements of the type so often found in the automatic writing that is *not* automatic but mixed with the conscious mind of the automatist. It went on to make, through the medium, a rough sketch of the Abbey with the buried site of the lost St. Edgar Chapel, but with a quite unexpected eastern extension indicating a long chapel and with an inscription inside the main building:

Gulielmus Monachus ("William the Monk").

The automatic writing went on to show a line of four small chapels and the inscription of a long chapel midway between them: "Capella St. Edgar. Abbas Bere Fecit." ("The Chapel of Saint Edgar. Abbot Bere built it.")

So much for the details of the writing. Now for its accuracy.

Notwithstanding Sir William St. John Hope's failure to find anything at the east end, Mr. Bond, having first, most wisely, before putting a spade in the earth, recorded in some instances what he hoped to find through the mediumship of John Alleyne in the Proceedings of the Somerset Archæological Society and elsewhere, began excavation in May, 1908. Finally, he found the buried chapel, to a hair's breadth as the automatic writing had foretold, dimension by dimension; bay by bay; window by window; stair by stair.

The finding of the Loretto Chapel, Glastonbury, by the same method is even more remarkable and is also known to archæologists the world over.

The details and measurements again corresponded exactly to the details which, in anticipation of the discovery, he had already published.

Here we contact with that Greater Memory which I, for one, believe not only lies enmeshed in the Sub-Conscious but which lies behind all our world and probably behind those other worlds, peopled as ours, but with such a life and a "humanity" of infinite diversity as we poor crawlers, gazing dimly through the bowl of life, can only dimly conceive. It casts us at one mind-throw into the Pool of the Silences and with it brings us one nail-paring closer to that Reality which masks itself behind the phenomena of life.

Nor, as Sir William Barrett himself pointed out when writing of this Glastonbury wonder, will it serve his fellow-scientists to speak glibly about the "Sublimal Consciousness" or the "Subliminal Self," those two sublime idiocies which Science has used for so long to veil its ignorance, just as it once used such meaningless terms as "Phlogiston" and "Catalysis" which, now ridiculed, once were accepted as profound scientific axioms.

Oh for a little sweet humility in face of our Gates of Memory!

> Then ye grasse schal bee as glasse
> And ye schal see ye mysterie
> Deep downe hit lyes ffrom pryinge eies
> And safelie slepes, while vigil kepes
> Ye Company.
>
> (Howe doe) ye dry bonys stir and shake
> And eche to eche hys fellowe seekes
> Soon comes agayne what one hath bene
> And Glastonys glory shal be seene.

What Intelligence stood behind the Alleyne pencil to write those words scenting of lavender and thyme? Once, Science would have said: "The Intelligence of the Subliminal Self"; Entrenched Religion would have said: "Demon Voices." It would, in face of what we now know, be a very daring or a very foolish theologian or scientist who would put forward such theories.

That they still do so sometimes put them out in a sort of obstinate despair is because to do otherwise would mean the surrender of an entrenched viewpoint and method that are centuries old and the admission to themselves that much of their science and theology was mere babbling. Only very fine and sensitive spirits have the supreme courage needful to such abrogation. Yet, in our day, they are showing themselves.

But, as all our astral communication proves, the day comes for each one of these doubters, the day which for many of them

as they believed was to be eternal night, when they wake up on the astral to acknowledge, often even then reluctant, that they have been blind, leaders of the blind, and when some of them at last have the grace to knock their silly heads upon the astral 'chanted ground, to cry *Peccavi!*

Already as I write, automatic writing is being tapped all over the world before men set spade or steam shovel in earth to uncover ruin or buried treasure. Part of the equipment of every archæologist or mining engineer will one day be a study of the occult.

The facts speak for themselves.

And they go on speaking.

It is constantly being said that all automatic writing comes out of the medium's subliminal consciousness. That if it does not come direct, it does so by a pathetic telepathic tapping of the minds of living people. (And let it be observed, the day is not so long distant when science not only laughed at telepathy, but even now when it has had to admit it, contends that it is uncontrollable and accidental—which, indeed, is true of any sort of telepathy of which I know, apart from the telepathy of mediumship.)

The nightly feats of an Estelle Roberts and her brother and sister mediums at a great Albert Hall or Queen's Hall meeting in London, in which they will unerringly tell odd people in the audience the minutest details of their lives, the names and characteristics of their relations, and sometimes even the thoughts of their hearts, leaves these Thomas-a-Didimuses of professional scepticism cold.

"It all comes out of the sub-conscious," they say, "and if it doesn't, then it is telepathy, where it isn't downright fraud . . . and if it be none of these, then it comes from some strange force of which to-day we know nothing."

All this, in face of the evidence, will to our descendants be as incomprehensible as is to us to-day the aforetime contention of the Church that the animals came out of the ark; that woman was born of man's rib; and that the sun went round the earth. Such sitting blandly in face of the staggering evidence, is, indeed, exactly upon the same level of mentality as that other.

But here is something at which even the professional sceptic must boggle.

Before considering it, let it be said that lofty spirits rarely communicate directly, as has elsewhere been indicated. They communicate, so to speak, by "relays," down through "earthier"

spirits of lower calibre who are closer to this earth of ours and so can contact with us. Such high spirits use all sorts of mediumship for their infrequent communications, but they appear to use automatic writing more than any other form—perhaps because it is of all mediumship the least susceptible to interference and message-corruption.

It is often forgotten that the *séance* circle on this side has its counterpart on the other. Spirits cannot easily send their messages without the "power" of other spirits. So is it that there are nearly always two circles in all communication—the Circle Invisible and the Circle Visible. But it is of course possible for individual "mediums" on either side to send and receive messages without other aid than themselves.

And it cannot too strongly be emphasized that these spirit circles are quite as much "in the dark" as we are as to the origin and composition of the forces employed in mediumship. They less dimly suspect them than we—that is all.

They, like us, only know the fact—the unconquerable fact—that they do survive death and that they can speak with the earth-living.

There is a little Lancashire lady living in that interesting suggestive breeding-ground of the comedian and of occult experiment—a normal little woman, of considerable personal grace and graciousness, by profession something quite removed from the subjects of her mediumship. She has no pretension to scholarship or erudition or, apart from the music she loves, to anything but "sensitiveness."

One day in 1927 this vibrant girl sits down at a table, by her side a doctor of music, of distinction both as composer and executant—he also with no pretence whatever to special erudition and with no more knowledge of Egyptian hieroglyphics than a Hindoo has of skating or an Egyptologist of twentieth-century life.

He acts as the secretary or recorder.

No professional medium is here employed. No strangers are present. These two people are private people who wish to remain private. They are not "writing" for gain or for notoriety—for nothing indeed but for that ill-considered thing called truth. And truth comes.

Enter the Lady Nona!

One day the Lady Nona, whom we have already met in these pages, shows herself out of the shadows through the pen of the girl.

With her she brings other "Guides," who minutely describe this gracious reserved lady who lived in the Egypt of 1400 years B.C. You see her as plainly as though instead of a shade she were, and indeed is, a spirit, standing behind the medium, her hand resting upon the hand of the writer.

She is a slender, daintily fashioned woman, of a dark-glowing complexion. The face is finely hollowed and of a singular dignity, the forehead high. The hair is long and black, caught back under a head-dress of white and gold. Around her slender middle she is gold-girdled with the large blue beads of ancient Egypt which clasps her long white sleeveless robe. The thing about her which seems to give its "character" to her whole appearance, in it something of symbol, is a long cape of fine tissue of a deep blue. Her feet are shod with blue sandals.

But how can we be sure that this lady, so closely described by her spirit friends, is not some phantasmal sublimation? or, if she be seen by the eye, some "phantasm of the living" as the human "double," now at last science-shrived, is called?

The Lady Nona does her best!

She gives meticulous and accurate accounts of the musical instruments of her period and gives the medium a clairvoyant glimpse of the Temple ceremonies of Amen-Ra of her time. The fluted pillars of the great hall and their brilliant golds and blues and reds are described, as are also the painted floor and steps. There is borne to the medium the heavy float of incense, and from behind the great, glorious, fantastically woven curtain comes the chant of men's voices. There is the clash of the sistrum or cymbal—and, miracle of miracles! the very music is conveyed clairaudiently and is written down by the recorder.

But "not enough," says the critic. "The medium may have read about such things or have known somebody who knew them or . . . well, oh anything!"

So the Lady Nona in her cold-smiling way, tells the story of Memphis as she knew it, of the Sphinx, and then enters into vivid descriptions of the people of Egypt at the time she claims to have lived there.

"Still not enough," the answer comes.

For even though the very stones stood up, the Death Champion would not believe. Though his blinded eyes saw and his deadened ears heard, yet would he say that he himself was deluded, as indeed is he not! but not in the way he thinks.

So the Lady Nona, who hitherto had written and spoken in English, all at once began to speak and write in an unknown tongue.

It was at this point the medium developed clairaudience.

Little by little the strange words cleared themselves until the medium was able to repeat them, when they were written down phonetically. Groups of from two to sixteen word-phrases, each from one to seven syllables in length, came through.

They were sent to an Egyptologist of note, and an authority on the language of the Pharaohs, a stranger both to the medium and Dr. Wood, who instantly recognized them as a hundred word-phrases of the 18th Dynasty (1576–1317 B.C.), as the correct speech-idioms of the Egypt of that period.

In order that there might be no mistake about this, even puns on the idioms of the period of thirty-three centuries ago were faithfully rendered.

Inherited telepathy? The subliminal self? The Vasty Sub-Conscious?

Yes if you like. But if you like it this way it brings us to the very *reductio ad absurdum* of guesswork.

Neither Dr. Frederic Wood nor the automatist even knows the Egyptian alphabet. The phonetic sounds carefully transcribed into orthodox Egyptian phraseology supplemented by hieroglyphic symbols, and finally translated into English, might as well have been in Chaldean or Sanscrit for all they knew of them.

It is only when we remember that similar "dead" languages are coming through all over the world from the Hidden Source, which I contend is *always* available for *all* past human knowledge, tongues vouched for by the philologists, that we realize that automatic writing and similar mediumship have unlocked for us a cave of exhaustless treasure.

The final card played by the professional sceptic is when he asks: "But have you yourself seen this?"

My reply is that I have.

I have sat in a little room in a good red light with a big fire also lighting up the whole room, by the side of Rosemary, the Doctor of Music on the other side, as she wrote down at a tremendous pace communications of serious import to humanity, and listened to tiny personal details of my own life and thoughts. What is more, I have *felt* the presence of the Lady Nona as she moved from one to the other, and, with the others, experienced a sort of interpenetrant vibration—a "transfiguration" that is indescribable.

Those of us who have made personal contact with the Other Side of Life under such conditions, know the meaning of the phrase: "to be caught up." About such experience no argument is possible. It just *is*.

In such an evening over thirty such language-tests have come through. And all this is but in its beginning.

. . . . . .

But is there any automatic writing in existence which persistently over a number of years has produced writing of a high order of literary merit capable of being checked by documents read in our day and themselves more or less accepted as genuine?

There lie on my desk three volumes.

One of them is called *The Scripts of Cleophas*. The second *Paul in Athens*. And the third *The Great Days of Ephesus*.

Not only I, but exegetists of the first rank and theologians of any rank have found themselves dumb in face of those three volumes.

They are not like anything else. There is, so far as I know, nothing on this little round spinning world to parallel.

These three volumes are really the story of the Early Christian Church. They are redolent with the Spirit of those Primitives who constituted that Church. They contain the tiniest details of the life of the early apostles; of their sublimities and their pettinesses; of their victories and defeats; of their quarrels and reconciliations.

They confirm in many instances the slenderly written records of the New Testament, especially the Pauline epistles, but they do much more than this.

They do actually, according to some of the scholars fitted to judge, throw a blinding light upon much that was obscure of those early years when men and devils fought together and before the White Company of Christ had been "organized" inexorably into the metalled cohorts of Emperors and Courts. The days before Christ had been "organized out of the Church"—before the Church had lost the "Spirit" in order to find the "Power."

Upon the appearance of *The Scripts of Cleophas*, a quite properly critical world of letters waited, jibe in hand, to launch the first shaft against the "style" and the "content," only to find itself impotent in face of one of the most perfectly fashioned idioms in that world. An idiom holding within itself its own veridical proof—true to itself—not constructed from the outside, not aped—but the original speaking out of the mists of two thousand years to the men and women of the twentieth century.

Nobody knows better than the man of letters how possible it is to "make up" a very perfect idiom of a period, to place it in the mouth of some invented character, and to let him say his say. It has often been done—I have done it myself—but however

perfectly this may be done, the spoken word, fresh from its fount, is something quite other.

It carries within, its own justification.

For it is the "Messenger" speaking. Not the automatist, nor anybody now living on this earth. It is a Voice out of the past which is never forgotten but which is as much with us to-day as it was when it unrolled its film across the heavens. Something that is as true of the stillest, smallest voice as of the greatest.

Here you can read how the Twelve were chosen. About Pentecost and the Gift of Tongues. About the miracles of Peter and the apostles. You can discover how even then the world of light and revelation was plagued by the sophist and by the Pharisee who was the unspiritual prototype of the modern academic pundit.

The tiny, ill-considered domesticities go straight to the heart of those who still are wise enough, their heads in the clouds, to hold their feet to solid comfortable earth-mother. How the small outgoings of the daily life were met and how they had to pinch and scrape to meet them, in a day before bishops lived in palaces and men served God clad in golden coats. When the altar was the upper chamber and the Spirit of God flamed through the hearts of men.

How persecution was the feeder and the purifier of the Church, and the pleasant little story of Dorcas. How Rome dealt with her subject nations and an analysis of that fine, fair and balanced Roman mind which held the earth in thrall if not always enthralled.

How Paul "died" and returned to the body in a day when the ghost still was supple in its sheath and when men still spoke with angels.

When we come to the continuation of what is the Saga of the Early Church, called *Paul in Athens*, we reach the second phase of a great story.

Here we touch the human note of universal appeal by which even the great artists can only rarely reach through to the heart of the mass from which they are eternally divorced. It is the vibration of the spirit common to all men—for Man is a Spirit as everything in these three volumes proves.

Here is the heartbreak of simple wise men in the face of organized "science" and cold intellectualism . . . exactly as it is to-day. For everything and nothing changes. Paul standing before the "Men of Wisdom" in the lovely city of the Greeks as they seek to snare him with the Greek subtlety is the story of

all inspiration and all art in the face of "intellect," even though of art, intellect itself be a part.

And how Paul, himself once one of these intellectuals, his learning then a trap instead of a treasure, sweeps through them like burning flame with the sword of the spirit, making their subtle littleness as nothing, is the story of the knight in the fairy tale who rescued the beautiful maiden out of the hands of the magicians. And the Dionysius of Athens is the intellectual father of our university professor who has subdued his heart to his intellect, to the undoing of himself and the glory of Satan! that Lucifer who was once the "light-bringer," "and he a fine angel and all his talents gone astray on him," as Joe the Tinker says in *Tales of the Little Sisters of Saint Francis.*

How Phebe tended the fighting churchman in his sickness is the story of woman through the ages. Despised by this woman-hater, she heaps coals of fire upon his head. And of that other woman, Chloe, who offers gold as a bribe instead of woman's bribe—the body.

Read "The Confession of the Keeper of the Tomb" which Paul read to the Gentiles, and ask yourself whether behind automatic writing there does not stand the Greater Powers? Read this living, moving story and ask yourself whether, after you have read it, you have not made the discovery ultimate—that life and death are the heavenly twins.

Read of the sacrifice of Vibia the virgin—woman's eternal and often wrong-headed sacrifice of self to selfishness. And how Paul, with that strange power of the spirit hedged himself about with a hedge within which neither the slaves of Capiton nor any others, save the unbelieving Jews, could break. For great and terrible are the powers of unbelief, and Black Magic has its own day—though its day quickly ends in night. For even Cæsar would have had to bow his imperial head to that invisible power.

And in "The Script of Youth" section of *Paul in Athens*, can the apostle's international plan to gather all the nations in the world under the banner of Jesus find its parallel? For since that day no man has dreamt that dream save the Founders of the Red International, who in their dream of the brotherhood of man left out the fatherhood of God, and so perished. Those men who often taking His name in vain yet often did His work—the men who sometimes hated Him but whom He always loved.

But it is when we reach the last phase of the great Saga, known as *The Great Days of Ephesus*," and a great title it is, that we begin to see not "through a glass darkly but face to face" what

is the story of all religion and of all religions. We find running through it not only all that its two predecessors had, but one of those piteous-wonderful human stories which tell us that even the greatest have their lacks, and that in the hand of no son of man do the gods place all the gifts, in what one of the characters, the learned Tyrronus, himself foolishly calls "this foolish jest called life."

Here, in this last story of the Early Church, you find tragedy stalking on the heels of comedy, and all the play of passion and power which makes up our world.

If ever writing spoke it speaks here. It says unmistakably: Let no man or woman shrink from that struggle as does the Buddhist—who seeks to live life out of life—let him or her shrink neither from the pain nor the defeat which but preludes to victory.

Read of the crowning of the lovely *hetaira* Lais, who was "fair as the moon and a weaver of strange spells," as Queen of Corinth; of the murder by Alexander of which Paul was accused and of the confession of the dying slave which freed him—surely as moving as anything the play of life has staged. Read of Paul in the open boat alone on a naked sea and still more alone upon that sea of the spirit on which all great souls sometimes find themselves, and do not say that there is no mystery of adventure in life.

But read also of the often wrongheadedness of those often thoroughly wrongheaded old gentlemen we now know as saints. Of Paul's insensate quiet dislike and distrust of his best friend—woman; of the ordering of her lowly position in a Church which never seemed to realize that its Teacher had never placed woman in such position—but a position, let it in fairness be said, determined by Paul rather "by permission" than "commandment." Of what seems to me at least to be the entirely unspiritual conduct of Titus towards two true lovers, and all the tragi-comedy of the pageantry of the two-thousand-year-old-life.

For in all this it must not be forgotten that even after two thousand years, which on the timeless astral must be but as yesterday, some at least of the saints, if we are to judge by these writings, have not progressed, but still enmesh themselves in the superimpositions and obsessions of those nevertheless splendid early days, where truth still shone in hut, on lonely mountain path and in desert plain, but where already the incrustations of the priestly leader has begun to deposit.

But if this were a Book of Perfection who would want to read it? Not I at least.

It is a book which, for the better understanding of life and living, should be read in every church and in every assembly where men and women do meet to consider the People and Things which stand behind death and life.

It is the story of pitiful divisions in the Church; of base jealousy; and of that lust for power which has undermined and destroyed more fineness of spirit and more great movements than anything else.

Great men are not destroyed by direct sin or even by direct malevolence, but by the lust to command their fellows. Between that and the desire to lead to the light, there is a great gulf fixed.

Here you will find in our earth-story how meanness and greatness; good and evil; black and white are always inextricably blended, and must indeed necessarily be so blended as man fights his way out of his cocoon of matter, one day to emerge a winged spirit in all the glory of new life.

Here you will see how much of what we to-day know as Christianity was a superimposition by Paul and the leaders of the Primitive Church, who, not unnaturally, as even the finest men are constituted, quickly forgot, to whose minds the pristine teaching of their great Leader quickly became blurred, and whose Message, as do all such messages, almost at once became distorted —and that in all good faith and unconsciousness.

You will see how these Primitives believed that Jesus was about to descend clothed in pomp and glory to judge the world, and that they, any more than the adventist sects of our own day, had no realization that the Last Judgment was never the "last" but is going on day and night for ever in the hearts and minds of each one of us.

You will learn how in some of its aspects they grievously mistook the meaning of the Great Sacrifice and of the position "in time" of the Great White Christ, knowing nothing of His Cosmic Manifestation or of the Eternal Ancestry which stood behind Him.

For which one of us, in such matters, has not sinned and come short of the glory of God?

But it is in the Appendix called "The Mystery of Christ's Body" that I believe the whole embryologic story of man's evolution and destiny is told in language understandable of those who have ears to hear and eyes to see . . . but of no other.

If this last appendix, only, had come through the inspired automatic pen of Geraldine Cummins, it would have been worth

waiting for through the centuries. A fine channel for fine work.

I do not exaggerate. No man or woman, after reading those moving, living words of truth, can ever again look with the same eyes upon life—certainly never upon Death, which at last, here, we find to be Life itself!

XXIII

THE STARRY MUSE

THERE is, however, one thing, which no medium, unless she herself be a great poet, can fake—that is verse of high quality.

Critics are often contumacious people of good intent, even if sometimes of unhappy practice, intensely conservative, running in "schools" and "styles," and shying at anything unusual. Rarely do they admit in due humility when they do not understand something that they do not so understand. It is their fate, and the fate of their public in this day of the universal panacea, that they must "know all." But even the most contumacious of a much maligned and far from malignant breed, often doing its work as honestly as may be—work that is exacting and nearly impossible of accomplishment by one man and one mind, at times finds itself without tongue in face of at least *some* of the verse which follows, drawn from various automatic writings.

Here, for example, are some verses from *The Mad World's Dream*:

Ye Mighty Thunders, crash and roar!
Ye Lightnings, flash from shore to shore!
Ye darkness, fill the angry Sky!
Know, all but Truth is now to die!

Unbar the great World's prison door!
Loud sound the trumpets o'er and o'er!
Let the Dark Ages' funeral pall
Be brought into the Judgment Hall!

Bring forth the measures, weights and scales,
And Memory's Book that never fails!
Let stillness on the People fall,
To hear the mighty Thunders call!

Come forth, ye Vultures of the Night
Who pluck the eyes from Wisdom's sight;
Who gorge upon the flesh of fools,
And leave behind vast crimson pools!

. . . . .

Ye Statesmen, who befool the mind
And treat as puppets all Mankind;
Your voices ring throughout the land,
Your promises are desert sand;

Ye priests, who on your altars burn
Dead ashes from a funeral urn,
Who close your eyes and fold your hands
While all the Earth in darkness stands;

Ye Scribes, who ply the lying pen
To twist and turn the thoughts of men;
And raise the flame of mad desire,
To damn the World with Hatred's fire;

. . . . .

Beware! Ye Great Ones of the Earth,
Cease your vain songs of crazy mirth!
The mighty storm from Heaven above
Will sweep away the things you love.

To me, this "Judgment of the Night" section of *The Mad World's Dream*, is of special interest regarded from the standpoint of automatic writing. For here there is so obviously some "interference" by the unconscious mind of the medium. The lofty Blakesian "idiom" once in a while shows a certain "dropping" in quality, which, if anything, adds to the proofs of its genuineness.

But who was the author of these remarkable lines?

That we may never know—it may have been the shade of Blake himself. The physical author was one Henry Hammond, who one afternoon in the British Museum reading-room, engaged in some humdrum literary work, in his own words, found himself impelled, as "Rosemary" and Geraldine Cummins and others have felt themselves impelled, by some "unknown power which seized his hand" and forced him to write his long poem of which I have only made some extracts, "at a tremendous speed, as fast as the pen could travel."

. . . . .

There is a lady of St. Louis, a Mrs. Pearl Curran (the name by which I will call her, as it is the one by which she is everywhere known in connection with the "Patience Worth" scripts, although she has, I believe, married again), who lays no special claim to erudition, to literature, or to artistry. She is a very simple

woman, indignant when people call her a "medium." And she would in the earlier period of her mediumship refer to her husband and six children for proof of her normality.

She herself has done much directly automatic writing with her *ouija* board, but the manner in which the now world-famous "Patience Worth" scripts have come are usually in clairaudient and to a certain degree, for she often sees the pictures of the scenes which are described, clairvoyant form. The actual writing in these cases was just a rapid transcription by the fountain pen, of her husband, who took down the strange words and phrases as his wife *spelled* or read them out, letter by letter, and at a great pace—sometimes "eighty to ninety words a minute."

I do not know anything which parallels the prodigious literary feats of the entity who is supposed to be a young New England girl of the seventeenth century who hides her identity 'neath "Patience Worth."

Listen to her as she passes over the "hotted" sands with those who sought Jesus without the town of Nazareth, "a journey," in the words of one present as she spoke through Mrs. Pearl Curran, "made with inimitable imagery" as she relates *The Sorry Tale.*

And walk with her and "Jesus by the Sea":

> The sand soft-clung about the feet a-bared,
> That still should trod 'pon stones a-sharped,
> Yea, Earth e'en then did hold the greened tree
> That burst the sod for upping of the cross.

No wonder Patience says that she will use "her harp," Mrs. Curran, "till she be breaked and mute."

And to show you that Patience does not confine herself to this particular idiom, she gave to Mrs. Curran "the picture of a very delicate, slender wine-glass full of a clear golden liquid," causing her to write:

> A golden wine in a slender stemm-éd chalice,
> Distilled by the loving hand of Him
> Who hath caused rich fruition 'pon the spot
> He loveth, . . .
> A golden wine, distilled thro' many suns
> And many silver moonlights,
> Fragrant of the honey of a myriad blooms.

Heady stuff! Rare vintage!
I lift the chalice in a troth to Him
Who with His perfect love
Hath poured the stuff!

Brilliantly she will flit from a dialect of the Scottish Stuarts to Chaucerian English and the quaint speech of New England, often using words completely obsolete, passing from a poem to a short story, and from that to a long tale, then returning to any one of them and all that during the same sitting, something which gives us one more awesome glimpse of the multiple personality of the Astral.

Her passion for Jesus is the dominant thing of her writings. Listen to this:

"Ye see, loved, ye see! Thy damie had set 'pon thy heartie and swung her feetin's. . . . Yea, thou knowest that he who doth follow upon the path o' Him, thy close, close, close, close love, Him who died for thee and me, knoweth the task be heavy. Ye and I but bear the crumbs of His love unto such an hungered world. Ye know, ye know."

Or this:

"Lo, out stones hath thy hand sprung buds. Look ye! Look ye! Thou has dreamed o' a silvered streamie that flaed althrough cool banks whereon the wearied should rest them and drink."

Or, if you wish the literary quality of her verse, to this:

Mine eyes are His;
Oh! leave me not that I do raise them
Unto aught save His own handiwork;
That they take not in,
E'en though they look 'pon smite.
Save that they leave their drops
To quench the blightin'.

These ears are His;
Oh! leave me not to hark
Save to His singin';
Yes, e'en though the sea doth wash,
And roareth woes,

Shut, O Thou, mine ears,
Save to the echoed soft
His murmuring unto thee.

These feet are His;
Oh! leave me not to stray.
Save that I seek me deep
His bywayed path whereon
His thirsted stray.

This heart, 'tis His;
Oh! leave me not to ope it,
Save that it flow its drops
In loving for the wash o' Earth:
Yes, leave me not that Earth
Look 'pon its oping. Nay,
But at some morrow,
O Thou, my love, my all,
Leave Thou thy sunlight, thy very Self
To flow athin the oping,
Then shut it up—for aye.

Even up to 1919 "Patience Worth" had produced one and a half million of words of novels and poems including one hundred thousand words of *The Merry Tale.*

Those who like myself have even read only extracts here and there from some of these works and have no pretence to their fuller study can only look and wonder! For again and again we see that behind the mind of the medium, in this strange mediumship, which is only sometimes made purely through the automatic writing of the medium, and more frequently dictated by her as she listens to the message of "Patience," there stands at her elbow a personality of a certain powerful sweetness. And, let it not be forgotten, behind that again perhaps, ministering angels!

For in this medium of automatic writing, we have something that is the key not only to *The Merry Tale* but to the Universal Story, that is the Merry-Sorry tale of our earth, of which you who read this, and I who write it, are part.

XXIV

THE "DIRECT VOICE"

I NOW come to a phenomenon which in significance stands apart from all other phenomena, and one which, apart from the baffling *apports,* is the most staggering, at times appalling, of all mediumship. I refer to the "Direct Voice."

Again, let a plain statement suffice.

Because I regard it as of basic importance, I am in this book devoting a major portion of our consideration of phenomena section to the "Direct Voice." The whole future of survival and of what is known as "Spiritualism"—a most insufficient name—is indeed, in our time, bound up with this "Voice." Its significance cannot be over-estimated, for it carries conviction and nearly precludes charlatanism.

In this case of the "direct voice," you do not speak through a table, a medium, or a pen. You speak directly with the communicator on the other side of our earth-life. In a word, you speak with "the dead."

Here there is no room for that sticky beloved *via media* of the scientist—equivalent to the Scottish "not proven."

One does actually speak with the dead person or one does not.

If one does not, then it means that for at least a hundred years in our immediately recorded knowledge, in the days of primitive Christianity, and probably as far back as the days when the occult religions of Chaldea and Babylon, Egypt and Greece, India and China, were beacon lights in a world of darkness, many thousands of human beings and those often some of the greatest intellects the world has known, have either engaged in conspiracy to deceive others, or in that drearier subtler conspiracy of deception of self, when they stated that they have heard voices speaking out of the air. To believe this last theory of centuries-old self-deception would, one thinks, make greater demands upon human credulity than even the direct voice phenomena themselves, or, for that matter, even than the sillier "scientific" explanation of "how it is done."

Those only who have heard that voice have the right to speak upon it.

I can only, for my part, here record simply that over a period of many months I have listened night after night to, not one, but often from a dozen to a score of voices speaking out of the nothingness. Have heard them, sometimes with nearly thirty independent witnesses, within a few inches of my nose. Have listened to voices of varying degree of culture and power from those of veritable Bulls of Bashan, where the volume and *timbre* were positively affrighting, to the whisper of a little child at my knee scarcely to be distinguished.

I have heard those voices in good light and I have heard them in total darkness.

Those voices out of another world have been heard by men of science of the first calibre; by medical men; by gold encased financiers both "high" and "low"; by novelists and playwrights; by hard-boiled psychic investigators who rejoice in "exposures"; by peers of the realm (by the way, not one whit better or more trustworthy witnesses than Tom Smith or Bill Jones); by little ill-considered people; and by both sexes.

And many of these have, often after repeated tests, admitted the genuineness of the phenomena and have stated sometimes gladly, sometimes sadly, for people hate "conviction": 'We have spoken with our dead."

These people have heard, as I have heard, name after name, date after date; details of domesticity, sacrosanct and trivial, known only to the sitter to whom the communication was made, *and not always known to or remembered by her or him*, but afterwards checked and found accurate to the last jot; details of letters; and communications in various languages—for the direct voice may come in any language. (And why not? Do we not in ordinary life also use "the direct voice" in any language with which we are acquainted to convey our thoughts to others?)

In all this is it not only that we have got ourselves into a thoroughly vicious, distorted outlook, making artificial distinction betweeen the visible and the intermittently visible which we call the invisible, there being actually no difference, so that things we placidly accept in everyday life we refuse dogmatically and tacitly to consider when they concern the life of the Invisible World? Yet, when one comes to think it over, what other evidence could there be in either or any world?

I know of a private circle of perfectly respectable citizens which sits almost under the shadow of Nelson's Column, where the direct voice is heard at each sitting as plainly as in life. Yet there is present no professional medium. Such purely "private"

voice circles exist throughout Europe and America. (In Africa and Asia, they have existed throughout recorded time.)

If it be asserted, as it is persistently asserted by the dogmatists of science and religion, who join hands oftener than is sometimes suspected against the common enemy—that is *Life*, that all this is done by the medium speaking through her or his own lips, or by the help of confederates, I would invite from these Champions of Death consideration of the following facts:

First, that the voices are often heard close to one's face in good light.

Secondly, that for the impersonation of scholars, statesmen, novelists, poets, actors, mathematicians, psychologists, and physical scientists, often known to some of those present, a medium would have to carry about with him or her a sort of "team of all the talents"—such a circus as has never yet been seen on earth or in heaven!

Into a certain "upper chamber" with which I and possibly a thousand others are familiar, there have come in the course of an evening or two, the voice and more than the voice, the *personality*, of a great newspaper proprietor; known intimately to two of those present, whose method, inflection, and temperamental outbursts were exactly as in life; a film king who once reigned over a kingdom of love-desolated females, who was able, by a simple effective method absolutely inhibiting artificial interference, to prove his identity to the only sitter who alone of all living persons had the knowledge to check the facts submitted; a medical man who gave to his mother, present, minute details of their last conversation before his death on a motor-cycle; a novelist, who addressed the only person present who had known him, by the special name by which the latter knew him in life; a former motor-boat speed champion killed when trying to beat the world's record who night after night to his wife gave the most meticulous proofs of his knowledge of their life on earth together; and a little boy who had passed out many years before who to his father, present, gave convincing details about his mother's illness, itself of a peculiar, little known kind.

And these communications have been repeatedly checked, to find them accurate to the last comma. I have heard a child speaking with the direct voice give detail on detail of the life of his parents and himself ere he passed out. The name of the tiny Yorkshire village where he lived. The name of his cottage and its street, the names of his father and mother. The pet names by which they knew him and he knew his father. The facts of

their trying for years to get into touch with their dead child—and vainly. The exact days and hours when the father and mother, who, by the way, were not present, sat for this purpose.

And I have the mother's letter to me confirming each item down to the last.

I or others could fill a hundred volumes with similar carefully checked facts, such as the voice to which I once listened which covered private details of the life of one of those present, a banker, who had come from South America partly to test the Voice and which covered two continents in its accounts. Half a dozen such "evidences" would make intelligent men think. But what about half a million of them? It is no longer for the survivalist to prove—but for the scientist with his childish scepticism to disprove.

I, as others, have heard "the Voice out of the Cloud" betraying close medical knowledge; give coherent, wise suggestion for treatment of certain cases submitted; and, the only proof, one unfortunately not always applied to medicine terrestriall with in some cases complete cures. I have heard philosophy, music, literature, considered by this Voice. And I have had light thrown upon the most obscure human speculations.

Let us be brain-clear, at this point, as to the theories with which we are faced to account for the phenomena in the case either of the medium quoted or of any other direct voice medium in the world, for in all this I have only taken one or two mediums as a sort of microcosm of the macrocosm of the direct voice:

(*a*) That the whole thing is trickery, someone being concealed either inside or outside the room and speaking through the trumpet; or

(*b*) that the medium is the originator of the "voice" and of the various characterizations and knows everything about the sitters; or

(*c*) that the sitters are themselves collusive to the medium; or

(*d*) telepathy, that is, that the minds and histories of the sitters are being "tapped"; or

(*e*) that the phenomena are due to a sort of "world-telepathy," in which everything that anyone has ever thought or done is known somewhere, somehow; or

(*f*) the theory that *the phenomena are genuine.*

Having carefully examined these six postulates, or theories, we find ourselves faced with the following:

As regards (*a*), that the phenomena have also been produced in private rooms, specially prepared against fraud, and that the

"direct voice" has even been produced on the public platform, before a hall filled with people.

(*b*) is a possible explanation, but I can only say that in that case the medium must be the world's greatest actress, and, in addition, a sort of walking encyclopædia! . . . and then she couldn't do it!

If, in our extremity of explanation, we are driven to accept (*c*)—that the sitters themselves are collusive to the phenomena, it would seem that the medium must have an unlimited purse and a world-wide detective organization. But even here, I have to take into account such trifles as two personal communications in their own voices made to myself—one by a very well-known playwright and novelist a few days after his death, who, for identification, introduced himself by the special name by which I knew him, and the other from a famous novelist and publicist, who gave me the name of the place where he and I had our last meeting.

Of course if in a poverty which by this time has become mere niggardliness, we accept (*e*), then we have to accept such a host of other implications that we shall find ourselves afflicted with the cosmic staggers. For if world-telepathy, in this special sense, be fact, then everything is known to everybody—and from the beginning to the end of time! Even the most transcendental of us may be forgiven if we boggle slightly at something which begs the whole question.

. . . . . .

So much for the phenomena, unshakable as any of the facts of physical science, and, indeed, more unshakable than some of those, resting as they not so rarely do, upon the shifting sand of *form*. For here we are dealing, not with didactic assertion upon what are necessarily transient matter-concepts, but with age-old *experience*.

Now we will consider some of the possible facts behind those phenomena of the Direct Voice and with it the "principle" and, above all, the *method*.

XXV

"WE HAVE SPOKEN WITH OUR DEAD"

THE first experience of the Direct Voice is awesome. It is also, I imagine to most, convincing.

Here is a circle of people whom you have never met before. The door is locked. The light is extinguished. You are sitting in absolute blackness—for the darkness has *quality*. No blackness is as that of the *séance* room, especially, paradoxically enough, when it has that 'luminous' quality which so many of us have witnessed.

The dampened gramophone music comes faintly pingling through the blackness.

Life seems to stand still about you. You are in that moment out of space and out of time.

You yourself seem "disembodied."

You await *something*.

Then out of the blackness there comes a voice.

It crackles into the stillness.

When a voice proceeds from a human being in ordinary intercourse, it is a voice. When it comes out of the air, it is more than a voice.

The first time that human man heard that voice must have been passing strange. Since that first breaking through from the other side of life, millions must have heard it. But no man or woman who hears it for the first time will ever again regard life, and death, in the same way.

It touches the incredulous. It touches the believer. It has a quality which turns unimagination into imagining.

It seems to indicate, as does no automatic writing, or table-rapping, or clairvoyant trance, some irrevocable fact, something universal which concerns all men and women. Even though it be but the voice of a finite being as we ourselves, it is the loosed speaking to the bound, the infinite speaking to the finite. It is the future speaking to the present, and the past to both.

And when those poor lost ones of ours try to bridge the gulf between the worlds by sending kisses to those they loved and love, you can hear the sound as plain as in life.

Earth holds nothing more compelling than the kiss of a child

seeking the lips of the earthly mother sitting there in the darkness. The wonder and joy of these poor souls striving to find once more their loved ones on earth is apparent in their voices. And almost invariably they open with a statement of wonderment that they are able to speak freely and coherently once more with those they have loved—and once more let it not be forgotten, sometimes hated!—on earth. They hear and are heard.

And always the Voices insist, indignantly, piteously, when they are addressed as "dead": "But I am not dead. I am living!"

Through all this, music is at once medium and solvent. One realizes in this Upper Chamber how music is the universal medium of communication and of understanding, and with it why it is that it is accessible to the undeveloped as the developed soul.

And so the circle goes on, the ghostly voices ebb and flow. Sorrow, joy, despair, laughter, wonder, fear—they run the gamut of life of the "Thither" as it is on the "Hither."

. . . . .

There is, to speak soberly, nothing quite like it on the little round nest of this little round earth on which we tumble in space, whirling towards horizons dim, lifting new stars as we travel.

XXVI

"VIBRATION"

To understand the principal method behind the "Direct Voice," its technique, we have to take a little cosmic excursion. We have, in fact, to make at least primary examination into something which, unless the Einsteins, Jeans and Eddingtons of science are wrong, lies behind all life here and elsewhere.

I refer to *vibration.*

I have myself listened to a lecture upon abstruse mathematical-astronomical problems, from the Other Side, by a spirit of great erudition, in his own voice, speaking not in the "direct voice" but using the larynx of the medium, which seems to indicate complete agreement with this theory. One of the first and few occasions on which the Councillors of this world and of the Other have been in agreement!—perhaps the precursor of those Joint Councils of the Living and the "Dead" which may one day run the School that is our world.

All matter, living and "dead," is in a state of vibration. The physicist is as sure of that as is the psychic scientist. There is actually no such thing as "dead" matter.

The stones under our feet, as the flesh of man. The waves of the ocean, as the stars above our heads. The leaden plummet, as the ether of space. The human heart, as the butterfly's wing.

Everything is vibration.

The music we hear. The sights we see. The very scents we smell. It is asserted persistently from the Other Side, as it has been asserted by some religions, that we choose our earthly parents at the moment of conception—and it may yet be found that this also is a question of vibration. All healing, faith or other, is almost certainly vibration and turns upon the attuning of contrary vibrations. The power of forecasting the future, now partially admitted, must be due to some such reason.

And if it be thought that some of these concepts are strained, it may be stated, simply, that much that is modern science seems inevitably to trend in these directions.

The whole Universe is hung on wireless.

These vibrations vary enormously in type, or, if you care to put it that way, in *speed.*

So far as psychic science and indeed physical science go, the earth-clod would seem to vibrate less fast that the tree which grows upon it.

The plant tissue in its turn would seem to vibrate more slowly than the tissue of the insects which live upon its bark or that of the birds in its foliage. The flesh of bird or animal, it is stated, now vibrates less rapidly than that of the flesh of man.

Mineral—vegetable—animal—would seem to go the ascending rate of vibration, for speed seems conditioned by the vitality in the substance—by, as might be expected, its *life*.

It is only fair to say that all the theory of vibration of the modern scientist has been known to the occultists of all time as, indeed, a perusal of their works will prove. The theorist of science, rather than its practical exponent, has always been the occultist. What is really happening to-day, although he does not often know it, is that the scientist willy-nilly is for his bases being inexorably driven back to the theories of matter when the world was young.

But when we reach man, the apex of the vibration pyramid, we reach a being whose vibrations, fast though they be, are infinitely slower than those of a certain part of man—that is the etheric body or ghost, inheld, which leaves the physical envelope at what we call "death."

This strange being inholds the "astral shell" which in its turn holds the "spirit body," itself the chalice for the "soul body," our true self, which contains and is inter-penetrated by the "soul," or the immortal principle which refuses analysis, as we have seen in the chapter entitled "Body—Spirit—Soul." This strange being, or "ghost," with its power to take chasms and continents in its stride and to annihilate space and time, eludes the physical eye because of the rapidity of its vibrations. And this "etheric body" or "ghost," as we have also seen, dies itself usually a few days after the death of the physical body, so freeing, after the dropping of the "astral shell," the "spirit body" for its astral home. But of all these "bodies" we speak later, at length.

This "ghost," with the spirit and other bodies which it inholds, when freed from the physical body by "the little death" which we call sleep, or by death itself, is persistently trying to communicate with us, whom it sees and hears but by whom it cannot be seen or heard. For the faster vibration can sense the lesser, but not vice versa. We often hear about the living psychic by experiments interfering with the dead. It is the dead who are constantly interfering with the living!

If the astral being or "spirit body" wish to show itself to us, it *materializes*. That is, it reduces its vibrations until it "thickens" and is therefore visible. Sometimes it becomes accidentally visible to us, when our own vibrations are quickened up to its own rate by excitement, ecstasy, artificial stimulant, or by disease or accident.

But if, as in the case of the Direct Voice, which we are here considering, it wishes to speak with us, it is essential that it reduce its vibrations, again by materialization, until it can be heard by us.

I imagine that spirits communicate with one another not so much by voice as by telepathy. Nevertheless they have the power of speech, given the necessary instrument, as the Direct Voice proves.

The human voice makes itself heard by the breath vibrating the human larynx. In the same way does the spirit voice make itself felt—but by operating a spirit-larynx and probably by etheric "breath."

The larynx is called "the voice-box." It is into this box that the spirit-voice enters when it wishes to speak to those still in the flesh.

This box is not fashioned of wood or vulcanite as is the telephone which is its earthly counterfeit. It is built up of two substances, one drawn from the body of the medium, the other taken from the spirit-plane, or, as I think, from the "voice-circles" on the other side. The former is called "ectoplasm," a name which was never coined by humans but by spirits; the latter psychoplasm or autoplasm; the combined conglomerate substance being called by them teleplasm. This box is not "somewhere in space," but is actually in the *séance* room, has coming from it seven cords or "rays," but can only be seen clairvoyantly.

I can reduce, but not stop completely, the vibrations of the living body by poison until it becomes "dead." And because we all come from one common source, and because mineral, vegetable, animal acknowledge the one Father-God, who is part of us and we of Him—I can poison a metal in the same way, so reducing its vibrations, though no poison and no power can *abolish* vibration. For Man and Spirit are of one substance. The effect of the voice-box is to act as a transformer and so reduce the vibrations or, if you like, the wave-lengths, of the spirit-voice, so that it can be picked up and registered by the slower-moving human ear.

Man may be most easily compared to "wireless," which is,

literally, what he is. A tiny still rather low-powered wireless whirling in space, trying vainly, usually without conscious knowledge, to pick up the countless messages which are hurtling upon him from out of that space.

So far, taken as a whole, he is a two-valve set. But, here and there are to be found men and women who are four- or even six-valve sets, "sensitives," or who at "inspired moments" become such sets.

His two-valve set, "tuning in," has often been unable to penetrate beyond the lower astral—hence his nightmares and dreams in that dreadful No Man's Land haunted by the elemental and the degraded human. But every now and then, his two-valve set increases its power, with the result that he is able to tune in to the remoter, higher spheres, when such writings as "Patience Worth's" or *The Scripts of Cleophas* are the result.

Still more rarely when for flying ecstatic instant he, through love, prayer and aspiration is carried into still higher regions, he makes contact with that Milky Way of Human Consciousness which runs interpenetrant about and through the worlds, and he finds the ecstasy of which the most varied types and races have written throughout history, when man becomes one with his God—that is with the cosmos itself.

XXVII

"DIRECT VOICE" TECHNIQUE

I HAVE before indicated why *darkness* is sometimes, but not by any means always, a necessary condition to the production of psychic phenomena.

Nothing in the range of that phenomena, so far as they are now known to us, is more sensitive to light than the "Direct Voice."

The Direct Voice can be produced in light, especially in red light, but it enormously derives in strength and accessibility from darkness. It has even been produced in broad daylight. Of such were Jeanne d'Arc's "Voices."

I wish here to say that the "Direct Voice" proper, which, though rare, I have heard several times, is made without the trumpet and upon a much higher vibration than the trumpet Direct Voice. I know one Guide who will never use a trumpet. Also I have heard both singing and whistling through the trumpet.

Every ray of light, must, if possible, be excluded by stopping up the windows and doors.

The completer the darkness is, the better.

None of which means, as the gullible facile sceptic seems to think, because it aids fraud.

Of course if fraud be there, darkness does aid the charlatan.

But there is as perfect a reason for the use of darkness in the direct voice laboratory as there is for its use at times in the physics laboratory or in the dark room of the photographer.

Light is a disintegrator. Light is the foe of materialization and, again only in our present state of knowledge, at times the complete inhibiter. It literally does break up and melt away the psychic atom.

Some day, I am convinced, we shall produce all phenomena, whether direct voice or other, in broad daylight, as indeed we are already beginning to produce much of it.

The next thing which affects the direct voice is the *mental constitution* of the "circle." The agnostic mind is apparently no deterrent to the Voice, which is not easily disheartened. The deliberately defiantly sceptic is.

I have known the mere presence of a single sceptical, though

silent person, to so interfere with the phenomena in a Direct Voice circle of about thirty people that at the beginning it seemed impossible to proceed with the experiment. But little by little, this opposing spirit was overmastered, absorbed by the rest, and the phenomena achieved.

It is very desirable that men and women sit alternately and that they be, as they usually are, by the Guide from the Other Side, speaking through the medium, moved about until psychic harmony has been reached. Passive and active, negative and positive, must balance. It is the well-known principle of electrical polarity, for all the laws of the material have their counterpart in the psychic world.

Now enters a third condition affecting the production of the Voice.

That is a purely physical weather condition. In thundery weather with storms brewing, the passage of the voice, as in wireless, which it really is, is greatly hampered. Here it should be said that at all times for lofty spirits to return to our earth atmosphere is difficult and at times intolerable. To them we humans seem objects dark-moving in a loaded atmosphere, shadow-hung. They say we look to them "dead."

Lastly, governing all other conditions, there is the subtler effect of the *medium*.

Many excellent trance and other mediums find it quite impossible to produce the Voice. The health of the medium—her emotions—the condition of her organs—all these things affect the voice phenomena in varying degree.

Which is to say no more than that just as the physical scientist himself (although he does not know it, also a medium), if he suffers from headache or dyspepsia or bad eyesight, will find his observations handicapped, so will the psychic medium. There is, however, one vital difference—the thing which so often baffles into scepticism the average scientist—namely, that in the case of a deranged or badly-balanced circle, no phenomena at all may be forthcoming through a medium who is hyper-sensitive to *Stimmung* or "atmosphere"—whereas the physicist, however sick he himself may be in body or mind, can always evoke *some* phenomena.

But as regards the conditions affecting the phenomena, there is one which has still subtler effect.

I am convinced from my own experiences and those of others that whereas in nearly all other phenomena, the message is to an extent *conditioned by the medium*, in that of the Direct Voice it is not

so much the *stuff-quality* which gets through but only the *volume* which the medium conditions, though I have reached the conclusion that the "content" also is to an extent conditioned by the medium. The part of the sitters, plus the medium, is to supply the power from the earth side, just as an electric battery supplies the power for wireless connection, and the medium, being the link or "power conductor," everything finally turns upon him or her.

If through physical illness or emotional disturbance, the conductor be "strangulated," there will be no free passage for the communicator, with the result that the quantity but not the essential quality of the communication will be affected.

Despite all this, I am bound to say that minds from the World Invisible of a high intellectual order are not likely for preference to choose for their communications doubtful, ignorant mediums, even in the "direct voice." If for no other reason than that the communicator would be out of sympathy with his medium or instrument, even though in "direct voice" mediumship, unlike any other, you do at times appear to gather grapes off thorns and figs off thistles.

That such lofty spirits will at times, and to a certain extent, employ such mediums *faute de mieux*, does not affect what I am convinced is the basic fact behind all mediumship and all communication between the "Two Worlds." This basic fact is a "mental" fact—for the next world is a "mental" world; the earth primarily a physical, in which the mental filaments are set.

The theory of the ignorant unconscious medium being the best, because the most passive, is fundamentally unsound, and, apart from my references to this in "The Medium as a Human Being," due, I am inclined to think, to a certain fact.

The fact that in these early primitive days of psychic experiment, mediumship, as might be expected, is apt, though not by any means always, to show itself through unconscious passivity—itself the elemental and most elementary form of mediumship, one reason, incidentally, why, so far, we have largely been only able to contact with the lower planes of the Other Side.

For with the advance of psychic science and the attraction to it of men and women of high development, intellectually and spiritually, in a day when the professional medium will gradually cease to be and amateur mediums of higher calibre automatically come forward, we shall break through not only to the astral scene to which we earth-people pass at death, but to the higher planes of that world. Already, indeed, as we are beginning to

do, as witness the quality of recent communications and our making contact, still uncertainly and vaguely, with supernal regions hitherto unknown to psychic experimenters.

The day is not far off when, at times, instead of a lecturer in the body, we shall have a "Voice"' out of the body—the Direct Voice, speaking to multitudes of people in our largest halls and theatres, as we shall have it speaking to us on the wireless "direct" in our homes. We shall have "psychic talkies"—with the voices as clear as in any cinema theatre and with the actual materialized figures of the actors and actresses of that Other World so far away and yet so close to this.

And if these "miracles" still in these days of the miracles of "wireless" and "television" be thought ridiculously impossible, I can only repeat, with full knowledge of what I say and in all restraint, that already in a great hall by the side of the Thames four hundred people have listened one fateful evening which made psychic history to Voice after Voice from the other side speaking as plainly as any earthly speaker. As for the "materialized form," that is already fact, all over the world and in every *séance* of materialization. It is now only a question of bringing the materialized form and the Voice together . . . *which indeed has already been done.*

There are no "miracles" to-day.

All of which is strictly conditioned by the Guide, beyond whom there is no appeal—the Guide of Natural not "Supernatural" Law, who stands behind both the insect and the star as behind that starry insect—man. For it cannot be too often stressed that, so far as our investigations go, there is no suspension of natural law throughout the cosmos—therefore no "miracles." Miracles, themselves, as has before been indicated, being but manifestations of deeper lying laws to which we are now dimly reaching.

Different types of psychic phenomena work on different vibrations, these vibrations in their turn, I suspect, being based partially upon the spiritual and even intellectual status of the medium. The "Direct Voice," though it be primarily what is called "physical" phenomena, I feel, works upon one of the higher of these vibrations and materialization phenomena upon the lowest. By none of which is it intended to convey that a "direct voice" medium is not capable by training of producing materialization, though I am not sure how far the converse is the case.

Now we come to the procedure, which as in all types of mediumship, will be distinct in the case of every direct voice

medium, varying according to the medium and her Guide. But generally, the setting up of vibration and resultant connection by prayer and singing, and the passing into and out of trance, will be common to nearly all direct voice mediumship, as will the cold blast of air which so often heralds the spirit approach.

There are two "controls." One on the "earthly," the other, so to speak, on the "heavenly" side. (The "heavenly" controls or Guides having already placed around the circle a "magnetic vibrational barrier" to keep out the evil spirits of the lower astral, sometimes known as "The Dwellers on the Threshold"; who otherwise would play, and literally, "merry hell" with the proceedings.) The business of the earthly control is merely to conduct the proceedings, warning the sitters not to interfere, watching over the medium as she passes into and out of trance, and repeating if necessary the communications and speaking about conditions, etc., with the "Guide" on the other side—that is, with the "celestial" control.

The "ceremonial" is as follows in the case of one of the finest direct voice mediums of the day, Mrs. Estelle Roberts, whose Guide, or "control" on the Invisible side, is the now famous Red Cloud, a spirit of great wisdom and gentleness and humour, who of all the "Ethereals," as one may call them, has probably the greatest following on the earthly side of life, to whom he is at once Guide, philosopher and comrade, but to whom, unlike so many other self-styled "celestial" guides, he insists upon absolute free-will and freedom of choice and criticism.

After the door has been locked, all light excluded from the room, and the sitters have by the medium, communicating in semi-trance with her Guide from the other side, been properly positioned, the medium goes into full trance in her chair, leaning her head to one side and finding full trance in anything from three or four to ten minutes. As she passes into full trance and is "possessed," her head falls forward and she utters always the same phrase in some foreign and as it seems ancient, tongue, sighing deeply.

It should be stated that in full trance mediumship, direct voice or other, the medium is usually totally unaware of any of the phenomena, although I feel sure there must be exceptions to this and some of these exceptions may remember their messages as men will remember their dreams.

The sitters, holding hands in a circle, their legs uncrossed (an important point, as the crossing or even extension of the legs or bending forward of the body "cuts across the ectoplasmic

rods," as I have heard it termed), sing a hymn, such as "Onward Christian Soldiers!"—a most unsuitable bellicose chaunt by the way, only that the same results would be achieved if they all sung jazz. The best tune I know in one circle for securing harmony being that of a Scandinavian drinking song, which runs:

Fuld i Gaar—
Fuld i Dag—
Fuld igen i Morgen.

which, translated into brute English, means:

"Drunk yesterday—
Drunk to-day—
Drunk again to-morrow."

the sitters, largely composed of total abstainers, being mercifully unconscious of these facts, and the original music fortunately having been written by Haydn as a serenade! Not that the type of music is of no importance. It is! It is most vital that the predilections of the astrals be considered. Liszt's "Liebestraume," for example, is with them a great favourite, and usually secures that harmony and *Stimmung* so essential to results.

The object of the singing is the setting up of vibrations between the worlds of the visible and invisible, and inducing what I may call the "Psychic Flow." (I have been present at a trance *séance* of Rudi Schneider, one made under watertight conditions, where those present over a period of perhaps two hours shouted at intervals any sort of incoherency in order to set up vibration and so establish communication—incidentally a most barbaric, unsavoury proceeding. Yet despite all this, I know from experience that, especially when a high vibration is used, beauty of music and rhythm secures the best results.)

The trumpet, the object of which is to increase the voice-volume and to touch or caress the sitters, etc., has already been placed within the circle, and in the darkness is the only thing which can be seen, owing to the luminous paint on its rim.

After a few minutes of the singing, the trumpet is invariably seen to slightly lift itself and swing in a circle from right to left (it is noticeable that in this circle at least, nearly but not always circular motions in connection with psychic phenomena are identical with that of the earth—from right to left). That there is "law" behind everything that happens is insisted upon by the Guide, who always declares: "I am but an interpreter of Natural

Law." Law, throughout, always makes itself felt. Nothing haphazard.

After a minute or so of this swinging, and movement established, a voice is heard coming from the trumpet greeting the Circle and saying that the sitters may now unclasp their hands, which they do.

The sitters have already been warned in the beginning by the lady in control that the life of the medium is in their hands; that if they are touched by the trumpet, they are to acknowledge this but not to touch the instrument or to interfere with the phenomena in any way, as this would result in shock to the medium; and above all, that under no circumstances are they to give away any information but to let the spirit communicants establish their own identity.

The gramophone is now turned on in the dark to keep the vibrations going, it playing to the end but always subdued so as not to drown the communications. It is playing Liszt's "Liebestraume," which happens to be a favourite of the Guide, the trumpet sometimes lifting, sometimes falling, sometimes swinging in great circles, but never making any mistake in that utter blackness in touching the person it wants to touch. It is noticeable that when the *Stimmung* is good and there is a certain buoyancy in the conditions, the trumpet swings high; when the conditions are bad, it is apt to keep low.

In the case of communicators who have never spoken before, there is almost invariably a preliminary wheezing, an intake and outgiving of breath, as though he or she were labouring to speak in an unaccustomed medium.

One might compare it to a diver who descends into the heavy-weighted sea-depths from the lightsome upper air equipped with helmet and headphone. Those above can send him messages and he can take them but with difficulty. Breathing difficulty. Voice difficulty.

Then, if encouraged, the wheezing gives way to a whisper which resolves itself into words. And then, in a few minutes, the initiate is speaking slowly but more or less distinctly.

The voice of the Guide, practised, betrays no preliminary wheezings. It is slightly hoarse. His characteristic chuckle; his humour; and his beautifully spoken verse, there is no mistaking, any more than one can mistake his interpolations as he catches the flying remark of some sitter. But some of the voices which now come through, voice on voice, may be as clear as if they still came through the human larynx and lips.

The child voice through the trumpet is almost always as clear as in life.

When sometimes a sitter at the far end of the circle asks that the trumpet may approach nearer in order to hear the voice more plainly, it often falls to the ground as though something were broken, which it also does at the end of the *séance*.

The trumpet, as we know from the Other Side, is actually grasped by an ectoplasmic rod, which gradually thins to where it is grasped by the Guide or Control. In itself, I have reason to believe that it would not be strong enough to lift the trumpet but it acts as a sort of power conductor, in exactly the same way as does an electric cable. When the increased tension becomes too much, the rod breaks as would an over-stretched piece of elastic. Yet I have known it to strike the ceiling powerfully and to dance to the music by beating time on the floor.

The use of this pseudopod or etheric tentacle is quite independent of the medium, the hands of whom have been repeatedly held by the sitters and the phenomena still continuing freely. But it is not, I believe, "independent of the medium" in another sense, for it is partly from the power stored in her solar plexus, and perhaps to a degree in the rest of the body, that the power is drawn. For the body of the medium is just an electric battery—a battery that is also a conductor—or, if you like, a dynamotor.

It should also be noted that the "voice" itself is quite independent of the medium's volition. She has literally nothing to do with it beyond supplying some of the power and all the ectoplasm of which the teleplasmic voice-box is partly composed.

But I believe that "power" is also drawn from the circle of sitters, who, with their hands clasped, form an electrical circuit and focus of considerable power.

The size of the circle in regard to the power supplied is I believe quite inferior in significance to the "poise" and "balance" of that circle. Better a small circle of four people than one of fifty-four unbalanced.

It is, once more, literally true that this universe of ours is run on vibration and rhythm, and therefore on poise. It is, so to speak, poised on tenths of seconds! The world of science, physical and psychological, is learning much and will learn still more from that of the psychic, to which the focus of science from "matter," from the still matter-entangled "mind," with which scientific orthodoxy still dallies, is slowly but surely shifting.

Another thing which causes the breaking of communication is an attempt to get a name or a date from the communicator on

the other side. Often these names and dates are given easily—and accurately—but any attempt to force the information almost invariably results in a breaking off for a moment of the communication as though the communicator were distressed by cross-examination.

This is a very curious phenomenon, one perhaps of significance. I have heard it explained from the Other Side that the reason dates and names are so hard to give is that the communicator is afraid of breaking down and giving a wrong date or name and so throwing doubt upon the validity of the remainder of the communication. That to me at least, though doubtless true in part, is not a fully satisfactory reason, and I believe there is possibly a deeper one behind, to which I have elsewhere alluded.

It has often seemed to me that on the Other Side there is another concept of time and space and even *identity* than here—one which may account for this. One often feels that the Voices are "primed" so to speak by the Guides beforehand when they have to give a name or date. But the fact that such names and dates at times stream out correctly would seem to inhibit this.

Into this confusion may also enter the probable coming through of different kinds of evidence upon different wave-lengths or vibrations. My own feeling is that there are millions of vibration-frequencies used in all this communication, just as in earthly wireless. It is not always easy to "tune in" on the right wave-length. The truth is that we are still but in the psychic kindergarten and still know but very little of first causes. Nearly as little as the theologians.

Whether and how far death frees the spirit from the limitations of space and time I know not. I only know that frequently those over there tell us that space and time are one and the same thing—and that there is neither the one nor the other—a hard saying but worthy of all acceptation by those who have the interior understanding to accept it and free themselves from "space-time" when investigating the world invisible.

Then comes the warning in the Voice that the medium is getting weak, showing that all this is making a certain draft upon her vital powers. This means the closing down of the circle.

Those present then say together the Lord's Prayer, which in that atmosphere takes on unsuspected realities. All these hymns and prayers are but relics from a day when psychic phenomena of an older growth was the life-line of religion, especially of the religion of the Man who first made that prayer. People yield their crutches with difficulty. Yet the atmosphere *is* religious.

This particular medium comes out of her trance in a series of deep breathings, invariably finishing with a certain phrase in a foreign tongue, and sighing deeply as though the spirit of the Guide had been expelled. For a time she lies in the trancy twilight, shakes her head a little as though to free herself from the last gossamer visions, speaking sometimes of "things seen in a glass darkly"—and then becomes normal. She is very tired afterwards but can sit up and speak with those about her.

But of that fleeting-freighted hour, the mirror of her memory is wiped clear.

XXVIII

THE "MARGERY" MEDIUMSHIP

Of all the "Direct Voice" mediumship with which I am acquainted, I believe that known as the "Margery" mediumship is, in some ways, the most challenging and suggestive.

It is of extraordinary variety and includes not only the "Direct Voice" and telekinesis but also the writing of Chinese by a lady who does not know a syllable of the language, she once making, for example, 144 Chinese characters without flaw, writing them in Western fashion, from left to right.

Despite the battles which have been fought over it on both sides of the Atlantic and on both sides of the fence which is called "For" and "Against," I believe that the persistent ten years of this mediumship, despite the strange and, until they were answered, disturbing "thumb-print" allegations by certain American scientists, will stand the test of time.

The minutiæ behind this mediumship is too persistent and evidential and self-supporting for any single or even group-"discovery" challenging certain sides of it, to really undermine the solid edifice reared over a period of years to turn it into the fabric of dream. And all this, apart from the irreproachable integrity and antecedents of L. R. G. Crandon, A.M., M.D., F.A.C.S., and his wife "Margery," the medium.

These challenges have now been answered, and, as one thinks, in a perfectly satisfactory and convincing manner. But had such answer not at once been possible, the formidable evidence of what is one of the world's most formidable mediumships would still have held the field in all the majesty of its fundamentals.

And, hand-print on hand-print, finger-print on finger-print, Walter still continues to register the manifestation of his spiritual body—all these prints being scientifically demonstrated by those who took them to be obtained supernormally.

The photographic studies alone of the hands and thumb-prints and even the arm of Walter, which I, with others, have seen, are amongst the most convincing of their kind.

The arm is seen coming out from "Margery" as a sort of exudation, but plain and "solid" as in life, with even a great vein standing out in startling fashion as the hand of the arm grasps

a leg of the table to lift it. Even a cut across the ball of the ectoplasmic thumb is shown—and, *mirabile visu!* this cut disappears in later photographs.

Which indicates, I think, one of the most extraordinary discoveries about the astral body. It is capable of receiving injury "on the Other Side," and the injury is capable of healing as it does in the body of flesh and blood which the astral body "sheds" at "death."

If ever there were separate personality, living and moving and having its being in its own way, it is that of "Walter," who was the senior of his sister, "Margery," the medium, Mrs. Crandon, by five years.

Here is a personality which has repeatedly displayed the following characteristics and capacities, which would mark him out of a thousand.

He is a singularly impatient person at times and has not only a strong masculine voice but such whistling powers as are rarely granted even to mortal. He is intensely alert, uses at times what is known as "strong language," and, as he himself might say, is certainly no angel.

He speaks with a marked Canadian accent, has a strong, even robust, sense of humour which he uses at the cost of the scientific sceptics, many of whom he has convinced of his separate identity.

He can rush through a house like a whirlwind and has, again and again, been heard running up the stairs to take part in a *séance*—but he can do much more than this.

He has definitely proved his power of smell and that he can see in the dark, handling delicate objects and placing them accurately in pitchy blackness without damage. He can select and cognize objects *not known to any living person in the world*, which is his method of proving that here at least is a "ghost" which does not depend either upon telepathy or upon knowledge stored in the subconscious. But more than this, he can hypnotically influence the medium to write down his own selected results and can also by the same influence make mediums sitting at a great distance do the same.

Finally, he can produce his thumb-prints in dental wax in the dark more quickly than any human can do it in broad daylight.

He is, in a word, the most educated ghost in the world—or out of the world, as you choose to put it—for he is really a denizen of both worlds. But, indeed, so are we all!

This thumb-print work is in itself worthy of longer notice.

Under the strictest possible test conditions, with a man on

guard at the door, and the red light being constantly turned on for verification, some red dental wax, known as "Kerr," together with a kettle of hot water and a jug of cold, with a folded cloth and two dishes are provided. Hot water is poured into one of the dishes, the cloth being placed in the water. The plate of "Kerr" is then placed on the cloth under the hot water until it is soft enough, when the cloth is drawn out. One can then press one's thumbs into the wax.

During all this the medium is entranced, with both hands and legs fully controlled.

Walter would wait until the water had cooled to the right temperature in the dish and then ask Dr. Tillyard to put a cake of "Kerr" into the dish. On this being done, movements would be heard in the water and soon the cloth would be dragged out and the "Kerr" removed to the cold water. Walter would then ask the light to be put up, and Dr. Tillyard would take the wax out of the dish to examine it, note the thumb-print on it made by Walter, and set it aside to get ready for the next.

The Walter thumb-print was stated by him to be a portion of the ulnar area of his thumb, which, compared with that found on his razor (used on the morning of his fatal accident in 1912) appeared to agree with the razor, which his aged mother had kept; but which for various reasons is, I believe, not stressed.

It has now been alleged that the right and left "Walter" thumb-prints represent the thumb-prints of another person, but none of this, especially in face of the detailed reply, it seems to me can affect the many years of thumb-prints made by some discarnate intelligence under test conditions, and the farther one goes into psychic examination the more chary is one of alleging either deception or even unconscious fraud.

Two other "trifles" from Walter's *répertoire*:

Nineteen finger-prints of Sir Oliver Lodge obtained in Boston in July 1931, whilst Sir Oliver was at that moment in London; and on February 23rd, 1932, the finger-print expert, Mr. Brackett K. Thorogood, procured a print in a heavy locked box, certified by Professor Adams, Mr. Fife, and Mr. Thorogood.

I for one am convinced that the next decade will reveal quite extraordinary possibilities not only in finger-prints but in psychic photography and otherwise—things, which to-day seem strange, but which a fuller knowledge will reveal as natural and straightforward.

It is enough for us now to remember that in nearly everything alleged by the sceptic during the last fifty years regarding the

impossibility of psychic phenomena; about the humbug of pretending that the ghost was fact; and even about such concrete matters as ectoplasmic production, the sceptic of orthodox science has had to eat his own words. It would be well if the sceptic would remember it too!

Walter Stinson, by bi-weekly experiments over long periods, has, indeed, proved that the "Direct Voice" is fact and that man does survive his own "death."

I believe that it was partly the great affection existing between brother and sister which made it possible for Walter after his death in a railway accident in 1912 to manifest as no ghost has ever manifested before, although the mediumship did not begin until 1923, with table-rapping.

Here we find a most interesting study of progressive mediumship.

The table-rapping later evolved into trance form, accompanied by a striking fact—the formation of an independent voice not proceeding from the lips or throat of the medium and the medium's participation being completely occluded by a patent "cut-out" or tube inserted in the mouth, in which two luminous floats have to be kept in position by the breath of the medium.

What "Walter" can do would make any professional conjuror "give up his own ghost."

What he has performed in the way of "cross-correspondence" and in the supernormal cognition of unknown objects with responsible sitters sitting in some cases hundreds of miles apart, would be unbelievable had the tests not been so strict. Though why the intention to defraud should *always* be assumed in psychic investigation and in practically no other branch of science, is also in its way unbelievable.

Why private well-meaning persons of integrity should always have to assume that one or other of them is "up to tricks" or is downright fraudulent will be for our more intelligent and better-informed descendants as difficult to understand as would be an assumption in our day that every time Sir Oliver Lodge or Sir James Jeans go into their laboratories they do so with the intent to deceive! But there is a certain insane, though largely unconscious, malignance of science in such matters which wars with the sincerity and usual "decency" of the average scientist.

There is a solitary instance, taken out of many scores, to illustrate Walter Stinson's powers.

Dr. Robin J. Tillyard, F.R.S., has chiefly earned distinction as entomologist. Zoology has been his study. For eight years he

was head of the Biological Department of the Cawthorn Institute, and was then appointed Chief Entomologist to the Commonwealth of Australia.

Dr. Robin Tillyard, accompanied by a young entomologist of Cambridge University, a Mr. J. W. Evans, B.A., who had never before been to a *séance* and who had neither interest nor belief in psychic phenomena, went to 10, Lime Street, Boston, Massachusetts, the house of Dr. Crandon, who is a well-known Boston surgeon, and carefully prepared the following supernormal tests:

The two scientists took a calendar with separate sheets for each day of the month held together on a pair of metal rings. Going into another room, Dr. Tillyard took all the slips for May off the rings, and signed each on the back. He then shuffled them face downwards like a pack of cards, replaced them on their rings and pocketed them.

The young entomologist did exactly the same with his calendar, selecting haphazardly the month of September 1927.

It should here be noted that neither of these gentlemen nor any living person knew of the arrangement of the dates on these two calendars when they brought them back into the *séance* room.

The object of the tests was to see if Walter could select numbers from the calendars in the dark, telepath his results to Margery's mind by what may be called telepathic hypnosis, and cause her to write them down accurately in full light after the *séance* was over.

In addition, Walter was to be tested at the same time for "supernormal results at a distance," by asking another medium, Mrs. Sary Litzelmann, to sit at the same time in the little village of Ogunquit in Maine, about eighty miles from Boston, and to report her results later in the evening by telephone.

The next preparation in this unique test was the making of some diagrammatic drawings by Mr. Evans, on some slips of paper, ten in all, which he then shuffled face downwards and tied together. Mr. Evans knew the diagrams but not their order. *Nobody else knew anything at all about them.*

The final precaution against fraud in all these preparations was taken by Mr. Evans going into Boston a few minutes before the *séance* began, having previously listed all the magazines he could find in the Crandons' home, and buying one which had only just been issued and was not taken by the Crandons: *The Radio Listeners' Guide and Call Book* for June 3, 1928. He slipped this under his coat and brought it secretly to the *séance* room.

Only Mr. Evans knew the name of the selected magazine and *nobody in the séance room knew anything of its contents.*

After all these singular precautions, here is a time-table *résumé* of what happened at the first two *séances* in a darkness which was intense, after the medium had been searched by a woman sitter, and the circle formed with the medium controlled by Dr. Tillyard on her left side and by Dr. Crandon on her right side; the lights turned out; the door locked by Dr. Tillyard, and the windows barred and shuttered:

1. Walter produces his psychic voice (which can come at a considerable distance from the medium), with running humorous comments.

2. Movements and the handling of objects placed on the table within the circle head. On the calendar being presented by Dr. Tillyard laying his calendar on the table just before him, Walter at once handled it and tore a number out, soon afterwards returning it to Dr. Tillyard by neatly placing it between his thumb and the medium's left hand, which he was holding. Walter similarly tore three numbers from Mr. Evans's calendar. Four drawings were also torn from Mr. Evans's special set and given to Dr. Tillyard; and finally six pages were torn from the pages of the magazine which had been presented to Walter. All these, returned by him to Dr. Tillyard in the same way, were carefully put aside, some in his own pocket, some in that of Mr. Evans, and one or two passed to other sitters.

3. During the *séance*, Walter several times asked for quiet and said he was off to Ogunquit. On the third occasion he said he had not been able to get "Sary" to reproduce a drawing properly; it was a double drawing and "she had separated it."

4. The dark *séance* ended at 10 p.m., "Margery" (Mrs. Crandon), the medium, came out of trance, and they all went downstairs into the drawing-room. Nobody spoke to the medium. Soon Margery said she wished to write and in "bright white light" she wrote two pages of script with numbers, drawings, and words.

5. Dr. Tillyard and Mr. Evans then produce all the numbers, drawings and magazine pieces which Walter had handed Dr. Tillyard during the *séance* and *find that they corresponded exactly with what Margery had written.*

6. They did not fully understand Walter's allusion about the double drawing until about ten minutes after the above,

when Dr. Tillyard took a trunk call to find it was from Mrs. Litzelmann at Ogunquit, who dictated her results through the telephone, and also posted them, signed by all her circle of sitters, the following day. She was successful in getting by Walter's telepathic hypnosis three out of the four numbers correctly and the very drawing.

7. When, two evenings later, Dr. Crandon's control of his wife's right hand and leg during this *séance* was replaced by that of a stranger, Captain Fife, equally good results were obtained.

In the face of those unscientific sceptics who stated that Walter was really his sister Margery, and that man did not survive death, one may be forgiven the American colloquialism:

Now laugh!

Here is a problem which no scientist has ever been able to solve upon other lines than that man does survive death, which, as Walter once said means: "passing from a small room into a greater."

Margery sits in the dark in her home at 10 Lime Street, Boston. That great medium, George Valiantine, sits in Hyslop House, New York City. A wholly amateur medium, Dr. H. H. Hardwicke, sits in his home at Niagara Falls. These two mediums are respectively 250 and 450 miles away from Margery.

That trinity, as also other combinations of sitters, far away from one another, reproduce much of the phenomena mentioned above in the Tillyard-Evans *séances*, and unerringly, nearly 100 per cent. of what Margery has written being found immediately by the telephone and otherwise to correspond with the picture which the New York and Niagara Falls mediums have themselves drawn and the numbers and words written down. Sometimes the New York report will reach Lime Street before the Margery group comes downstairs.

Sometimes, to make it harder, Walter will say that the first number selected shall be multiplied by the second selected, and the product will be found by combining the figures written by the two distinct mediums, which it does!

And if anything still more extraordinary and significant be possible, it may be said that cross-communication on the same lines has been done by Walter under strict test conditions between Venice, Europe, and Boston, America.

But what I regard as "the very perfect experiment" was made when twenty cards, marked with thumb-print for identification,

were distributed to twenty people, each being asked to cut and paste from any source, figures, words, or pictures, on to one side of his card. These were collected in a box, sealed, taken to the *séance* room, where sat four people, none of whom knew the medium.

The box was opened in the dark, a card selected by chance by one of the sitters, exposed a minute, and then put away in a pocket. At the moment of exposure of the card, five raps were heard, to indicate the number of letters in the selected word, by pre-arrangement with Walter.

There was no medium present. Margery was eight miles away, Valiantine in New York, and Hardwicke at Niagara Falls, yet the three mediums so far away were able, each of them separately, to produce the picture which was on the selected card, and each produced part of the word which was also on the card, the parts together making the whole word.

Now let us see what all this quite "phenomenal" business means.

It means that some intelligence was able to cognize the card in a dark room *without a medium.* It was then and there able to rap out the number of letters in the word, and was able to clearly transmit everything on that card, as a whole, or in part, to each of the distant mediums.

Here, indeed, we have post-hypnotic suggestion plus that true cross-correspondence in which the script produced by the three mediums sitting many miles apart must be combined to produce an intelligible whole. By the chance method of selection, telepathy is excluded.

Who then was the intelligence behind all this? It could obviously be no *living* person on this side of death. It must therefore have been a living person on the other side. If that person were not Walter Stinson, then who was it?

To answer this question beyond cavil, a microphone was placed in a sealed box, mechanically, accoustically, electrically and magnetically shielded from external physical influence—a solid affair sheathed in copper and soft iron and weighing over one hundred pounds—the microphone being electrically connected with a loudspeaker in a distant part of the building.

Walter's voice emerged from the loud speaker, but *not a sound was heard in the room in which stood the box.*

. . . . .

No wonder Dr. Tillyard writes in regard to all this:

"Whether Science, under its present limitations, can ever hope to offer any explanation, philosophic or otherwise, of these extraordinary phenomena, I very much doubt myself. But my object is to record scientifically that they *do occur*, that they are part of the phenomena of Nature, and that Science, which is the search for Truth and for Knowledge, *can only ignore them at the deadly peril of its own future existence as a guiding force for the world.*" (These last italics are my own.)

"THE GHOST"

XXIX

"THE GHOST"

The Ghost that flickers its uncertain gait
In hanty house or greeney churchyard light,
To gibber mouthings at true lovers late
'Neath that pale moon which with it haunts the night—
. . . But also sprite with finger pointing pale
To tell to man the deathless eldest story,
Signalling him up beyond the starry veil—
A light to guide his dreading step to glory.

ANGEL of heaven or terror of evil-doers. Pale guide to point the way starward to saint and sinner. Subject of the mirthful philosopher—of public-house and platform jape. Hard-bitten bone of a mordaunt science with the teeth of the physicist gritting deep into this most unsubstantial reality. Old wife's tale and new wife's jest. The Ghost flickers his uncertain way down the ages.

Like the conjuror's rabbit—it is there and it isn't there. Here to-day and gone to-morrow. "And, ladies *and* gentlemen, I do assure you, in this solemn and single instance, Death the Magician has *nothing* up his sleeve."

For the ghost is fact. He is *you*. And he is *me*. And, *mirabile dictu!* he can be neither!

. . . . . .

If the ghost be not fact—then survival cannot survive! For the case for survival largely *so far as this earth is concerned* rests most substantially upon the insubstantial ghost.

But our old friend is more than that.

The ghost is one of the milestones—for all a fleeting milestone—of the history and evolution of man. It is to be found in all literature, from the Bible, both Old and New Testaments, and the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," to much of the scientific literature of the last half century. In one form or another, it has been the very fairy foundation of all religions—and to it, as *fact*, in the whimsy of twirling world, diffident, uncertain man, on his Merry-go-round amongst the stars, his poor head turning

with turning earth, has looked for triumphant proof of the survival of that personality which he secretly adores—*Himself.*

. . . . .

The ghost at this stage of our quest no longer bursts upon us either to scare us or to make us laugh . . . laughter often being fear's uneasy brother. We are no longer such babies that we believe that what we don't see doesn't exist or that matter, as we know it, is the only container and manifester of life. In fact, since we set out together on page one of this book, upon our quest of the human soul, we have reached the grown-up stage when we are apt to believe, rather, that we see and hear scarcely anything of what is really there and going on about us. Having got our heads out of the baby class, we are in a position to take this shifty entity—or non-entity—to dissect it with the psychic scalpel, and, if we can, lay bare the secret places of its heart, if it have one, and even expose the soul . . . if it have one, or *is* one.

But, here, it is my business to start *de novo* and not to assume anything. It is my business, rather, to place the reader and myself in the position of the average man and woman who knows as little about psychic phenomena or about the occult and magical facts lying behind this world of illusion as any scientist of them all.

But in all this, do not let us forget that we are approaching our ghostly subject as modern people of the early part of the twentieth century—neither as primitive man nor as futurist man.

We could not approach it as primitive man, because in that twilight of our race, he was at once too simple and too wise to segregate man from spirit or, if you like to put it that way, ghost from man. In other words, he did not know enough to be a fool—not even a wise fool. We unhappily "know too much," and so have forgotten that which we did know. We are still in the transition stage between darkness and the dawn now about to break. We have risen from our primeval bellies and are standing there at the edge of our forests waiting for the first sun-glimpse—"Dawn-Breakers."

Nor could we approach it as will the man of the future, because he, heir of the Dark and the Lighter Ages, will know that man is a Spirit. He will commune with angels whom, upon evolution's Ascending Spiral, he will no longer entertain unawares. And to him, converse with ghosts or spirits will be as natural as is our intercourse to-day with our fellow humans. Indeed, even for many of us still standing on our bridges, we have reached this

stage, and there are actually in existence at least some millions of people to whom speaking with a ghost means no more than speaking with a human, except that they often find it more comfortable and comforting!

So we approach it as the average man or woman approaches it in our day and generation. That is with, in the mass, an indifferent scepticism. With others, as a pleasant source of a winter fireside thrill now nearly lost to our day. And with others again as an object of amused scorn.

For I want us to notice that the ghost is one of the half-dozen topics which cannot be introduced into civilized society without danger of undiplomatic complications. The others being politics; colour; and patriotism. Indeed, when you introduce the ghost you are introducing the most dangerous low explosive of all, for though you may know it not, you are introducing *religion*.

. . . . .

Enter—the ghost!

As we view its vague approach either in what we call "in our minds," in the churchyard, in the *séance* room, or in the lecture room or pulpit, we, for the nonce, Average People, to which none of us secretly even believe we belong! find ourselves asking certain questions of *ourselves* (that is to say, asking our own dæmon or "ghost"). We ask ourselves if in what we think, or hope to see, we are (*a*) deceiving ourselves? (*b*) consciously or unconsciously deceiving others or being deceived by them? or (*c*) whether we really do see what we think we see?

There will also be the subsidiary questions, no less important and pertinent—if we happen to be in the *séance* room, or the churchyard, that of deciding *why* it is we see something which we have never seen before and which some of those present cannot see even now?—or, if it be the merely mental ghost-conjuring of the pulpit or lecture hall, why it is that neither we nor any of our friends have ever seen a ghost?

You realize we are in a difficult position we Average People of the beginning of the dazzling twentieth century.

In that sixpenny store, "where nothing is over sixpence"; we are a-dazzle with our own greatness as heirs of the ages. We can launch half a ton of hell out of a 16-inch gun to carry red murder, Church-blessed, to a spot twenty-five miles away. In those marvellous aeroplanes of ours, we can cleave the air at anything from a cool one hundred to four hundred or five

hundred an hour. In our luxus-liners, we can drive sixty thousand tons of flesh-freighted steel and steam through the Atlantic swells in four or five days. We have armies which can do even better than the wretched thirty millions killed and maimed of the last Little-Great War—and we have poison gases—oh, climax of civilization!—which can. . . . Well, we hardly like to say what they can do—it would seem positively un-Christian, even though we pray to "Him" to help us in our little wars, and we don't altogether like the idea of asking Christ the Force-hater to line up behind the poison-plane and flame-thrower. It doesn't seem the thing!

And you just wait until the "next" War and see what we can do! That, if the Councils of the Invisible, now working against that war, should succeed, there may be no "next" war, never even occurs to us. We don't believe in any "Invisible."

But heirs to the ages we are. We have all that Adam and Eve—"funny blighters of legend" (*modern colloquial*)—had, and all that Moses and Buddha and Plato and the pagan philosophers had. We have even all that Jesus of Nazareth had—which, indeed, in some vague way, makes us feel complete cock of the walk of life and of death on which we strut together.

Yes, heirs to the ages, even though all these wonders, originally conjured by us, have now become our masters and have their own independent volition—performing their marvels like semi-divine Automata whilst we grovel with bleeding head at their feet of steel. So completely have they mastered us that wonder itself has ceased to wonder, and even the Great Average scarcely raises its bloody bowed head to see a plane cleave the ether or to stand aghast at the miracle of "wireless" or the living picture—but regards them as immutable as Man once regarded his God and God's everlasting hills.

What's a puny ghost to the likes of us!

And strange though it seem, all these things, consciously or unconsciously, run through our twentieth-century benighted, bemused brains, with film stars; "dope"; "Jazz"; "splitting the atom"; the cup-final; the world's heavyweight championship; knighthoods; popes and priests; cut-throat bridge; kings without crowns; gangsters; stock exchange quotations; and religious revivals, as we try to contemplate our ghost.

Poor little nonentity! What chance has it when seen "through a glass darkly" and between it and our microscopic eye all that *olla podrida* of nearly civilized Machines?

It never occurs to us as we bow down and worship our Twin

Gods—Mammon and the Machine—each an integral of the other—that a civilization compounded even of Heirs of the Ages which has forgotten that it has a soul which survives death might conceivably be slightly lower than some forgotten civilization which had remembered it. Yes, even though that civilization had neither machine-gun, poison gas, nor the other appurtenances of civilization. As for the Few who have so remembered, we either do not know that they exist or if we do, they are so few that they can be easily forgotten—not having at their disposal loud-speakers and the sapient lug known as the "Ear of the Public."

Sometimes we have a ghost of our own—a pale figure which points to some dim and distant past, which comes to us as in dreams to make us feel in vague discomfort that humanity some thousands, or some millions of years ago—for what is time to us who are heirs of the ages?—tripped up somewhere in its triumphal progress. Ideas about those queer fellows who built the pyramids! and about a lost continent where men moved mountains by faith, and indeed built houses by it that steepled to the stars. Or sometimes it comes to us in the dream that is life, and in that other dream that is the "little-death"—sleep—when we hear the orchestras of heaven and lose ourselves in colours that are not of earth.

But we soon put *that* ghost to sleep, as it tries to look at us round the feather-beds of the unconscious and once more turn to the contemplation of that poor pale sprite with which we started—*the* ghost . . . *which flutters its way between the perilous stars.*

. . . . .

Heirs of the ages, and for the last time, we naturally turn to our high-priests—those of materialist science, who, strange though it may seem after all that we have written, still do persist—and, as it seems, persist most damnably. (As for the slightly piteous wail of those of them reluctantly compelled to belief in the ghost—they are still so few that they can be ignored.)

From them we get the answer which we have already considered in these pages when we pondered what science now says about survival.

You look through the penny peep-shows of science, "and, my dears, wipe your little noses and please *don't* breathe on the glasses! The scientists inside don't like it!" Clarity at all costs!

You find, after reading what science has to say, that often after

libraries of sayings, and sooth-sayings at that, like so many other soothsayers, it has said *nothing*. But let it be marked, it has said it *well*! As with the pundit of medicine, even though the patient be most impudently dying, it is not the *cure* but the *diagnosis* that matters—and, for God's sake! a graceful diagnosis.

In despair and feeling slightly word-delirious, we turn to those who, until Science took it over, were the Sole Custodians of Faith—the Churches, and we ask them if they would kindly tell us whether the ghost is fact or fiction?

Here we find that our friends, still slightly groggy from the attacks of Science in that fight for the World's Heavyweight Championship of those redoubtable heavyweights—Science *v.* Religion, indicate that they only know of one Ghost ever having survived death. Of the millions of others, despite the frequent reference to them in the Book upon which their Faith is founded, they profess, literally, no knowledge whatever. In fact they rather resent the enquiry as approaching and even broaching blasphemy.

It is at this point, feeling rather sick of the whole enquiry, we find to our indignant astonishment, a number of women and men of assured social standing (the thing my masters, when we are looking for evidence, which will convince ninety-nine out of a hundred truth-seekers—especially if they be democrats dyed in the wool—for of such flimsy is "evidence" sometimes made!), who tell us that they regularly see and speak with the ghosts of what, now that they are "translated," are presumably very much their better halves! And the counts and countesses and professional men and women have, treading on their heels, to give them and their stories substance, butcher and baker, peasant and artisan.

We have no sooner assimilated these shocks to preconception and reached sapient conclusion that, after all, it is a mad world than we have flung at our heads a whole series of fathers and mothers of all sorts who solemnly asseverate that they have calls from the ghosts of children who have either died violent deaths or more gently shuffled off their *immortal* coil.

There is still one anchor left to us to prevent our slipping the cable which holds us to sanity and life, which is to say, the anchor of prejudice confirmed. That is, the fact that only one or two had been witnesses to the cases quoted.

We then blunder to our disgustful amazement upon case after case advanced by scientists of high rank that they, with numbers of people, have, *at the same time*, seen the same ghost! Which of

course makes our confusion worse confounded. Now, had they only seen a different ghost!

Here staggered as we are, bemused with all these new "facts," we find ourselves, because we still wish to cling to that sanity which is as we know fundamental quality of the earth, "explaining" all this evidence under three heads: (1) that in some of the cases above, powerful imagination, grief-fed, had played its part; or (2) that in the case of the hallucinated crowd, they had been subject to what we had been told by the scientists to be "collective hallucination"; or (3) that in this last case some form of auto- or super-imposed hypnosis entered into the proceedings.

Man advances tortoise-like. He hates shock to preconception —and this is especially true of that Great Average with whom we are here dealing. And he loves to go to sleep—it saves so much trouble and Man is a bother-dodging animal! He even likes his religion like his whisky—to be "comforting" and of the right brand.

So it is that no sooner have we lulled ourselves to sleep by the above three united or alternative theories, we find a real live and belted earl walking out at us, if not himself armour-clad, at least with a ghost behind him clad in armour and keeping his guests awake in what is perhaps the oldest and loveliest castle in England! His wife vouches for this armoured ghost and for his armoured tread—and so, unfortunately for our preconceptions, do the guests who have suffered from this knightly and nightly visitation. And he and she are followed by quite a selection from the Italian, German and English aristocracy with similar apparitions of substance.

But earls are queer people at best—even their guests—and perhaps—at least that is what we hope—it was more than one glass of spirits which had to do with these manifestations.

It is then that quite a little mob of social reformers and thinkers, being loosed upon us, vouch with scientific friends for the appearance in various houses of elemental ghosts of alarming proportions and bestial appearance—and that sometimes under broad electric light! (another shock to preconception which, like the spirits, delights in darkness).

We have now reached the point when imagination boggles in its tracks and when reason vacates her throne—though why a "she," heaven knows, for we had always believed that intuition and faith, rather than reason, were woman's strong points.

Reason having vacated her throne accordingly, we now find ourselves driven to set out the main theories behind the "ghost":

(*a*) That it is the spirit of a dead man or woman.

(*b*) That it is pure hallucination and "of the devil," and therefore presumably has no existence.

(*c*) That it is due to some "natural" but hitherto unexplained phenomenon which has nothing to do with either (*a*) or (*b*).

If we admit (*a*), we admit survival, and that ends the matter.

If we admit (*b*), that also ends the matter and for good!

So we find ourselves flung back on to (*c*) in that magic circle in which we seem to turn round and round without getting anywhere—which leaves us exactly where we were. That is to say, in the position of something very like the more implacable scientists and more than one psychic research society!

At this stage in our not unnatural annoyance at people who insist upon stating hard and nasty facts, we are inclined to throw up our search, and, so to speak, "give up the ghost."

Science having failed us, and also Science's Handmaiden—the Church—we turn, not unstrangely, being but average and uninstructed people, to that never-failing source of inspiration and knowledge which lies within our own selves—the thing we call *religion*—something so often apart from its organized form.

We turn, in fact, to a Ghost—the Ghost which lives in the hearts of each one of us however degraded, the Spirit which some call "holy"—others just "imagination," and others, again, "inspiration." Some will reach that by study; others by prayer; others again only by waiting.

There are times in the lives of each one of us, even of that Great Average of whom we are writing at this moment, when a man must be his own leader. Those are the moments of the Great Loneliness, when we seem deserted by God and Man. When, our leaders, spiritual and intellectual, having failed us, there is nothing left for us but to "carry on" as well as we may—hoping, vaguely, that somewhere, somehow, out of the Darkness there may come a Friend to stand beside us . . . another "Ghost"—the being that is the "spirit" of all religion. He, at least, as every human being who has ever lived on this earth has in one way or another experienced, is real. He is *fact*!

XXX

"DEATH'S PARADE"

THERE comes that Friend out of the darkness—Field Marshal of Life—as he calls to him a Midnight Parade, drawn from Death's four corners.

They pass in silent review before us, a ghosty throng, with the terrific imposition that only the ghost can give, some a-horse and others a-foot. Some on horses of flesh and some on horses of air—in plane, on gun-carriage, and over roaring motor.

They come out of the nothingness to declare once more to their Field Marshal, our Friend, as He holds his midnight review, that *there is no death.*

They pour out of blood-sodden trench and out of gassy mine. They come up from the depths of the ocean, and they descend from the upper air.

They steal upon us silently—and they crash up on gun-carriage and spatter from the mouth of belching high-explosive. They crawl out of sick, safe bed—out of yellow fever swamp and plague-ridden belt. Their voices come calling to us across the mangrove-waste and o'er glassy haunted foam, to tell us that they await, and that where they are to-day we shall be in the to-morrows.

They come streaming to us, do these "dead" indignant ones—indignant at indignity—that we call them "dead." They who are more living than we. Here are some, these dead of our day, "taken from life"—and death! franked by scientist and priest, by believer and sceptic, seen and spoken with by many people together, who return to tell those they loved or hated on earth that there is no death.

. . . . .

Here is a lady of gentle birth and gentle manner. She is sitting in her room high over a busy city street. She is waiting. For what is she waiting?

She sits there in the silence, looking towards the door—waiting for the door to open.

The door does open. A little bit. There is something on the other side.

It opens a little more. A hand comes round it and is followed by a white radiant figure, bearded and clothed and in its right mind.

It comes over to her. She rises.

It takes her in its arms—arms strong and warm as always. It speaks to her in voice strong and clear and gentle about the more intimate things.

She clasps and is clasped—holds and is held.

It is the figure—nay, more—it *is* her "dead" husband.

A husband and wife, still young, are together in a room of an English city—the comfortable room of the English professional class. They are grief-stricken. An envelope has fluttered to the floor, in the hand of the man a piece of flimsy paper.

It is one of thousands of similar flimsies, which in that dread time of the Great War came to fathers and mothers to tell them that they had parted for ever with their own flesh and blood—bullet-riddled or torn by high explosive.

They have lost their two sons.

They have been sickened by vague-speaking Church and so have espoused a heartless science. They do not know if man lives again. They think that death must be the end of all. No comfort theirs. Neither of Church nor science. Their science is as bankrupt as any Church of them all to staunch that wound or still that beating pulse. Not theirs "the instinct to death."

They gaze at those little grey books of that sterilized rationalist ethic which only yesterday had seemed so satisfactory and to-day so empty—and so heartless.

There is a knock at the door.

They look towards it—that father and mother in whom all hope has died.

The mother has risen. There is something in that knock from the beyond—something. . . .

The door opens. Each behind the other their two "dead" boys walk in.

There they are as in life. In khaki uniform. The Sam Browne polished, about the young waists. The eyes gleaming with health and light—shining with a new hope.

The father has risen. Together, awe-struck, they look at these strange, friendly visitants. There is something peculiar about them.

Through them they can see the open door behind them. As they approach they make no noise. No jingle of accoutrement.

But they *are* their two boys.

And their boys tell them the oldest story in the world. We *live*. We do not die. Death is but the door to new life. They have come out of bloody trench and stinking gas to find the new life just by—to find friends—the Friend—waiting. And when they hear from their father and mother that they are "dead," they laugh for joy.

But in a world of lunatics, in a sodden earth, sitting in its clay, which has forgotten that it goes on, that it has lived before and will live again, this father and mother, like thousands of others, do not speak of that which they have seen, and which, greatly fearing, they believe at first they have but dreamt. But whether dream or not, they will soon know.

For the boys have promised to come again.

They come again. Visit after visit, to exchange new thoughts for old and to tell those who gave them birth that they are always with them, sleeping and waking—until that day when the fitful dream that is life shall for those two others have passed into the Greater Sleep, when once more they will be together—"astrals" of the stardust.

. . . . .

The next step we hear in our Midnight Review is a halting one. It drags across our stage as we sit in the darkness waiting.

The one who is waiting for this "recurrent ghost" is no ordinary man. No "flipperty-gibbet of a spiritualist," as his friends would term it, or some sort of vague "osophist"—but a man of intellectual substance. A Master of Arts and a Doctor of Laws—for those whom such things impress. A headmaster to wit.

He is sitting at work in his room at the college one night late in the autumn term, and outside in a corridor communicating with the long gallery outside his room, someone else is sitting—a poor remnant—all that dissection has left of the college founder head, death-mask, and skeleton all complete, and "arrayed in habit as he lived."

The gallery is empty. Nobody is there at that hour. That is to say, nobody but that death-head and skeleton.

Yet there *is* somebody.

There is a footstep. Then another. Then a queer tap-tapping as the footsteps come along the gallery . . . *and with one foot always dragging.*

He calls in the Vice-Chancellor of the college, who suggests

robustly that it is all the stuff of which dreams are made—and though he know it not, he is right!

Night after night comes the dragging footsteps, but when he opens that midnight door, there is nothing there.

And, indeed, it is only seven years after that he learns that the Founder, whose favourite college this was, whose nearest way was through this very corridor, had been lame and walked in the manner described.

There now gallops on to our stage an apparition of another sort—something which amongst all those others, waiting, stands out from its fellows. Like the ghost which limped before it, this ghost is "recurrent."

A natty little man is lying alone in a great four-posted bed in an ancient Scottish castle. He has had a hard day, and is sleeping soundly.

He hears in his sleep, if not "men as trees walking," then, something not unlike it. He hears the baying of hounds and the thrash of horses' hooves coming through his casement.

It is "the wee sma' hours," he says to himself, for he is a Scot, and here in the heart of the wild Highlands, where only the wild deer and the wild duck roam, he wonders what all this commotion can be?

He springs from his bed, a small close-knit active figure in long old-fashioned nightshirt, and runs to the window, to see coming up the drive a big black coach of a day long past, and, leaping around the four gallant horses which draw it, baying hounds.

As, astonished, he gazes upon this strange spectacle, and wonders whether his host still, for old times' sake, keeps a coach-and-four going, he sees the coach turn off the gravelled drive and, regardless of the turf and the feelings of the owner, come sweeping in over the green lawn. But, still more astonished, he *continues to hear the crash of iron wheel bits on gravelled drive as before, as though the sward were not there!*

It drives past right under the window of the gaping little man, who happens to be a general in the army—a keen sportsman, and a devout and, let it be said, strictly temperate Presbyterian of irreproachable orthodoxy, with the coolest celtic head in Scotland! For the writer of these words knew him for many years and counted him as one of his closest friends.

Never for a single moment does he associate this matter with

the supernatural, and so asks his host the next morning at breakfast who it was that had arrived in the night and who kept a four-in-hand still going in that outlawed place?

To which his host replies simply: "Oh, yes, that is not a real coach—it is a ghost-coach—we have all seen it at various times—and *a hundred years ago where now there is green sward under your window used to be a continuation of the gravelled drive.* It is quite meaningless. It is never followed by death or anything of that sort."

But why, indeed, in our review, shall we count this more than passing strange when here is a real live belted Earl and his Countess, who as they watch in the picture-gallery of one of the oldest of the English castles, see a figure walk out of its frame to take part in the Midnight Review and to show that even in oils and brush life *is*, to show it not only to them but also to their children and friends. For who, in this phantasy that we call life, shall we say what is living or what is dead?

And now there sweeps into our Midnight Parade no plumed knight of old in shining armour on sable steed, but a modern knight—a speed-king of the motor-cycle track. The scene has shifted, and we are standing near the track, on this night with the moon clear-shining. The track, unlit, empty, lies there in the moonlight and heavy shadow.

Near the track there stand four figures, who, like us, have come there to see what they will see. There is the figure of a woman—standing forlorn, a little apart from her companions. And there are three men.

She has come to keep ghostly-appointment—come at the same hour on which her husband passed into the shadows, as she thought for ever. For here was a woman who had always laughed at such things, who had never attended a spiritualist *séance*, but whose husband had sworn that one day he would convince her that dead men live on, and did so, by death, the clarifier, who, when he speaks, does so in the voice from which there is no appeal.

And as she steals to the side of the track, *there stands the beloved figure, his hand on his own racing model.*

He speaks to her. It is *he*. A ghost—and not a ghost, real as in life—the remembered accents, the glance, the touch.

But ghost he must be. Yet ghost he is not.

There is one proof possible. She shall ride with him on his ghost-cycle round the track where in the days of life he had wrung victory from razor-edged chance.

He mounts the cycle and she mounts behind him on a pillion that is no pillion of air but of substance. He speaks and laughs to her to encourage her—and so they complete the course on that midnight ride, until they reach the paddock gate, when her ghost-husband rides off alone, "gradually transforming into a ball of mist."

She returns to earth to find one of the mechanics, who had gazed upon this wondrous thing, sobbing heartbrokenly, the others pale and ill-looking "as if they had seen a ghost," as indeed they have. *For they have all seen the same thing.*

. . . . .

And last of all to our review, no longer one of darkness. For it is broad daylight, and the moon-haunted cycle track has given place to a London park on a winter's day—the ground hard-blackened with frost—no tree or shrub in sight.

Two men are walking and have lost their way. They cast about for the gate through which they came. And there, a little to the right, together they see a figure coming towards and across them. It must be a keeper, for in all that icy waste that day, apart from a few children, the keeper was the only person to whom they had spoken and, indeed, was almost the only person they had seen. They will ask of him the way.

They walk towards the moving figure. One of them—and I am looking at him as he does so, for I have reason to remember—walks up to the "keeper" to ask him the way.

But he passes them by at an arm's breadth, the tall, big man who is about to ask, stands there, his jaw dropped and his mouth still open. For the ghostly keeper has disappeared—right under the straight jutting nose and under that of his companion.

I am looking at those two as they stand there and I laugh at them—for it is good sometimes to laugh at oneself—and one of these two selves was the man who sets down these words.

. . . . .

But why go on!

The truth is that we are discovering that in the world of spirit, that is to say *this* world—for it, like ourselves, is a spirit—*nothing may be impossible.*

For were we to go on, we should bring to our Midnight Parade all the ghosts of history. They would stream there as they have done since the world was fledged from chaos—young and old, rich and poor, wise man and foolish, churchman and scientist, honest man and knave. They would steal out of silent churchyard and from forest dell; out of unmarked grave and out from under the stake of the suicide and down from the swinging gibbet of the murderer. Queens and kings would come; and pawns and dwarfs . . . and behind them, high above, again, the angelic hosts and the darker hosts of hell—Lucifers—themselves once light-bringers and to be light-bringers again—to tell us, once more, that "there is no death."

Out of the tombs of the Pharaohs, leaving death behind, and out of the Red Sea—their very haunt. Out of the temples and out of the caves; down from the mountains and up from the depths, they stream in endless variety and imagery. The chess-players come under their canopies and the men of war on horse and in chariot. Once more the death-cry comes up from the arena as the short, stabbing sword-hilt cracks against naked rib, and Christian maid screams as her body broken, she yields up the ghost for it to tell the oldest story in the world—"*there is no death!*"

XXXI

ARE WE ALL GHOSTS?

So there we stand. Still aghast or sceptical, or jeering, or cheering at our Midnight Parade. There we stand, with our "dead."

What are we going to make of them?

What is *science* going to make of them? and of the thing behind them—the presumption to immortality?

Take the ghost from life and you take life itself.

. . . . . .

How many have not felt, sometimes after years of search and experience, that cold-clutching at the heart which seemed to say: "You have never even seen a ghost! How then can you be such a fool as to believe that you survive the grave?"

And was it not only when they had personal assurance by scientists and laymen of high repute that they had seen ghosts and heard ghosts, that they thought "there might be something in it?"

Here, as we go through the records, we find either contributory evidence, direct assurance or positive *proofs* coming from the greatest publicists of the day; from philanthropists; from a string of what were originally the world's first sceptics, *not* scientists—editors of daily newspapers; from half a hundred medical men of high rank; from philosophers and physicists; and from psychologists and engineers; from astronomers and mathematicians; university professors and writers; painters and musicians of international rank. The greatest forensic lawyer of his day walks into these records and so does the greatest biologist and chemist of their day.

My note-books are spotted with their names.

There are the names, plain, unqualified. Sir William Crookes and Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir William Barrett, Dr. William Brown and Sir Oliver Lodge of England; Dr. Charles Richet and Professor Camille Flammarion of France; Professor Zollner of Germany; Cesare Lombroso and Professors Bozzano and Morselli of Italy; Professor William James, Professors Larkin and Hyslop of America. Behind them a hundred others, drawn from every nationality on this round earth.

And now, I find before me a list of some of the very greatest names in modern science, twenty-six in all, asked to state their attitude to the ghostly universe, of whom eighteen personally declare their vital interest in the ghost in one form or other, and eight their willingness to pursue further investigations of this elusive mystery because they are convinced of its existence.

There must be something in it, after all!

For *if* there be nothing in it but foolishness, then we shall only have to admit that for centuries, as in our day, some of the world's greatest names have been making fools of themselves and others. If the ghost be only moonlight and wind, then much of modern science and philosophy is composed of that same . . . as, by the way, it undoubtedly is!

The problem with which we are faced is, once more (1) how far these people are deceiving themselves; (2) consciously or unconsciously deceiving others; or again, irritating alternative, (3) whether they have seen and heard the ghost?

When we have settled that little problem, and assuming, as I think we shall be compelled to assume, that the ghost *is* fact—we have before us the ultimate problem: *what is the ghost?*

Here we have in the literature of ghostdom, scientific and lay, the following possibilities:

(1) The commonest theory of all: that the ghost is the spirit of a dead person.

(2) That it is a phantasm of a living person, whether it manifest itself in (*a*) dreams; or (*b*) as a dual personality.

(3) That it is "materialized thought."

(4) That it is hallucination born of a disordered liver, or ill ordered supper, or the effect of "light," or, failing that, of "dark"; or, failing that again, of alcohol or drugs.

(5) That it is an "astral shell," and not a real entity.

(6) That it is a sub-human entity of the "elemental" or *Poltergeist* type.

(7) That it is either (*a*) an angel or (*b*) a demon from the next world.

For the anti-ghostite who is determined at all costs literally to be "delivered from the body of this death," that is from the ghost—which is death's "corpse"—will, with that strange "instinct to death," have it any old way if he can only prove that it is not alive. And many elaborate pieces of nonsense have been written by foolish profundity to prove that it is caused by something in the retina of the eye, though no great thinker has yet written even three lines to prove that his friend Jones, even

though he often think of him in that way, is only a smut in the retina! The Death Champion does indeed, in ridiculous reticulated reiteration share the prayer of his God-fearing, ghost-fearing Scottish brother:

> From things that go bumpety-bump in the night
> Good Lord deliver us!

The Champions of Death *are* dead, but they are having increasing difficulty in proving it!

Now, taking these seven hypotheses seriatim, let us see where we stand.

As regards No. 1, the thousands of people who in our day and every day of all ages who have spoken with their dead in the ghostly form with strong veridical proof of that speaking, unless we ourselves are all shadows and all hallucinations, prove that the ghost *may* be, not necessarily always *is*, the spirit of a dead person.

No. 2 (*a*) throws us back upon the evidence of the dream for "proof," but the "dream-ghost" not being a true ghost, as it is not seen with the physical eye, to my mind the real though not the only test for the ghost proper, we can dismiss this consideration from our list and with it what may be called the ghost improper. But as regards (*b*) or dual personality, as here we do see the ghost with the physical eye, and as we know from the "Phantasms of the Living" of the Society for Psychical Research and other records of irreproachable antecedent, that this (strictly speaking) "apparition" can be seen whilst the original is either on the point of death or in full health and conscious—we shall rather have to think of it as the etheric, or, if you prefer to go one step farther away from matter, the "spirit" body, than as of something in itself original. An "astral shell," sometimes, but only sometimes, if you like. But like some other forms of the ghost, I prefer to call it a *telepathic projection of a reality behind*: none of which makes it any the less *real*. But again, what *is* "reality"?

I am fortunate enough to have acted, quite involuntarily and all unknowing, as the "subject" of a phantasm of the living; and still more fortunate to have it vouched by Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott, the novelist, one of the coolest-headed women I know—a lady whose name is familiar in every quarter of the world, an accurate observer, who had never been in my house and knew nothing of its interior arrangements.

This lady on the night of the 21st of February, 1934, at 9 p.m.,

whilst fully conscious and in her own house in London many miles away from Leicester House, Twickenham, where I live, saw me quite distinctly and *heard my voice* as I stood in what we call "The Big Room." She described the position of the furniture and windows and garden in some cases minutely and on the whole accurately, *saw* the fireplace, saying "it was funny to see the flames," and watched me as I stood at the table, writing to me immediately afterwards.

As it happened I was in that room under those conditions at exactly that hour, and alone as she said.

Who and *what* was standing at that table? Was it "me"? Was it my "ghost"? Was it one of my "multiple personalities"? Or was it that my friend's "soul" was projected into my house? I was in perfect health at the time, with no more idea that I was being watched by a living person than that I was on the mountains of the moon—where, indeed, for all I know, I may have been!

No. 3, however apparently far-fetched, cannot be dismissed in a rationalist neigh. The experiments of Fukurai, the Japanese, and others would appear to show that it is possible to photograph thought. What the clairvoyant camera-eye may see in the more rarefied form of matter it is possible that the human eye—also a camera eye of coarser mould, can sometimes see, too. But of this last, No. 3, I do not think there is as yet any proof, persistently confirmed, though I believe it to be sound theory.

So we come to No. 4. When the scoffer thinks that in a disordered liver or a lobster supper he has found the reason for dreams and nightmares, he is merely confounding cause and effect. Syllogism in the psychic domain is not a strong point of modern science. One day the scientist may learn that as a blow on the head can make a way for that "possession" so often miscalled "brain trouble," so he may one day learn also that a mascled liver or a lobster supper may open the doors to the lower astral, itself as much a fact as his obfuscation.

As everything which we know from the astrals go to show that "hallucination," like a "disordered imagination," has no existence, and that the visions of the drunkard, or the druggard, or the man who has over-eaten himself are as real as the man himself, we cannot set this particular ghost down as "imagination"—whatever imagination may be. The fact is we are being slowly but surely brought to some such conclusion as that the nightmares of the lunatic or drugged or drunken man are due to his vibrations being enormously increased and so he is forced on to the "lower astral," which is the haunt of elementals and low earth-bound

spirits, his vibrations synchronizing with theirs and so making apparent the things from which ordinarily he is excluded by the merciful intervention of vibrational barriers. So these ghosts, at least, I think are real.

For we are, I believe, and here I state my theory for the first time being ruthlessly driven to the conclusion that differences of vibration and vibration only cause the segregations of the universe into the various degrees of the visible and invisible.

The "astral shell" theory of No. 5 is an old one with some of the "osophic" bodies, who employ it to explain away spiritualist mediumship and so secure a cinch on Satan and on their own particular gods, and, so far as I can see, has no foundation whatever either in fact or in psychic experiment. "Astral shells," in the form of certain kinds of dual or detached "after-birth" *im*-personality are possible—as we shall see when we come to our next chapter on "Materialization"—but so-called "astral shells" comporting themselves like reasonable mortals or immortals—as you choose to regard them—giving full evidence to the enquirer that they are ordered and not disordered, cannot it seems to all reasonable, instructed men and women to be other than the entities, though not necessarily the "persons," they profess themselves to be. And I would like to say in passing that what is a real as opposed to an unreal "entity" is every day becoming more difficult to define.

Our Nos. 6 and 7 theories that the ghost can be an angel or demon (here again there is often a certain difficulty of determination!), or elemental from the next world, have, I think, by this time been proved *ad nauseam*. It may not be any inhabitant of this earth at all. This, one thinks, is proved to the hilt by the materialized *Poltergeist* and elemental—themselves incidentally the products of thought—materialized thought if you will.

We find ourselves, in this amazing ghostly labyrinth, faced by the fact that the ghost can be any single one or all of our seven postulates! If it can't, then I should be glad to know what the alternative may be. For the "scientific" alternatives seem to me and to others to be compounded not of spirits but of moonshine and a disordered imagination! If it were not that as we now know, disordered imagination has only existed in just . . . the "disordered imagination!"

We have, in fact, reached the most disconcerting discovery of all—that *we ourselves are all ghosts*!

"THE GHOST" AND MATERIALIZATION

XXXII

MATERIALIZATION

LIKE spirit photography, I regard materialization as essentially belonging to "the Ghost."

But first of all we must determine whether the thing which is said to materialize is the ghost and nothing but the ghost.

To do this, we must retrace our steps a little.

As we have seen, this physical body of ours does hold enmeshed within itself (*a*) the "etheric body" or ghost—that is to say the first of its incorporeal bodies, which leaves the physical body a few days after death, this etheric body, or ghost proper, holding within (*b*) a "body" called the "astral shell," itself inholding the "astral" or "spirit body," which upon the ghost proper "dying," in a still indeterminate period of time which may possibly vary from a few moments or hours to, for all I or anyone else knows, many years, is freed for existence upon the astral planet. This "astral body" in its turn holds within itself the "desire," "mental," "thought," and "soul" bodies, which last in its turn inholds the literally countless other "bodies" which man goes on "shedding" through all eternity. Or, to put it in a paradox which may have truth tangled in its tail, "nearly" all eternity.

(For, is it not possible that at some point the "body"—that is to say "matter"—disappears, leaving behind only pure spirit! But what *is* "pure spirit"?)

In other words, the condition of all life is a series of dyings. *We die to live.*

But this physical body of ours is not our "first" original body. We have been released from other and denser more "elemental" bodies, for even the body of flesh and blood, solid though it be, is lighter and "airier" than those from which in the successive releases of evolution it came—as from such invisible planets as Art-Saturn, invisible to and as yet unacknowledged by orthodox science because of such a low vibration that it eludes the physical eye.

But before we go on to a nearer consideration of what the "ghost" really is, it is well that we ponder certain other aspects of our various "bodies," which are both separate and interpenetrant.

First of all, between the "etheric body" and the interpenetrant "spirit body" which it encloses, there is a sort of sheath, which is sometimes called "*the astral shell.*" This "shell" is uncovered or released when the "etheric body" dies—as we have seen usually within a few days of "apparent death" of the physical (that is, when the heart has ceased to beat).

This astral shell corresponds exactly to the "after-birth" of a child born out of the physical body. Like that after-birth, it does, for a little, retain warmth and even feeling and animation—but not "soul." It is but a waxwork of the "spirit body" which it covers, and can even simulate a living entity by moving about, a little vaguely and irresponsibly, after which it perishes, and it may be compared to the piece of heart which, cut away from the physical body and placed in a solution, the scientists have managed to keep "beating" for many years. It is this "waxwork" which is sometimes seen by a deathbed or in a churchyard by people not otherwise clairvoyant—though, as we know from our last chapter, these "apparitions" *can* be the etheric bodies or even the "spirit bodies" of those who have died—that is, the real people themselves.

As we shall learn when we come to our "After-Death" section, the astral is partly a Clearing House for the birth out of matter and into spirit, and part of the duty of the nurses and doctors there is to clear away the last traces of this "astral shell" or after-birth. For you simply cannot pass from one birth to another without throwing off something, and this is done when you pass from our earth for the first sphere of "existence in spirit."

And it may be of interest to note that the birth on to the astral out of matter, as we are informed by the Masters there, like the earthly birth, is accompanied by "etheric pain" as the astral body seeks to accommodate itself to the higher and unaccustomed vibrations. This, however, does not apply to those who, whilst still in the earthly body, have learnt the lesson of vibration-accommodation by correct thinking. It is, indeed, and in a deeper sense than this, of vital importance that the human being should learn his lessons of survival whilst "still in the body pent."

Just as the "etheric body" is connected by its own umbilical cord to the physical body which it has vacated, so the "astral shell" also has its own umbilical cord which connects its navel to the navel of the "etheric body," which in its turn has to be severed ere the next body, or "spirit body," which the shell encloses, can be freed. It is this spirit body which takes up its existence, as I have elsewhere said, on the astral plane or sphere,

and which then adjusts itself to the laws of the newer, higher vibration which it has entered.

But even this last "spirit body" is not the real "soul body"—it only encloses that body, which is the real "you." And it takes a really good medium to differentiate between the spirit and the soul body.

I can here only faintly indicate the nearly incredible properties of these various "bodies," the existence of the first three of which can alone be "directly" demonstrated to people still living in matter, and, indeed, of the fantastic phenomena of this section of the psychic.

The physical body, itself, for instance, can be buried deep in the earth and kept alive for months or years. You can have apparently "dead" men sitting up and taking nourishment over many years. And to go to the other end of the vibrational scale, you can and do have "thought-simulacra" literally conjured out of the air, which have no more relation to the living original than a waxwork figure to the man or women after whom it is fashioned.

I know, for example, of an unimpeachable case in which a medium pointed to a young man in her audience to say: "With you I see a form. He has one leg bound up and a wooden stick" —and she went on to accurately describe Long John Silver of *Treasure Island.* She asked the young man if he knew who this figure was?

He said: "No, but I have a book in my pocket which I have been reading all day, and the description you give me is that of Long John Silver—a character in the book."

Here we have at last the perfect synthesis which, breaking down all barriers, brings us face to face once more with the fact that all cosmic segregation is only caused by vibration; that even the "thought-form" is in a sense as much living as we ourselves; that we can pass in an instant back and forth into and out of other worlds as our own vibrations are raised or lowered; and, finally, that we are only saved from the elemental horrors of worlds lower than our earth by their vibrations being too low for us to sense—as also from sights of a beauty we could not endure by the vibrational intensity of those sights being higher than ours.

So we return to our original question: is the thing which we see materialized the "etheric body" or "ghost proper" or is it the "astral" or some subsequent body?

We cannot here be dogmatic in a realm which, I insist, for every being living on this planet, is still a more or less unknown

world. We are little babies learning our A B C in the schools of the infinite and playing at marbles with the spheres. Let us be subdued!

But I will adventure the thought that the materialized ghost is not likely to be the materialization of other bodies than those three lying nearest to the physical body—that is to say, the "etheric," the "astral shell," and the "spirit."

That it is possible for lofty and emancipated beings (that is to say "comparatively emancipated," for the cosmos is all but a matter of comparison, which alone is the thing that gives differentiation, individuality, and "concept") who have shed their astral and even mental or other bodies, under peculiar and exceedingly difficult conditions once in a way to materialize in the phsyical, is, I think, possible. Possible—because all things are possible as the wise man only doth know. The only thing in the world that is "impossible" being that anything is impossible!

But I will venture here one more postulate.

I will, timorously enough, say that it is probable that even when such lofty beings do materialize, or when we hear their voices "out of space," as I, with others, certainly have heard them, we are not seeing or hearing the *original* of the being, but *one of his manifestations*. That such beings, largely freed from the limitations of matter, carry on thousands of existences at the same time is I believe possible. More than that, I believe this in a lesser degree applies to all of us—but that leads us into the nether deeps and will be dealt with in its proper place.

But to return to our materialization "of the earth earthy."

First of all, is there such a thing, or is the materialized ghost the Mrs. Harris of the psychic?

It is not the place here to enter into the evidence which would itself alone occupy perhaps a thousand volumes of the facts recorded. These facts have been set down by the greatest scientists, living and dead, from the classic case of the Katie King of Sir William Crookes, where the little ghost-girl would come and sit on the famous chemist's lap, to many of the greater names of our day.

The facts have been observed under the most varying conditions—experimentally; socially; intellectually. They have been checked and re-checked. They have been observed in airtight fool-proof clinics of the psychic—fool-proof at least so far as the medium but not necessarily so far as the sitters were concerned—in electrically controlled and insulated laboratories; in dark night and in broad daylight—the securing of phenomena in the

latter being always one of enormous technical difficulty owing partly to the disintegrating effect of light, and not, as is "vulgarly" supposed, because darkness aids fraud. (For there is a vulgarity of science as well as of society, and the grinning materialist's blah-blah inside or outside the *séance* room is the belch of the ill-bred man in the face of decency.)

And if, as of course has happened, fraud, at ever rarer intervals let it be said, is *proved*—a very different thing from *asserted*—there is always behind the steadily lifting pyramid of proved facts.

Here I want to say something which applies to all psychic phenomena, and which has been obliquely alluded to in this book.

The so-called *exposés*, even where genuinely given, are frequently based upon ignorance of the conditions obtaining. Not only do they ignore the fact that many mediums convicted, apparently or actually, of fraud, have over long periods produced perfectly genuine phenomena, but they regard fraud as proved when it clashes with their own earth-bound preconceptions.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the conditions obtaining in the astral are quite other than those obtaining here, even though they both rest on natural law and though the same bases underlie them.

I have even known one of the greatest living experts in certain branches of psychic phenomena, including materialization, to admit to me that in the case of a certain medium who had been publicly "convicted of fraud," and whom he himself had "exposed," regarding her as guilty of fraud, he had been completely wrong. He had felt himself compelled to announce publicly that her genuineness was undoubted.

And if a first rank psychic expert, with perhaps forty years' experience of mediumship behind him, should make such a mistake—what chance do we think the loose newspaper mind, for example, nourishing and nourished on sensation, will have to decide what is and what is not genuine?

The bare fact is that the first people to denounce the fraudulent materializing medium, as others, are the spiritualist societies of responsibility, such as the long established splendid Marylebone Spiritualist Association, which kept the flag of Survival flying when it was "the despised and rejected," The London Spiritualist Alliance, and The Survival League. And *only such as they* in the present general lack of knowledge about psychic phenomena, are in a position to judge—*and even they can sometimes be most grievously mistaken.*

The truth is the scientists in this, as in so much else, are just infants playing with gunpowder. That they sometimes blow themselves to smithereens is not exactly extraordinary! But the theologians of science, the irrational "rationalists" and other dogmatists, must be prepared for this in days when for them "smithereens" is becoming a congenital condition!

It is merely childish to argue materialization at this time of day, and I believe the day is not so far distant when the man or woman (there will be few women) who wishes to argue about the existence of spirit will be regarded with much the same interest as the now nearly prehistoric professor who sees in matter the mainspring of life. He, dear man, may indeed find himself in one of those museums for the mummified scientist which we are so rapidly accumulating to the dismay of the Devil (who from psychic investigation has acquired a new lease of life) and the glory of God! Museum in which the anthropologist and his Piltdown Man dwell in perpetual, mutually-regarding bliss!

So as intelligent people, we may assume that unless we are unsure of the evidence governing our own physical existence, we may regard materialization as a proved fact of science, despite the more densely learned physiologists and anthropologists—let it be said, gentlemen most honest, if ill-informed and imagination-starved.

XXXIII

ECTOPLASM

RIGHTLY, or wrongly, I believe that, generally speaking, ectoplasm, in one form or another, is an essential part of materialization and of the ghost. Though even to this there must be exceptions.

What, then, is ectoplasm?

It is a substance invisible normally and internally and to the surgical knife non-existent, but visible externally under both consciousness and certain conditions of trance, and a substance which every woman born of man, and every man born of woman has within her or him.

When does this substance show itself?

It shows itself usually when the medium is in trance. I have rarely heard of its being shown when the medium or instrument was conscious, though I have no doubt from the Goligher experiments that this is possible.

How does it show itself?

It exudes usually through the orifices of the body. From the nose or mouth or ears, from the navel or other similar cavities, to show us how much more wonderful we are than we even think we are—in itself more wonderful than anything else!

What is it made of?

It is *usually* an oleaginous grey-white substance of a certain treacle-like consistency, and in its early stages it can show itself as a gas. It can be on occasions as substantial and as viscid as the gear oil of a motor-car. In temperature it can vary from cold to warm. It is most unpleasant to the touch and as a rule to the sight. And I have reason to think that it has analogy to the fluids of procreation, and is associated with the generative organs and with the ovaries and ductless glands of the body. But all this is conjecture. It is usually odourless.

It *can* be of a light cloudy consistency—feathery and lovely. And there is one strangely beautiful thing about it. It is an index to the health of its home, the human body, as shown by the fact that, when the sitters in a circle are in good health, it is sometimes light and nearly invisible. When the medium or sitters are in poor health it become viscid.

But it can also be *black*, as the world-known Glen Hamilton circle experiments have demonstrated. And it *can* have an unpleasant sickly odour, showing itself upon material like diluted starch, making the analogy mentioned still more significant.

I have myself seen it exude steadily and powerfully from the navel region of a woman medium through her dress until it had completely filled her lap, where it performed the quite extraordinary feat of forming itself into the face of a child as though moulded by invisible sculptors. All this before experts in a room not the medium's, in a good strong red light.

The ectoplasm is sometimes of a textile character, and it may here be said that an examination of such fluid showing that it had the same substance and texture as ordinary cloth would be no more proof of mediumistic fraud in our present state of knowledge than the discovery by an analytical chemist that "etheric water" was composed of oxygen and hydrogen.

What becomes of it?

After manifestation, it is gradually retracted into the medium's body, and, so far as I know, invariably quite involuntarily. If the medium were suddenly awakened, the shock might cause her death, but if this dangerous experiment were tried, I have reason to believe that we should see a sudden attempt by the ectoplasm to re-enter its home, this taking, normally, in the case of "Margery" from one to three minutes.

In the case of "Margery," there was a gentleman once, a scientific man, who had been trusted not to interfere with the phenomena by his hosts. This "gentleman," seeing his chance, grasped the ectoplasmic rod or arm which "Margery" had exuded, finding it, as he said, "rough and hard," with the result, a very proper one as it seems, that the medium immediately, under the shock, vomited all over the inquisitive scientist!

"Margery," like other mediums, has had hæmorrhage from over-sitting. She also often has marks on the body after ectoplasmic phenomena, but it has not been ascertained whether these marks correspond to the points of ectoplasmic exudation.

It is most dangerous to touch the ectoplasm without permission by the Control. If grasped suddenly it can result in the instant bleeding at mouth and nostrils by the medium, and the shock to a nervous woman could possibly kill. But it can be held in the hand if the Guides give permission. Amongst those who have handled it is Mr. Ernest W. Oaten, editor of *The Two Worlds*, and President of The International Spiritualist Federation,

which, representing some millions of survivalists, holds a yearly Congress in various European capitals—a gentleman of vast experience and unimpeachable integrity.

Does the medium lose weight when she exudes this ectoplasm?

I do not think that exhaustive experiments have yet been made about this—but those which have been made seem to indicate that there is a certain loss of weight. And, though attrition is not, I believe, a necessary concomitant of the experiment, when exuding from a woman's thigh, the leg has, in one instance at least, been felt to be wasted away almost to the bone, it resuming its normal form after the retraction of the ectoplasmic fluid.

If this last, after meticulous experiment, be proved to be fact, then we find ourselves in the presence of actual dematerialization and rematerialization—something quite as wonderful as Rutherford's resolution of an atom of nitrogen into atoms of hydrogen and helium, and possibly the same thing.

Of what then is ectoplasm composed?

Ectoplasm has, I understand, been clipped with a scissors by Baron Schrenck-Notzing—and I believe a portion of it has been placed in a box, when it disappeared—by dematerialization it was assumed. And it has actually been torn *before* leaving the body, the photograph of it after leaving showing the tear quite plainly. But, so far as I know, it has never been chemically analysed. Nor do I know that it would submit to analysis.

I say this last quite seriously, because the ectoplasmic flowers of Eusapia Paladino and others, after a time, melted away like ice under heat.

But, definitely, it has been separated from the body in the case of the "Margery" mediumship: a classic experiment. An investigator, asking Walter if some could be taken away from his sister, "Margery," Walter said promptly "No!" but he would take it elsewhere, for "Walter" has his own sense of robustious humour, as some have found to their cost when it came to bandying words with one of the readiest wits of the astral. Whereupon he took it from the enquirer, the jelly-like stuff, obviously of seminal origin, being placed in two test-tubes, where it remained for a week, after which it was thrown away. But two significant facts here merge: (*a*) that the ectoplasm did not "evaporate" as has been observed in the case of Eusapia Paladino and others; and (*b*) that the man from whom it was taken felt pain in the testes for some time afterwards.

These two facts seem to me to prove that ectoplasmic

materialization *can*, but does not always, have all the properties of "solid" matter, and that it appears to be definitely seminal.

It has been described to me by an astral Master as "the life-mucous of man and woman; that it can be taken either from the testes or the ovaries; and that in the case of the male, it can be withdrawn through any 'weak' spot in the body and in the case of the woman through 'the usual channels.' "

It is really a sort of "child-birth" if one may use such an expression. A sort of etheric "miscarriage."

Speaking generally and without didacticism, I believe that ectoplasm is basically etheric. But when I say that all psychic experiment and, indeed, those of physics, steadily tend to prove that all things existent come from the ether, it will be seen I am not perhaps so very didactic after all!

But neither have I any doubt that ether itself will be found to be of the most varying grade and "body." We are, in fact, informed by the astral scientists that the ether of which their world is composed is of a different and much more refined type than that composing our earth.

In all this there is neither pain nor inconvenience to the medium, who, so far as I am aware, is always quite unconscious of the exudation or retraction.

It was, in fact, only by the coming of Dr. W. J. Crawford in the Belfast ectoplasmic experiments that Miss Kathleen Goligher knew that possibly for a long time there had been ectoplasmic exudation at their circles. But even upon Dr. Crawford's entrance into these circles, it was a long time before he saw the now familiar fluid.

I believe that in the case of the Direct Voice the thing which grips the trumpet is an ectoplasmic rod.

This rod is tentacular, and sometimes actually makes a sort of "squeegee" sound as its ghostly hand seizes the leg of a table or a chair. There are quite a number of peculiar things about it.

It has considerable power, as is elsewhere indicated, and when it levitates a heavy table, for example, it can be seen (as in the Crawford-Goligher experiment in which it was seen first and which took place at the house of a Mr. Spenser of Glasgow) to come up out of a kind of club-foot. This bulbous foot in the Glasgow experiment, as the rod lifted the table high into the air, gradually got smaller and smaller, and disappeared as though it were feeding the rod. But when the table gradually descended, and the rod thickened as it grew shorter, the "foot" once more came into view.

Such a rod has been observed to come out, as it were, from the medium's leg and afterwards its track could be seen, like a snail track, on the stockings she wore for protection. These tracks, I understand, gradually vanished as though by dematerialization.

There is still a certain difference of opinion as to whether the ectoplasm appears *only during trance itself*, even though trance seems to an extent to be essential to its appearance, as I have already stated, and even in the case of Miss Goligher trance showed itself at the commencement of her development. My own belief is that it nearly always does so appear, but I should not dare to say that ectoplasmic manifestation is not possible in full consciousness with the medium speaking freely to those about her, especially as Dr. Osty has demonstrated the invisible form, and as we know that in the Crawford experiments Miss Kathleen Goligher was never entranced. Nor is trance an essential preliminary. But mediums, as a rule, have no theory about their powers. They are the Topsys of the psychic, for them, they just *are*!

Crawford weighed ectoplasm, and a photograph of the scales recording its weight as it rested on the scales, whilst still attached to the medium, has been published.

It is probably a glandular secretion, for the statement has been made that one of the glands of the human body has been found to give off a sort of ectoplasmic "gas." But its real origin, that is to say its psychic origin, is still enswathed in its own mysterious clouds.

And it is not impossible that it is given off in all cases of trance—a condition in which the spirit is more or less "loose" in its physical envelope. This, to my mind, is extremely suggestive. It seems as though in trance the human spirit were trying to escape to the astral, and as that spirit or ghost is of the ether ethery, and as one associates with it the very life-centres, and therefore the procreative fluids, it may be that ectoplasm is nothing more or less than the seminal fluid volatilized, and becoming, so to speak, "its own ghost."

But I believe that the final and strange thing which emerges from all this is that to-day, after millions of years of experience, we still know almost nothing about the human body and its potentialities. Medicine certainly, apart from the purely mechanical side of surgery, the only side which has made notable advance, in a sense knows the least, "philosophically" and physiologically.

It is only in recent years that attempts have been made to understand even its sex-potencies, and as for its psychic-potencies,

themselves so intimately bound up with sex, as indeed are all the phenomena of earth and of heaven, these have been until our day, and still are, nearly unknown territory. For man, in his attempt to gain consciousness and to *consciously* "live" sex, has lost even what our pagan progenitors knew, has lost even their "lust to beauty of form." But some day he will recapture beauty and with it such potencies upon his "ascending spiral" of evolution as have never yet been dreamed.

And in all this, it seems to me, that the observation of ectoplasmic phenomena has played, and is destined to play, a notable part.

XXXIV

THE ELEMENTAL

If any further evidence were needed for the substantial quality of ectoplasmic phenomena and of the materialized spirit generally, it can be found in the immemorial records of the elemental, and especially in the form known as the *Poltergeist*.

The *Poltergeist*, in its various forms (one feels instinctively it is a neuter), runs and raves through the history of the ghost. Its terrible manifestations have been witnessed by grave and reverend seigniors of science and of the Church, too utterly abashed—or is it too cowardly?—to speak afterwards save to a few intimate friends, of what they have seen. It has been seen by peer and by peasant—and even by the poet—himself perhaps a bit of a *Poltergeist* in his more creative moments—for all great verse is demoniacal!

There are minute and properly verified records of heavy stones being flung by these *enfants terribles* of the psychic in broad daylight in the middle of open spaces, of heavy clocks and pictures thrown across rooms, and of the lifting up and hurling down of human beings in struggles of life and death. There are houses all over England as in other countries in which rooms have been completely wrecked and even the paper torn from the walls before the astonished eyes of the witnesses—and, what is more, in houses that were uninsured! It being sapiently noticed that even a congenital liar does not usually tear his own house to pieces for the pleasure of paying his own insurance!

There are records of stranglings and of darker deeds still—and there have even been sexual excesses which here can only be hinted at: for the Elemental Black Mass is fact and not fiction.

The *Poltergeist* is here allowed to jump into our records because no consideration of the phenomena of materialization would be complete without his demoniacal jocund presence.

Here again, we find ourselves facing a veritable *terra incognita*—a dark world of appalling possibilities from which, again once more, we are only separated by the merciful intervention of vibrational barriers, which, however, are occasionally broken to the dismay of the human.

But so occasionally that the Great Average, lay or scientific, can still afford to deny their and the elemental existence.

I personally enter upon this consideration with the greatest circumspection and with a self-abasement not as a rule peculiar to Irishmen!

The literature of the genus of elemental known as the *Poltergeist* is voluminous as regards the facts—it is niggardly as regards the explanation of those facts.

Here we find ourselves peering into a No Man's Land of darkened, twisting, writhing form and elemental shape, moving in a certain dark viscosity, emergent, threatening.

We see these half-shapes giving birth to monstrous abortion. We hear their bestial cries and screams. We sometimes contact them during sleep in the realms of the Lower Astral—in what we call the Nightmare, as the drunkard sees them when in the *delirium tremens*. For the rats and snakes of delirium are real and not imagined by the alcohol-soaked brain which has driven the vibrations into the elemental world. They peer at us out of the astral deeps to grin and leer.

They are so brutish that, unlike even the playboys or "Dwellers on the Threshold," always awaiting the chance to break in at the switching on by the medium of the connection between the Visible and Invisible worlds, they do not shrink from the names of the Great Ones. They seem invulnerable to the protective prayer. They have neither speech nor understanding. Fortunate indeed it is for us that their hour of power is limited and that like the Jack-in-the-Boxes they are, having sported their hour, the dark magic leaves them and they are withdrawn once more below the vibrational barrier.

They are, indeed, the elemental forces of un-nature.

They in their less inhuman forms haunt the living days and the dying nights of the mad genius, as they haunted Nietzsche and Poe and Wilde . . . yes, and even that very great artist, D. H. Lawrence.

They feast vampire-like upon the soul of the African and are the inspirers of and feeders upon Africa's witchcraft—itself the driving force of the "Dark Continent." Their daily-nightly food is murder and they batten on dead men's bones, on rotting carcase, and their eating house is the charnel house, as witness the Hayti records.

They turn love into lust and hope into despair; and with a subtlety diabolic they turn the fair things of life into horrid semblances of themselves.

What then is the elemental or *Poltergeist?*
What does it look like?
Where does it live?
Whence has it come?
What is its object?
What is its future?

Who am I, one poor human, distressed and stirred and bewildered by the magnificent drabness of life, to answer such questions? I can only hear far echoes of answers and catch betimes a faint stir in the Pools of Silence which, knowing nothing about it, we call the Sublimated Conscious.

And so, greatly fearing, loosing my spirit to stray elsewhere for its knowledge, I will set down some wandering thoughts which, in the fullness of time, may yet be found to be not altogether without foundation.

Here I wish to make a distinction which, so far as I know, is never made. That is, between the elemental proper, or "improper," as you like to put it, and the degraded human.

This difference I believe is the difference between matter into which a soul has been infused and matter into which it has not. No human, however degraded and disintegrated by evil living and base thought throughout a series of lives, ever gets down to the level of the elemental.

That the violent knockings and scratchings and flinging about of furniture in what are called "haunted" houses can sometimes be due to the degraded human ghost, battening on violence, as well as to the elemental proper, I do not doubt.

The records prove it.

Over and over again, such degraded humans of the *Poltergeist* type have declared in reply to questions that they are seeking to get out of their darkened chamber, and in some cases after intercession and exorcism have declared that "their chains are beginning to fall from them and that they are beginning to see the light."

It is this susceptibility to religious appeal which in my opinion distinguishes the *Poltergeist* human from the true and soulless elemental.

It may here be asked: "But what is the difference between the animal, which it is said has no soul, and the true elemental which is in the same condition?"

The reply is that the animal is, if you like to put it that way, "matter on the up-grade to humanity, with consciousness stealing in," whereas the true elemental, though evolving so to speak in

spite of itself, as do all things "dead" or "alive," is still brutish, *without consciousness*. But whether and when the elemental matter evolves to the "animal" is not for me to say, yet it is of interest to note that all animals are intensely psychic and that when elementals are present, dogs, for example, will show extreme terror and will refuse to go near the places where knockings and other noises are heard. But, so far as I know, nobody has ever yet seen an elemental betray terror at anything.

Here, indeed, I think we find the distinguishing line between the elemental and the animal. Time alone will prove whether I am right or wrong in these imaginings.

And in this chapter, we are considering the elemental proper, rather than the "poltergeist human," though much that applies to the former applies also to the latter.

I assume therefore that the true elemental is matter in its lowest *living* state. It possibly represents matter emerging from the primæval slime, to become sentient, and, if you like, to become of the stuff of which beasts, men and gods are made!

Whether and how far this stage in evolution is essential to the emergence of humanity and angeldom is not for me to say.

But then, which one of us dare say that the existence of vice and lust, of sin and misery, in the passage of our common humanity is essential? And which one of us would dare to say that it is *not*?

How little do we know!

There are myriad paths to the infinite and to God. That God of the Great Indifference, who both gives and withholds free-will. Lust is one path—love another. Suffering and happiness both lead to the stars. Dark as well as light marks the way to that heaven-world which recedes as we approach.

That the elemental can become man, I for one dare not refuse to believe, any more than that I refuse to believe that the criminal lunatic, fed on blood-lust, is not a man of the same substance as myself or of the God who is the common force behind us both.

We have all sinned and fallen short of the glory of God—even the poor unconscious Elemental!

But whether man can become elemental is another matter. Evolution implies the possibility of devolution, and development that of degradation. But the elemental once become man by the selfless self-infusion of *soul*—the thing which marks man out from all other creatures, ultimate retrogression to the soulless

elemental I do not believe to be possible. For the soul once created, is immortal—man lives for ever!

So here we have our elemental, writhing snake-like in the lower deeps, waiting to spring out on the life which it covets.

Where does it live?

May it not live within the recesses of this little round earth of ours, of which we know only the skin?—for definite subcutaneous exploration for the elemental is still almost non-existent.

And it seems to me that it *must* have tangible form, earth-tangled, but not necessarily *solid physical* form. It is, I believe, ectoplasmic, and probably is capable of heavier materialization than any other form of ectoplasm; as we know from the lethal viscosity of some of its manifestations.

And as regards that form, it can vary in type from the viscid tentacular snake-like type to the airy sylph of 'trancing shape and mien, and from formless eyeless matter to the demoniacal sub-human. Subject to its particular type, I imagine in its higher stages it has a certain power of changing form.

It is, we do know definitely, capable of uncanny power, of lifting heavy weights with an ease contemptible, and it has been known to become issuent from a medium's body in the form of a serpent with independent volition of its own and, whipping itself about with terrific force. But its power is dynamic rather than static and usually soon gives out, fortunately for those who have contacted it.

That we are only saved from it by vibrational barriers I also believe to be true, just as we are saved from its ghostly counterpart on the lower astral, for we know, as far as we know anything at all, that the elemental ghost haunts the lower astral—that is the lowest belt of the next world and the one lying "closest" to this earth. And as we also know from all our chief astral sources that everything on the astral is the ghost of something on this earth—that is, generally, but not object by object—the astral world and its etheric sun being in a sense a "ghost" of our world and *its* sun, it seems to me that the elemental ghost of the astral must have an earthly original. This original, unlike the human form, is itself a sort of ghost, though a ghost capable of quick materialization—the astral elemental being so to speak "the ghost of a ghost." But all these things are not set down as ascertained fact, but as imaginative and self-conducted astral excursions.

In order to cross the vibrational barriers and so make contact with the human, the elemental, as the ghost, needs some "conductor" or medium.

The conductor for the elemental, as it happens, and unlike so much which surprises in the psychic, is exactly what we should expect. Although it may sometimes use the developed, normal medium, it prefers to use one of two things. Either a girl at the age of puberty, or the idiot, and it may not quite inappositely be pointed out that puberty in the female at times does seem to approach the idiotic!

In scores of *Poltergeist* cases investigated by some of the Psychic Research Societies of England and America as elsewhere, it has been found that in the house concerned was a girl who had just reached, or was about to reach, the puberty age. This has become so common, that it is now a usual thing for the investigator to ask, when he arrives at a house to be investigated, whether there is such a girl there or the alternative—whether there is an idiot or semi-demented person in the house?

And the day may come when the distinguished alienist in his hitherto unavailing speculations as to the origin of lunacy and especially of those strange suppressed souls of the imbecile, born into life often of normal and healthy parents with a perfect family history, and with other children quite normal, may find one of his most fruitful fields of investigation in the world of the elemental. And he may find that unlike so many of the cases of ordinary lunacy, the solution may not lie only in "possession."

But the investigation research in this world of the elemental is not without danger and requires special preparation.

No man in his senses would enter the under-water lair of the Zambesi crocodile without full preparation. What man, in his senses, would dare to free the reptilian elemental without similar preparation?

With deliberate reservation I do not here set down from my records some of the results of careless freeing of the elemental. For, though they would be only record of fact, to do so would be to destroy the verisimilitude which is the very heart of writing. It was once the fashion to laugh the elemental out of court—what science was unable to do was to laugh it out of existence, as the records of psychic research show and as organized science is beginning, again most reluctantly, to admit.

I will only here say that such investigation, whether it involves the earthly elemental or its astral equivalent, requires the following precautions:

First of all, it is *essential* that only men and women of clean life and high idealism should prosecute it. Human beings of other types and with debased vibrations will get the phenomena

all right—and more than they want! but they will not, unfortunately for themselves, always be able to control that phenomena. Even the untutored African native, the Zulu witch doctor, and others whom I have met, have learned to control the phenomena through thousands of years of practice. Yet they are often devil-haunted men and women and, their own Frankensteins, are sometimes destroyed by the very monsters they have conjured up.

Secondly, despite what I have previously written about the obtuseness of such things to the sacred names, prayer should always accompany such investigation and, however ludicrous it may sound to a humanity which has so far segregated religion from life and from science, that is to say from Truth and Knowledge, that it thinks of them as separate entities, it would not be a bad idea for the physicist ere he enters upon experiments with the atom, to pray for protection and enlightenment to the Powers which stand behind him and behind Life. And it is still as true as when it was uttered: "Seek and ye shall find—knock and it shall be opened to you"—something which can be proved empirically by anyone possessing the mighty atom of faith.

For, however we may dislike to admit it, there *are* beings higher than we; there *are* beings whose knowledge of life and life-informed matter is the knowledge of a Jeans or an Eddington to that of a black beetle or a mosquito; and there *are* co-ordinations and libraries of information, compiled through the ages of this earth, on the Other Side of Life, which are open to those who care to read them, and as they are, indeed, being read.

Thirdly, records should be kept of the phenomena, as indeed of all pehnomena, and frequently compared, with the same circle of psychic scientists sitting and if possible connection first being established with the Councils of the Invisible and their scientists (something that is now being done every day) so that protective "magnetic belts" may be set about them within which they can pursue their investigations unmenaced. As a man sitting in a glass cage can examine a den of cobras.

I purpose carrying these elementary conjectures upon the elemental one step farther.

There is a planet (one of the several "subjective" planets of our solar system undiscovered by science) known to the astronomers of the Astral World as Art-Saturn. This planet, which has been elsewhere mentioned, is, we are told, and for what such a statement may be worth, the very lowest planet in existence in our solar system, our earth, known "Over There" as "The Sorrowful Planet," being the next lowest! This planet, of such

low vibration that we fortunately do not know of its demonstrative existence whilst we are still in the physical body, is really the Planet of the Elementals.

This indeed is the planet of gestation, the very elemental womb, of these Darker Brothers. If this be so, then it seems natural that this gloomy infernal sphere should be the feeder of our earth with the elemental in its lowest form, just as our earth later becomes the feeder of the lower astral. So will our terrestrial elemental be the ghost of the Art-Saturnine elemental, as the astral elemental is the ghost of our terrestrial elemental.

And a last fleeting thought ere we leave this consideration of matter in its lowest form. There are infinite grades of elementals as there are infinite grades of humans. We may yet find that the beings of earth and air and fire—the strange lovable creatures known generically as fairies, themselves varying enormously, are fact and not fiction. We may discover that the mermaid or undine which lives in water, the salamander which lives in fire, and the airy sylph, themselves sub-human elementals, have corporate existence, and that the dreams of the Pagan World, before man had lost contact with Nature, may have had that which is the substance of all dreams—fact.

And there I think we can leave it.

It is from the science of embryology that man has learned of the development of the human being from the fœtus to what we are to-day—whatever *that* may be! It is from this elemental and embryological science of the psychic that man may yet find his starward path.

XXXV

THE PHENOMENA OF MATERIALIZATION

Now leaving the Elemental and Ectoplasm, the original experiments in which latter were, I believe, made by that splendid pioneer, Baron Reichenbach, but the convincing extension experiments in which science owes to that other fearless pioneer, Dr. W. J. Crawford, Extra-Mural Lecturer in Mechanical Engineering to Belfast University, who made his now world-famous experiments with the Goligher family, we come to more direct consideration of the conditions governing the phenomena of materialization.

So far as they are possible of schedulization, I would say that the seven conditions following should secure the best results. I place them in this order:

(*a*) A medium of specialist materializing power, who is in good health; is clean in mind as well as body (two important conditions which though not essential are invariably undervalued); who is animated by self-sacrifice and not by gain; and is thoroughly rested, and one who, for preference, does not sit more than, say, twice a week. ("Over-sitting" is, I believe, responsible for both paucity and degradation of phenomena. It is inexcusable.)

(*b*) A completely enclosed cabinet in the room in which the experiment is to be made.

(*c*) A materialization circle composed of people in harmony with one another, and with the medium, *who sit regularly with the same medium.*

(*b*) A "religious" atmosphere so as to exclude the "playboys" and other hobgoblins from a type of mediumship which makes their approach easy, owing probably to its being upon what is known as a "low vibration." (That is to say, the vibrations are slower and lower in type, which is natural, as the phenomena of materialization lie nearest to the earth plane.)

(*e*) A sitter present, who has recently lost some loved one, and who is anxious to see him or her in bodily form.

(*f*) A properly ventilated room, scrupulously clean, as should be the sitters. (The same part of the room should be

used, as by constant use it becomes impregnated with the necessary contributory vibrational atmosphere.) And finally,

(*g*) Prayer and *good* rhythmic music, which should always be used.

The materialization phenomena observed in our day, under test conditions and otherwise, and by men and women of every degree of intelligence and social position, are now of such variety and range as to indicate, generally, that we are on the edge of strange, and even revolutionary, developments which, for complacent humanity, may have queer shocks in store.

The usual procedure is the same as that of the "Direct Voice," which we have already considered; but it is here to be pointed out that although certain types of psychic phenomena require special preparation, the same underlying laws apply to all. That is to say, harmony; health of medium; proper restful silence in the *séance* room; music and prayer (both really the same thing); and *confidence*.

The medium in the materialization circle retires to the cabinet, which is in the centre of the circle.

This cabinet may either be a completely enclosed box or, as has been employed in some materialization *séances*, merely a couple of thin curtains hung on a piece of string across the corner of the room.

After an interval, if the sitting be successful, the curtains of the cabinet, which can be repeatedly withdrawn for the purpose of control, will part and from them will emerge various forms. (A cabinet is used because the spirit world seldom tells you "how it is done" and because materialization "in the open" might have unfortunate mental repercussions upon the medium.)

The forms which at one such circle have repeatedly been seen to emerge from a cabinet in which only a single person was concealed —the medium—have been on the same evening: (1) a materialized lady speaking and laughing in a rich contralto voice utterly unlike the medium's, and of shorter and fuller figure than the medium's; (2) a woman, the dead mother of one of the sitters, who called her daughter by her special pet name; (3) a baby (the little boy of one of the sitters) who had died thirty years before; and (4) a nun who spoke freely and took a little boy present in her arms and recited some verses to him; and who, in "a low, exquisite voice," gave a remarkably clear address upon conditions after death.

That particular sitting, one can say, has been duplicated not

hundreds but probably thousands of times within the past two decades. Similar circles, with both private and professional mediums, are every day giving similar evidence.

So much for the general phenomena. Now for some nearer considerations.

The first thing we notice is that these bodies are occasionally as substantial as the bodies of the sitters themselves. They have been walked around the room by experts in detecting psychic fraud and have been found to be as substantial and as *warm* to the touch as the living things they undoubtedly are.

Secondly, these materialized bodies have muscular power—often far exceeding that of the normal human. They can, on occasion, lift a man with ease or even lift furniture. And in the case of the writhing pseudopods or ectoplasmic arms, they are capable of feats of strength which might make Samson also writhe with envious incapacity to duplicate. They have, in one case, before a body of eminent scientists, lifted a grand piano in full daylight, and in one case on my records, one of these ectoplasmic arms wound itself with terrific force about the neck of a sitter, nearly strangling him and almost lifting him from his chair. This was witnessed amongst others by a doctor of a wide modern experience of psychic investigation.

In such cases as this last, it is evident that elemental powers, or "demoniacal intruders" had materialized. I cannot here enter into the cases reported of actual killing by such ectoplasmic monsters, but it is sufficient to say that even for this the persistent evidence is not lightly to be regarded.

But I am convinced that "ectoplasmic connection" is not and, especially as we advance in the knowledge of telekinesis, will not always be essential to the evocation of power. We have had too many evidences to the contrary.

The third thing which we have to notice about materialization phenomena is that it has a certain manipulative power, not only of lifting but also of dressing and undressing; and of doing anything that the human form can do—and, as a matter of cold fact, a great deal more!

A fully dressed medium, sealed in a sack by experts who were there to discover her in fraud if possible, after being placed on a chair in the cabinet, and taken out of the sack, was found to have had her clothes stripped from her, and to be stark naked.

The mere fact that a medium had produced muslin or some other woven material, when professing to produce ectoplasm, would

not, for the intelligent and instructed psychic scientist, *necessarily* be proof of fraud. There is, I believe, probably no earthly substance which cannot be duplicated "over there."

Nevertheless, in certain cases the production of such stuff would be presumptive of fraud. But only when taken together with other suspicious phenomena.

It is in these cases that fools and the not always angelic psychic investigator rush in where angels fear to tread.

Every day it is being demonstrated, and before responsible laymen and experts, that almost anything is possible to the chemists of the astral. They can, and I think do, duplicate almost any known earth substance and process, even though they weave on fairy loom and smelt in goblin furnace!

Even so great and self-sacrificing a medium as the late William Hope, the spirit photographer, who in all his long years of life was never detected in fraud of any kind, was at one time turned down after a series of successfully evidential *séances* in Scotland by a certain body of spiritualist experts, owing to certain "lines" known as half-tone process block lines, showing on one of his spirit photographs. But a score of years afterwards, it was discovered that such process lines, as in the case of the ordinary newspaper photograph, are used by the Other Side in their reproductions!

But a more specialized consideration of astral chemistry and textile will be considered by us in the chapter under "*Apports*."

Before many years have passed, I think we shall see a fuller development of the new tendency of the scientist to admit that his *à priori* conclusions have been valueless through lack of knowledge of the conditions governing what I will call *chemical phenomena*.

Once more, we are all psychic babies—groping in the darkness that is nearly impenetrable.

Until we acquire an intelligent humility, which, fearing nothing yet is diffident of itself, we shall make little progress. Let the scientists, the theologians—and, for that matter, some of the spiritualists and psychic investigators, place themselves in a penitential circle—a circle which will then for the first time become a magic circle—and knock their silly heads upon the ground and admit their shortcomings.

Prideful humility is the gate to knowledge—a hard saying, but worthy of a passing thought.

The fourth thing which strikes us about the materialized form is that it has independent volition, intelligence, critical faculties,

and a fund of knowledge usually impossible to the medium. This last, once and for all, it seems to me, definitely rules out that over-worked and now rather haggard bogy of the medium's sub-conscious, as it does its bedraggled shadow—telepathy.

It was astonishing that this poor pale spectre of unbelief could for so long have waggled its Stiggins' hands in the face of what is amongst the most meticulous and actually the most *enduring* evidence of which we have record in *any* science. To deny this last is merely to write oneself down an ignoramus. The history of psychic phenomena, which loses itself in the earliest story of man, the Spirit, proves it.

Here you have materialized forms, whatever those forms may be, arguing, proving, contradicting, and often trampling upon the most cherished beliefs of the medium and the sitters.

Nay, more, you can and do have sometimes as many as three or more forms materializing in the same room under rigid test conditions, *at the same time.*

Nor do these Strange Visitants utter, as some scientists fondly and fatuously assume, a series of celestial platitudes—of the type, for example, given out by the higher ecclesiastical dictaphones. They do not speak either of harp twanging—a most difficult instrument by the way—or even that of wings—one still more difficult. On the contrary, they run a gamut which varies from extreme deviltry to the most sublime transcendentalism. They show, as one would expect if one were not a Plymouth Brother, a professional "ghost-baiter," or an orthodox theologian, a quite refreshing *humanity.*

They evince most decided views as regards religion, from an armadilloed Orthodoxy to the corrosive sublimate of the Auld Lichts, and from a hard, horny and thoroughly conservative "Heterodoxy" to a romantic Romanism.

As regards philosophy, from Platonic or Hegelian sublimity to a Bergsonian iconoclasm; and from the superimposed platitudes of the universities—so often haters of original thinking—to an original thought which flames across space.

In matters of sex and love, they love with an intensity which can only be paralleled by their occasional hatings—and they at times evince such an affectionate understanding and sympathy and such a rational emotionalism as one meets in the earth-life only in the passionated intellectual or in the philosophic novel.

And when they have said their say, like decent spirits they re-enter the cabinet and dematerialize back into the world from which they came. Though sometimes, in order to encourage

those of little faith, they will "dematerialize in the open" so to speak and before those who wonderingly gaze upon them.

Here we are up against a fact so often ignored or misunderstood by the investigator. There is not *one* way of doing these things—there are dozens!

A clever conjuror can levitate a man in full view of the audience and pass his own hoop over him to prove that he really is levitated, although the man is nothing of the sort. But levitation can also be done genuinely—that is to say, the human body can be lifted in the air from the earth without any visible support.

Those who, like the writer, have experienced this most extraordinary phenomenon in their own person, can vouch that levitation is fact, as it has been both vouched and experienced in his own person by Alexander Cannon, M.D., Ph.D., M.A., the well-known alienist. It has been vouched of D. D. Home, the medium who was never found guilty of fraud, by scientific onlookers of high standing.

But what the conjuror cannot do is to "do his stuff" in someone else's room and without prior preparation. It is this unfortunate trifle which has in the past led to so many breakdowns in the challenges of conjurors and "illusionists" to spiritualists and occasionally to the payment of heavy forfeits—substantial as the materialized ghost himself!

In regard to vibration—that red "chord" which runs through all phenomena of any sort, the Cosmic Chord which holds the cosmos together, we are only on the very threshold of understanding.

Whilst there is good scientific reason for assuming that the phenomena of materialization are, of all, the lowest vibrational phenomena, we simply do not always know whether, when we refer to these low vibrations, we are speaking of one end of the vibrational scale or the other!

The vibrations of the lower astral, for instance, are only low in a comparative sense—that is, low as compared with the vibrations of the upper astral planes, but high as compared with those of our terrestrial life—but at the other end of the scale are vibrations and probably vibrational worlds of so infinitely low a vibration that we on this earth are not even cognizant of their existence. Of such, if it have real existence, is the psychically "suspected" planet of Art-Saturn, already mentioned in these pages, and it is not excluded that some day science may have to acknowledge the existence also of additional planets of high vibration to those already known.

There can be something denser even than "matter" as known to us—something so dense, and of a vibration so low, that it cannot even make itself felt to the terrestrial eye and ear any more than the high vibrations at the other end of the scale can makes themselves felt in this looping of the vibrational loop.

These worlds may be moving interpenetrant with this earth of ours without our knowing any more of their existence than we know of the existence of air . . . until it blows!

We therefore conclude that the vibrations of the materialized phenomena we have been considering are beyond those of this earth. But who are we to judge? May there not be infinite gradations and *types* of vibration unknown to present-day science —psychic or physical?

Again, let us confess to a vast ignorance.

But it is when we consider fleetingly the possibilities which materialization holds for humanity in the future that we begin to wonder, indeed, whether we are on or off the earth!

Already parties of the Living and the Dead have been arranged. Living children have played with "dead" children; have given them toys off a Christmas Tree; have played games with them. And if to the uninstructed this be, and not unnaturally, hard to believe, it may be said that repeatedly we are receiving evidence that, as has so often been suspected, all earthly children have, at one period or another, their heavenly playmates—only, like their adult seniors, they have an unpleasant habit of forgetting old friends—and, as they grow up, even forget that they ever knew them!

But this is due rather to a doubtless wise provision of nature, than to ingratitude.

And if the reader still boggle, I can only say in all soberness, that I could put into my witness-box some hundreds of sane living people who habitually play or work or speak with materialized beings of the astral.

It is not because the reader himself or herself may not be aware of those Celestial Friends, that they do not exist. As well might the little shopman say: "I don't believe anybody ever split the atom—in fact I don't believe in the atom—I never saw one!"

Which, by the way, is often the attitude of a sapient science!

But within the next fifty years the world will see such a fraternizing of the visible and invisible worlds as has never been contemplated. That the so-called "dead" will visit us generally in a day when mediumship will be the common developed

quality of humanity, I do not doubt, even as they do to-day in those no longer rare instances of which we have spoken. That on our public platforms we shall have the physical living still in the body, and the materialized dead, from the body freed, seated side by side—as indeed we have to-day, only that now it is the sensitives alone who can see the "dead"—will also be an ordinary concomitant of public meeting.

But with these possibilities of the future, I deal in my final chapter.

CHEMICAL MEDIUMSHIP

XXXVI

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY

PSYCHIC photography is the narrow port giving upon what is perhaps the most baffling territory of psychic science. That is, the shadowy domain of the astral chemist and his astral chemistry which incomprehensively touches terrestrial chemistry at unexpected points, only to recede upon nearer attempt to parallel the two methods.

From the long series of experiments made by the greater physicists and psychic scientists during the later years, I have reached the conclusion that the chemists of the astral are possibly as far ahead of us in their concepts and performances as we are ahead of the chemist of Faraday's time.

I believe that they regard our infantile attempts at understanding the nature of the atom or the electron, even though they are usually too polite to say so, in the following words, which I heard direct from Red Cloud's own lips when speaking in his usual understanding gentle way of the outlook of certain types of the modern scientists: "Sometimes their 'science' seems to us over here to be mere foolishness!" Yet of the greater scientists, fighting their way out of the gyves and jibes of materialism, he always speaks with the deep respect which true science deserves, but which, from the mass at least, it so seldom gets.

One of the queerest things about this celestial chemistry is that the chemist Over There rarely "tells how it is done."

Now there must be a reason for this.

I believe that the reason is not impatience or irresponsibility, but the fact that *their* methods would be as impossible for our scientists to understand in our present state of knowledge as would Rutherford's "splitting of the atom" be incomprehensible to the primitive chemists. But, let it be said, not always incomprehensible to those alchemists and astrologers who were not only the fathers of modern chemistry and astronomy but who did really know things about the force behind life and death, which their "scientific" successors, in their passion for the pragmatic concrete have lost, and which, only now, with the coming of the astro-physicist, are once more being recovered—but on another plane of thought.

The earthly chemist speaks in terms of temperatures and of dimension. The celestial chemist, I dimly suspect, is working at "temperatures" which cease to have either "heat" or "cold" as we know them and in a timeless space, with the "space" itself growing ever more shadowy.

No chemist of the future can, with the new concepts of time, space, and matter coming forward, hope to do his work unless he has had occult grounding. To assume otherwise, in face of the facts, will to our descendants seem as ridiculous as the prosecution of surgery without the study of embryology.

As absurd to imagine that the really great and significant novelist or playwright is not first philosopher and, however unconscious he may be of it, occultist—and that his "artistry" can be of full span until he possess these primary qualities.

But so viciously have we segregated all these things in our day of false specialization, that the meaning of the many-sidedness of the da Vincis and Goethes have ceased to mean anything, and so we continue to produce our "great-little" men and worship them!

. . . . .

What is a spirit photograph?

It is an ordinary photograph upon which what are known as "extras" appear, apparently out of nothingness. These extras may be the figures or faces of human beings or may be those of other things. They have frequently shown themselves upon photographs taken by ordinary photographers to their astonishment and laughing dismay—yet it was not so long ago that their very existence was denied by those who, in face of the repeated evidence, might have been intelligent enough to know better.

To-day, nobody denies their existence except the professional sceptic, the bland brutality of the older-fashioned schools of science, and newspapers out for "sensations."

Yet, it is only fair to say, that in no branch of psychic investigation is "fake" easier than in the psychic or spirit photograph. These methods are known to every photographer by "painted plates," "double exposures" and other means.

Yet despite the undoubted fraud in this field, the fact remains that thousands of amateur photographers, with nothing to gain by deceiving themselves and nothing to lose by doing so but their self-respect, have secured such "extras" of dead friends, who are as recognizable as in life. There must be in existence as I write many thousands of such genuine photographs.

Psychic photography, more perhaps than any other sort of

mediumship, proves the danger of jumping to conclusions and alleging "fraud." It should make the critic review all his ground and his belief in fraud in other occult fields.

Schrenck-Notzing, for example, records copies of pictures or photos already in existence in perfectly genuine psychic photographs. Sometimes, the spirit photographer will use anything lying to his hand in the terrestrial world from a bottle of ink to a photograph, a pen, or a pencil.

I will go so far as to say that the really careful critic may, to-day, in light of our present knowledge of the chemistry of the astral, be prepared to find almost any sort of handling or chemical and with them seeming fraud even under absolutely test conditions. The "extras" can appear in any position, upside down or downside up. Occasionally I believe it is quite possible for the "photographic playboy" of the astral to print the image to be shown upon an untouched plate before it is ever slipped into the camera!

The unpleasant truth seems to be that although in the mediumship of spirit photography or indeed in any kind of mediumship, it is comparatively easy to prevent fraud on the part of the medium, there is no test which can prevent "fraud," if you like to call it fraud, on the part of the spirit! And how very funny will many of our expert "tests" of the past half-hundred years seem to our grandchildren!

How is a psychic photograph brought about?

As in the case of all other psychic phenomena, through a medium. This medium may, as has been indicated, be quite unconscious of his or her powers.

There are specialists in mediumship as in other things.

Certain types of mediumship lend themselves to psychic photography and the production of "extras" upon the photographic plate.

Men, for example, like that genuinely gifted photographic medium, William Hope of Crewe, one of the finest characters in psychic investigation, now passed out, did produce these extras under absolutely water-tight conditions.

The so-called *exposés* of photographic as other types of mediums may be usually dismissed by the intelligent student with a shrug, for even where honest and well-intentioned, the amateurs who have made them and who believed they had discovered the medium in fraud, were quite incapable of understanding the conditions, some of which will become plain as we proceed.

It may, indeed, here be laid down that inexpert lay opinion in such psychic matters is quite valueless whether it be for or against. Arduous and prolonged training in this field is necessary for the critic.

Any fool can rush in where angels fear to tread in the exposure of so-called "fraud" in psychic matters. But nobody suggests that the man-in-the-street is qualified to "expose" a Lodge, a Rutherford, or a Jeans when they give the results of their life-studies to the world. "It is a mad world, my masters!"

One is inclined to think that the infra-red ray, now being so closely studied in terrestrial photography, is used by the Other Side in the production of the "extras." But even this conjecture may be wrong, for there are phenomena so peculiar and so dazing, not to say dazzling, that they pass far outside the field covered by the infra-red or any other rays of which to-day we have practical knowledge.

Let us here consider some of these and other simpler phenomena, as a sort of "lay-out" for imaginative working and experiment.

We find, as something comprehensible, the fact that the spirit-world uses the "half-tone" or "process block" markings as they are used in our newspaper offices and elsewhere. The existence of such "lines" is no proof whatever of fraud and only very stupid and misled or very evil people would so contend.

It is probable that on the Other Side they were using this method long before it was dreamt of on this side of life, which was in the year 1890.

That shrewd and scrupulous Scot, Mr. J. B. McIndoe, a psychic photographic expert of the first rank, in his International Spiritualist Congress report, throws brilliant light upon a very dark subject. He says:

> "It seems to me, however, that if we accept the proposition that something analogous to a sketch in black and white is first produced, invisible to us, for transfer to the photo plate, one further assumption gives us a plausible hypothesis.
>
> "That assumption is that the rays employed for the transfer are so actinic that the most rapid exposure of a plate to them would simply blacken it all over.
>
> "Then we have a position analogous to that which confronts the printer who has to reproduce photographs, using a uniform black ink, with no means of toning it down to get light and shade effects.

"He surmounts this in the half-tone process by projecting the photo through a glass screen ruled off with black lines into a multitude of tiny squares, on to a metal plate, which is then etched by acid and printed from.

"The result is a picture which, closely scrutinized, shows an enormous number of units either definitely white or definitely black. This is just the effect which we see in psychic photos with half-tone markings on them."

One of the queerest things about psychic photography is that sometimes after a plate has been carelessly exposed to light and apparently hopelessly ruined, there will later be found upon it an extra or "extras." How shall we explain this?

Then we have another series of considerations which are apt to be upsetting to prejudice, which is indeed one of the greater virtues of all psychic investigation, as we are constantly noting.

We have:

Normally exposed new plates which, upon development, show *nothing at all upon them!* A variant of this is one in which the things photographed have been wiped out of the negative.

Also, the objects in focus are sometimes obliterated whilst those beyond are shown.

Then you will sometimes find the same face repeated several times on the same or different plates, and at others, of two sheets of sensitized paper simultaneously exposed to light, one will be blackened and the other quite unaffected—for in the world of psychic photography anything may happen—then again it may not! And if those scientists who still trustingly cling to the belief that like causes have like effects could spend a year in a psychic photographer's studio, they would have all their ideas of cause and effect shattered and themselves qualified as candidates for a scientists' lunatic asylum in which everything is downside up—as indeed it so often is!

Nevertheless, despite the seeming infraction of the one Universal Law—that of each effect having its cause, I believe we shall possibly find an explanation of all this seemingly casual arbitrary procedure in the use by the Invisible Chemists of various rays—not only active but "prophylactic."

Here are a few more "upside-down" phenomena of what often, to our earthbound senses, appear to be a world of "make-believe":

"Mirror-photos," in which an extra has come with two

different sitters, one of the images seeming to be a mirror reflection of the other; and

Printed matter in languages unknown to medium or sitters have shown themselves on the plates and afterwards been identified; in which case the often extreme minuteness of the writing and the number of words on these "psychographs" as they are known, seem to inhibit any writing of these directly on to the plate.

The theory has been advanced that here some "thought picture" is involved.

And when we are speaking about thought-pictures, I believe that everything in modern science and in the developed intuition of our day seems to indicate that *thought is the only reality*, the *motive* behind it being the governing force, and that we shall one day find that, as we think, we project thought-forms, so to speak, into space or on to that eternal life-screen which is perpetually winding and unwinding itself.

All this means that some day we shall photograph thought as easily as to-day we photograph the human body, and, unless we are faced with a most unusual amount of chicanery or self-deceit, this has already been done by various photographers.

How does the psychic photographer secure his effects?

He knows no more about it than do you who read these words or I who write them. They are only known to his Guide and his God. One might as well ask a star, a child or a scientist how they grew! We still know nothing, any of us, about the *essential processes* behind life, organized science least of all. When we know nothing we give it a name—and that satisfies us—little babies playing with the baubles of what we call our imagination.

Nevertheless, different psychic photographic mediums have different methods.

They all find one thing applies to them as to all mediumship. They must not "over-sit."

This proves definitely that it is the psychic power in their minds and bodies which is used by the invisible photographers. Persistence in over-sitting or sitting when tired may result in hæmorrhage or other unhappy physical results.

Usually these mediums are to a greater or less degree clairvoyant or clairaudient or both. They, as other types of mediums, will often tell you that although they can see the Guides of other people, they rarely see their own Guide. But they can hear him or her speak!

Most of them I think belong to the category of mediumship

known as "partial trance." Some of them feel during phenomena as though they were "floating on air and disembodied," but, as one of them said to me: "a touch on my sleeve would bring me back at once."

Others are conscious in a hazy way of what is going on about them, and some again can pick up an object or what not and not remember it afterwards. Others again claim that their voices and movements are those of their guides or controls, not their own—but mediums are often notoriously, though quite unconsciously, unreliable in such statements as to method and "being."

As for the idea that they always use their own cameras and always load the cameras themselves, it is so ludicrously in opposition to the facts that it only needs to be stated to be laughed out of court.

It is true that *sometimes* such a medium finds he works best by holding the plate in the hands or to his forehead, and that the use of his own camera gives him that *confidence* the absence of which strikes at the heart of even the best mediumship to render it nugatory. But only sometimes.

I have known a great photographic medium at an Albert Hall Meeting in the top gallery secure perfect results from a camera used down in the body of the hall by another person who did not even know where he was.

When one sums up all the evidence, I believe that one is driven to the resistless conclusion that the photographic specialists of the Invisible use many methods to accomplish the same ends—something that should always be noted in all kinds of psychic research.

They have eternity to play with and such choice of instrument as we poor lamed humans never know.

The results obtained by different mediums are extraordinarily different.

Sometimes a cloudy effect is produced upon the photographs used by certain mediums, which seem to indicate the emission by the medium or sitters, or both, of some psychic vapour of an ectoplasmic type. Such cloudy effects do, sometimes, I believe, show themselves during the earlier efforts of mediums when developing picture-mediumship.

A most ingenious conjecture was that this vaporous material may be a sort of screen which is rendered radio-active by definitely projected thought and so affects the plate.

This may partly account for the occasional complete nullification of the ordinary effects of light upon a photographic plate.

An abnormally long exposure may sometimes mean a clear image where a normal exposure secures little or nothing.

An ectoplasmic base is sometimes suggested.

The famous Glen Hamilton circle at which spirit photographs were produced also involved the production of *black* ectoplasm. It has been suggested that with the normal white ectoplasm, here the spirit world have the ingredients for their "black and white!"

One of the strangest of all phenomena in connection with psychic photography is I think the suggestion that some sort of *materialization*, ectoplasmic or other, does take place in order that a photograph may be taken. Which at any rate seems natural.

In cases where a back-cloth is used, a sticky patch at the very point where the extras came on the plate has been found. This patch has sometimes a faint, unpleasant odour which is often found at materialization *séances*, and seems to me, from its type, to be peculiarly suggestive of that ectoplasmic manifestation which I have indicated elsewhere is associated with the procreative fluids.

There are several peculiarities about the photographic plate not generally known.

First of all it is often much more sensitive to *invisible* rays than to ordinary light. You can have photographic plates which can record over one hundred colours instead of the seven primary ones we know. We are, in fact, only just beginning to realize something of the potentialities of light and of the camera!

Now the scientist can do nearly anything with a camera within reason but he cannot obtain a skotograph! . . . that is to say, not unless he is an unconscious psychograph or skotograph medium!

These skotographs are amongst the strangest of all the phenomena of spirit photography. Mrs. Madge Donohoe gets them simply by holding rigorously sealed photographic plates between her hands—much in the same way that the slate-writing medium secures his slate-writing.

Upon development, these plates show groups of dots arranged in such a way as to spell out words and coherent messages. They can also show pictures in design.

Now there is no question as to the genuineness of these psychographs or skotographs. But *how* are they done, seeing that they are produced without visible light?

Is it that the plates are rendered extraordinarily sensitive by

the secret processes of the spirit world? Or is it by some X-ray process? But if so, *what* are those processes?

All this should make us very modest.

Slate-writing is not a form of psychic photography, but is analogous to it.

You can hold the bound slates in your own hands and hear the scratch of the crayons laid between as the invisible hands write any message for which you may ask from your "dead" friends. Here at least there is no room for fraud, humanly speaking. But if a spirit can write between two tightly locked slates, it can do anything.

And for the unbeliever there is another nice little problem in the "mysterious shapes" which a member of the Houston Mount Everest Flight Expedition declares with others are plainly discernible upon the photographs taken. And whilst the dyed in the wool sceptic is thinking this over, he might also consider in conjunction with it the "aerial monsters" which so many airmen declare they have met in the higher altitudes. The stratosphere may have queer revelations in store for earth-bound man!

Of course it may be that these airmen suffer from giddiness—but so sometimes does the critic! And what is "giddiness"? Supposing that one day we discover it to be just one more "state of consciousness"?

But the one thing which in all this matters, is the *persistent outstanding fact that the "extras" are every day recognized by their surviving friends.*

There are not scores but thousands of such witnesses available, who not only recognize their friends but produce as proof of their own bona fides, photographs of those friends taken during life and not duplicated by the psychic photographs. Here is the supreme proof and the *only* proof.

What psychic photography has meant to these bereaved ones cannot here be set down, where it is enough to say that no evangel can do finer or more spiritual work than that of the psychic photographic medium, who tells the living: "You can *see* your Dead alive!"

I am looking as I write at row on row of faces which stand together as they gaze at the Cenotaph in Whitehall—the Dead gazing on the Living. There they stand, soldiers young and old. They come to tell the Living out of what used melancholically by the theologian to be called "The Grave" that there is no death.

If no other photographs could be produced than the many

which have been taken of the "Dead" on Armistice Day, the case for spirit photography would be fact. If these faces be but the empty shells of a dream, then are we also empty shells living in a cruel dream instead of living sentients, within which to evolve, all eternity behind and all eternity before.

So we say good-bye to the Ghost.

XXXVII

APPORTS

Apport mediumship, or *apportage* as I will christen it, is the Magic Carpet of the Arabian Nights, that "Thousand and One Nights" which every day are being found to be fact rather than fairy tale, to the ludicrous dismay of orthodoxy and the puzzlement of the "cold clear" rationalist, who is left standing with a very hot head—but on very cold feet!

For many years I suspended judgment upon the seeming impossibility of solids passing through solids, as, indeed, I had suspended it upon many other sides of psychic investigation phenomena.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man I put away childish things."

To-day all those who have persisted in their psychic studies know that *nothing is impossible.*

What is an *apport*?

The word *apport* comes from the French *apporter*, "to carry."

An *apport* is some solid body of any form or type either transported to us on the Magic Carpet of the Invisible from another part of our earth or manufactured by the astral chemists in the World Invisible and transported into a closed room—in both cases by a process still imperfectly understood.

This process, so far as we understand it, is a process of *dematerialization* and then *rematerialization.* The body to be brought into the room where the *apport* medium sits with her or his "sitters," can be brought apparently in one of two ways. Either the body itself is dematerialized outside the room, passed through its walls, and then materialized inside, or the walls of the room are dematerialized, the solid body passed through, and then the hole in the wall rematerialized and closed without trace.

The latter I have reason to think from a lofty informant on the Other Side of life is the usual method when the *apport* of a *living* body is in question, as in the case of the most famous *apport* experiments in the world—those of Millesimo Castle, Italy.

At this time of day in the world of the psychic, it would be as foolish to deny the *apport* as to deny that water can be turned

into ice and then back into water again. The conversion of an atom of nitrogen into atoms of hydrogen and helium is just as wonderful and not a whit more difficult to believe—and is indeed of the very nature of *apport* chemistry, forestalling the day when the earthly chemist will be able to transform any substance into any other at will. In such matters, the first puncture in the resistant envelope is everything.

But in what dreadful furnaces is this cosmic disintegration accomplished? What are the chemists? In what laboratory of fantasy are such things done? At what fantastic temperatures? —or at no "temperature" at all?

Despite the apparent contradictions now coming forward under the new mathematicians' theories of matter to the fundamental of all scientific theory, that every effect must have its cause, on the astral as on this earth of ours, we know that all Effect must have its Cause.

But what the terrific Cause to produce such effects!

And what are these effects?

We have nothing to go on but the actual *apport*, and its appearance and condition.

These *apports*, especially when precious stones, are often still hot when delivered into the hands of the sitter. I have had a sapphire placed in my hand which was slippery and wet upon delivery and which, despite the heat of my palm, seemed so to remain for a long time and against all natural law.

It is useless in our present state of evolution to ask the astral chemists how they all do this. They will not—I do not believe they *can* not—tell you.

Although, despite the full denial which has done duty for so long that "nothing ever comes out of the astral which science did not already know," there are constantly coming forward from astral sources pregnant and suggestive information and *stimuli*, upon "space-time" and similar matters, and although it is definite fact that many of the discoveries of our modern science had been anticipated mediumistically years before they became *faits accomplis*, the astral remains politely if stubbornly dumb to enquiries as to *methods*, as opposed to theories and facts, as indeed we have already seen under Psychic Photography.

Here, indeed, and not only in the world of the *apport*, is a fruitful vein which is well worth working by the best brains that our world can boast.

And let it be said, in passing, that the earthly chemists, who have performed that hydrogen-helium miracle and other miracles

of modern science, have, all unknown to them, had always at their elbow—prompting, supporting, inspiring, the chemists of the astral, who are much less concerned with the fact of the fairy transformation than its opening to earth-clad man new fairy lands, *not* "forlorn."

For these be the days of magic, in which the chemists of this world, still all unknowing, are tapping at a rapidly thinning dividing wall of death's dark corridor, whilst their astral *confrères*, but unlike them, knowing, are doing the same from the Other Side, until one day the corridor is pierced and the magic circle of life completed.

The *apport* has been closely investigated in various forms by that painstaking institution, The British College of Psychic Science, founded by the experienced psychic scientists, Hewat McKenzie and his devoted wife Barbara; also by that valiant little Scot, David Gow, editor for so many years of the journal which for so many seemingly barren years kept the flag of survival flying—*Light*, surely the happiest name ever chosen for such a journal; by modern scientists, physicists and others; and literally by thousands of little ill-considered people in many of the world's countries.

It has been photographed over and over again "in flight"—whether such flight be regarded as "levitated" (i.e. with ectoplasmic rod attached to *apport*) or free. It has been tested and weighed and measured. And it has taken nearly every conceivable form.

For probably countless centuries in incidental fashion, and for possibly half a century or more in fashion scientific, the *apport* has been observed, but those across whose earthly track had strayed its meteor-gleam, often feared to declare that which they had seen, especially when they were scientists, dreading the social and professional obliquy attaching to what is sometimes farcically called in certain domains "infamous conduct." "Infamous"—yes—but not on the part of the judged but of the judges—those naughty old gentlemen who sometimes sit in the high places of science and who so often show themselves more jealous for privilege than for truth and who do not hesitate to drum those who dare to tell these things out of regimented "science."

But to how many of these are there not to-day splendid exceptions—for the "Old Guard" is passing.

Here are some of the forms which the *apport* has taken.

First of all, the human body leads the *living apport*. Then

cut-flowers; etheric flowers; bumble-bees; grasshoppers; frogs; dragon-flies and their larvæ; lizards; salamanders; tortoises; birds and mice.

When Madame Blavatsky spoke of *apports* and of the passing of an Indian shawl through the walls of a closed room, she was laughed at by men who should have felt honoured to have been allowed to sit at the feet of this strange, wise woman, one of the most curious mixtures of "white magic" and something not so white that this world has seen, but who because of her wise receptiveness, probably now "knows better." But it takes a wisdom of the stars to see the gold in the dross, and when these extraordinary creatures show themselves as some great natural phenomena they should be considered and, above all, *criticized*—for it is only when they reach the "Prophetess-Mahatma" stage that their message becomes vitiated, and when they are apt to pass under "controls"—sometimes high but not always of the heavens. Nor, indeed, "of the earth earthy"—but like Muhammad's coffin, suspended between Two Worlds!

But whether and how a heavy object can sometimes be carried into a closed and locked room other than by dematerialization and rematerialization it is impossible to say. The actual levitation of the object in the air in the room itself may be done by some form of ectoplasmic arm—but this does not explain the *apport*, although the arm has been closely observed at work lifting weighty objects, the rod ending in a luminous patch which might be a hand or a tentacular "cup."

But what shall we say of such *apports*—if they be *apports*—as luminous butterflies and flying birds! These I should rather call materializations. And who and what is it which under the rigid test conditions of The British College of Psychic Science, which has kept up so notable a standard of honour and efficiency, brings the flour and soot and the milk and salt water which are poured into previously empty receptacles on the table?

Secondly, in our category of *apports*, we have dead organic matter, including insects, bones; cobwebs in masses; and even animal bodies still warm, and upon them living parasites.

Next we find amongst our *apports* precious stones in variety, which, examined by experts, are declared often to be of fine water. (I have had placed in my own hands in a strictly private circle a "natural" sapphire silver-set and an "etheric diamond"—i.e. one manufactured out of the ether—and of the other sitters present, eight received a precious stone *apport*, nor, might it be here said, is it usual for the fraudulent medium to carry about

with him a jeweller's shop for free distribution! Base men say that "money talks." So, apparently, do, sometimes, precious stones!)

We next have in our *apport* category the production "out of the air" of scents and oils, from the gallons of sandal-wood oil which day after day were observed to pour from the beam in the ceiling of a clergyman's house in England to "coloured scent" sprayed over the sitters.

Then we have the "vanishing *apport*."

A scent bottle comes as an *apport*. The medium covers it with his palms, lifts them, and there is no bottle. A dead bird *apport* is thrown against the wall of the circle room, but cannot be found afterwards, and so on. Or you may see the fascinating "conjuring" of the Invisible, as in cases where a handkerchief is flung into the air and instantly disappears.

I cannot say what, if any, is the limit of size or weight possible to the *apport*. The limit, one imagines, is determined by the amount of "power" extractable from the solar plexi and minds of the medium and the sitters, but is not otherwise limited to the invisible conjurors of the astral.

That we shall one day see enormous weights transported through the air, as possibly in the Ages of Magic they may have been transported, is, I think, not inconceivable. It all turns upon the "imagination" of man. If we can *imagine* a thing it can ultimately be done. It is then only a question of finding the technique with which to do it.

But it is when we come to the literally epoch-making experiments of Millesimo Castle, experiments which one would have thought would instantly have gripped the attention even of orthodox science throughout the world and compelled its concentration, that we realize something of the Enchanted Worlds now opening.

This old Italian castle is owned by the Marquis Carlo dei Centurione Scotto at Millesimo, and it is this gentleman, for those who attach importance to such things, of impeccable antecedent, who with Professor Ernesto Bozzano has carried out what one can only regard as one of the most richly freighted and what assuredly is the strangest of all modern psychic experiments.

We have no less a witness for some of these experiments than Dennis Bradley, one of the most painstaking of modern psychic investigators, whose books on the subject are so widely known.

In these years-long series of experiments which were instantly crowned with success, the following phenomena as regards *apports* and the Direct Voice alone have been secured under watertight

conditions before various people of position and responsibility, including Professor Gildo Passini.

Full form materializations with the Direct Voice as plain as from any human being were so common as to be scarcely noteworthy.

But when we come to the *apports* and the levitations which were of them a part, we find that we have reached phenomena of such high peculiar order that it has blazed a new trail for research.

Here we have musical instruments playing concerted airs whilst flying about in space which parallels the picking up and playing by invisible musicians of a full orchestra of earthly and solid instruments in a London drawing-room with every instrument perfectly in tune. Something witnessed by several well-known and skilled observers. And it may be said that spirits have the same strong likes and dislikes in music as in other things.

But there has also been observed the *actual playing* of a harp in another *apport* circle, in which the ectoplasmic coils, or rods, or "fingers," as you choose to call them, have been seen issuing from the region of the solar plexus, to pluck the strings and play a tune, although in this particular case, the fingers have not been seen to touch the strings, this being due to *séance* conditions, which sometimes render the ectoplasmic arm visible, sometimes not.

It might be said that these rods sometimes appear to come from the region of the solar plexus, which is natural, seeing that this inferior brain appears to be the origin of much of the power of all mediums. But I have seen photographs of a rod coming out of the leg or side. Like art itself, there is no rule for psychic phenomena, although we are slowly and tortuously reducing the various phenomena to some sort of grouping.

If it be asked why it was that at Millesimo such a variety and "strength" of phenomena were secured, one can only imagine it to have been due to powerful *ambience* caused by a miraculous synchronization of sitters who were all strongly mediumistic and *en rapport* with one another and with the "Guides" on the Other Side of Life, and what I will call the "powerfully impregnated" atmosphere of an ancient Italian Castle—a *tout ensemble* which might be secured only once in a very long period. From what I know of the general circumstances, I believe that the Marquis dei Scotto himself was the very fount of this power, for in all really potent "circles" there must, I imagine, be a "leader" of the power of the other members.

Blowing chill across these records we read frequently of the currents of cold air rushing around the members of the circle—

this being the "spirit-cold," heralding the spirit approach in all sorts of mediumship, which, as I said, I have myself felt, but which is not invariably an accompaniment of the successful *séance*. In my experience, when certain types of high vibration are used, it does not appear.

Here we encounter the first of the musical phenomena—a precursor of the day when Astral Concerts will be as usual as Promenade Concerts.

There is an American instrument called the "Flex-a-tone" consisting of a forked handle, having in the centre a metal blade about four inches long, two small wooden balls being attached to this blade by a spring. When the instrument is shaken, these balls strike the blade, which gives out a most harmonious note. By pressing on the end of this blade, the pitch can be varied at will, and so an expert can draw from it all the notes of the harmonic scale, obtaining at times quite extraordinary effects.

(It might again be said, in passing, that the astral musicians claim that their scale and instruments in range and tone far exceed anything possible to the orchestras of earth. That fine musician, Dr. Frederic Wood, to whom as I have elsewhere said we owe the publication of the "Rosemary" scripts, has told me that in these orchestras, which have been contacted, the note-vibrations appear to rise silently as though by a sort of "wireless" from the circular rows of the players, strike the glass cupola of the roof, and there find utterance, descending in sound, into which apparently, as in terrestrial wireless, the waves have been "converted.")

A gramophone was set to play the waltz from *Faust*, and later something from *The Barber of Seville*, when a Flex-a-tone which had been placed in readiness, itself rose in the air and began to accompany the music with meticulous synchronization, never missing a beat or sounding a wrong note, with colourful variations of extraordinary brilliance by the unknown *virtuoso*, something I have known also to be done on a violin, which could be seen quite plainly as it was tuned first by the ectoplasmic spirit-fingers. The little instrument would apparently remain poised as the gramophone record came to an end, instantly taking up the music high in the air as it recommenced.

That was levitation rather than *apportage*, at least in the direct sense of that word.

It was at this sitting that there followed the *apport* of a photograph under tragic circumstances in that home of the dramatic—the *séance* room, all this time in total darkness.

The voice of d'Angelo, the spirit-guide, was heard to say sadly to Madame dei Centurione Scotto that a near relation had not long to live, although the last news about him had been excellent. D'Angelo promised to bring the photograph of the threatened man, and in about a minute they heard something fall on the carpet near Mme la Marquise. She bent down, picked it up, and recognized it at once as the photograph of a Signor Tito, which had been *apport*-ed from the Green Boudoir.

Two days later they got the news from Signor Tito's wife that there had been an entirely unexpected serious relapse of the convalescent.

In all circles, as little movement as possible is, I think, advisable, not only because such movements may break any teleplasmic rods which may be present, but because it destroys the *rhythm* of the circle. Rhythm, especially in its vibrationary phase, is of all things most essential to a successful circle. In the Millesimo Circle the sitters were asked just before certain special phenomena "not to disturb what was about to take place by moving."

It was at one of these circles that a Spanish matador manifested, speaking very loudly in Spanish, calling himself *el grande torero Guerrita*, whom the Marquis and his wife had met on their honeymoon in Madrid, and who had presented them both with the sword with which he had killed his bull and also his blood-stained cloak.

A little while after, Professor Passini, who was taking notes, felt a metal object being pushed into his hands, but which eluded him. He then felt something lightly touch his left cheek and then a metallic prick on his chest, which he instinctively tried to grasp, finding a sword in his hands.

This weapon was recognized as the very sword mentioned, which had been lying amongst some ancient swords on a large table on the second floor of the palace, and to reach which it would have been necessary to go through several rooms and down a long corridor, mount three staircase spirals and traverse a glass-covered passage.

And towards the end of all these modern miracles, upon a watch dog barking in the garden outside, another dog answered them from the centre of the circle, d'Angelo saying it was "My Love," which the Marquise stated had been the name of a fox-terrier which she had owned twenty years before, the dog whining pitifully as he recognized the presence of his beloved mistress.

To crown all this they found the toreador Guerrita's signature

sprawling across an album of guests' signatures which had been placed there with an indelible pencil for that purpose, the sound of the pencil being heard as the bull-fighter gave them a specimen of his "fist!"

Yet all these phenomena were eclipsed by other and still more extraordinary phenomena, in which the circle were held in a state of terrified amazement at the intrusion of what were apparently two gladiators with their swords, the clash of the swords and the cries of the combatants as they attacked and defended, filling the room. One of these swords, a massive weapon, which had been lying elsewhere in the Castle, was found after the invisible combatants had disappeared.

To my mind, the most astounding, however, of the Millesimo experiences are those of the transportation of the *living* body from inside a closed and locked room without damage to the living man.

The classic experiment of this type, and, so far as I know, in our time at least, the first fully vouched, was the vanishing on the night of July 29th, 1928, of the Marquis dei Scotto himself from the midst of his companions out of the closed, locked room, apparently through four locked doors and walls, and the finding of him unhurt a long distance away in one of the barns.

This I have very good reason to believe, and that not from any source this side of death, was not carried out by disintegration of the living body, which would probably involve difficulties about the "soul"—but was done by disintegration of the walls or doors, the passing of the living body through the holes thus made, and their reintegration.

But that some day the disintegration or dematerialization of the living body will be as possible as the dematerialization of a diamond is, I believe, quite possible. But even the chemists of the astral naturally do not make a difficult job of one comparatively easy if they can help it, nor will they give us more than we are able to bear. "There are many things I would say unto you but ye cannot bear them now," applies to more than one thing in life—and certainly to more than one thing in death.

If these persistently attested facts be true, then surely of all phenomena in this world of ours, occult or otherwise, it is the type upon which science should have immediately concentrated. Instead, it has chosen to shrug its shoulders and "pass by on the other side."

If a man were wise in his day and generation, he might relegate a personal experience of the kind which follows to a discreet

silence, so choosing what the respectable world would call "the better part." I shall not do this. For the truth is its own justification—if not to-day, then to-morrow.

The writer of these words happens to be in the position of being the most direct witness to the *apport* which it is possible to be. For I myself have been a living *apport*.

This experience was entirely unexpected, for that, I, in my own person, should ever prove the now widely admitted fact of levitation, I should have regarded as preposterous.

I was asleep in my bed at home in the room where I work and sleep, and was awakened by a feeling that *something was happening* to me.

I was wide awake, as I took care to assure myself, as I felt myself *float* up a little way from my bed and then felt myself pass slowly through the air a little over it until my feet had passed somewhere over and beyond the foot of the bed, which is a couch without head or foot-board.

As I felt myself lifted or "transported" through the air, I remember saying to myself: "Why, this must be *levitation*." I was neither frightened nor even surprised, but I did feel as I went up into the air a quite incommunicable feeling of disembodiment. Although I felt neither surprise nor fear, I did realize that it was the strangest feeling I had ever had in my life.

After I had been carried or had moved in the air towards the foot of the bed, I felt myself returning the same way and was distinctly conscious of feeling myself *lowered* and feeling the pillow catch me in the nape of the neck and back of the head as I was lowered gently back on to it.

I was fully conscious during all this.

As I weigh about 190 lb., considerable power must have been used by my invisible experimenters. I might add that I was, as I am always, in perfect health, am a trained athlete, am not a supper eater, and have never indulged in tobacco or alcohol, and as I have yet to have even my first real headache, it is unlikely that I was suffering from delusion.

A few days after, however, a Guide from the other side confirmed my experience, saying to me: "You asserted yourself too soon"; meaning, I presume, that the experiment was only in its beginning when in some way I interfered with it.

A single personal experience like that weighs more than all the academic treatises of a stiff-headed science which, unscientifically, refuses to test for itself and to face the facts afterwards. You cannot argue with the *fait accompli*!

XXXVIII

THE CONDITIONS OF *APPORTAGE*

HAVING taken a fearsome peep into this Land of Enchantments which we call *apports*, let us review and analyse briefly the conditions governing a mediumship which is of all perhaps the strangest and most baffling.

First as regards the fount of power—the medium himself or herself, in a type of mediumship in which I believe there are possibly more first-class male mediums than female.

There are, I am convinced, various kinds of "power," not only male and female but subdivisions of either. The power that is used in the "Direct Voice" is not the same that is used in Clairvoyance or in *Apportage*, nor is that of Healing the same as that of Prophecy. I am not sure that this postulated difference in power-quality is not paralleled by, or due to, the different "rays" which are associated each with its particular "plane" or "belt" on the Other Side in the astral, of which planes there are seven. But of each of these rays there must be illimitable combinations.

I imagine, again only as conjecture, that the power used for the *apport* is analogous, but only analogous, with that used for materialization, or what is known as "physical mediumship"—a misnomer, as all mediumship is to a degree physical as well as psychological. There probably enters into it quite another quality, which one day, harnessed by the physicist and the psycho-engineers of this earth, may make all sorts of impossibilities possible.

The sitters for *apportage* often say they have a feeling of numbness and intense cold in the hands—this just before the arrival of an *apport*—though I cannot say I have myself experienced it. To what can this be due? It must be, one imagines, due to the force "given off" by the sitters to render the *apportage* possible.

It is peculiarly essential that the medium or mediums (for there can be more than one mediumistic person in any circle of any kind of mediumship and that in the true "medium" sense) should be in fine-tensioned, though not necessarily robust physical health. But even this will not always enable the medium to entirely escape certain results of her mediumship.

(In passing, it might be pointed out that apparently the dark

is advisable though not absolutely essential to *apportage*. As little movement as possible, as we have seen, is advisable, so that the vibrational rhythm should be "held.")

In all mediumship there lies the possibility of the development of new types of mediumship causing the loss of the original type or types. One *apport* medium, for example, who developed psychic photography began to lose his power of *apportage*.

Marks on the body have been repeatedly observed not only in the mediumship of the *apport* but also in that of materialization and other. (The *stigmata* observed frequently upon religiously ecstatic persons may have some such origin. About the stigmata themselves there is no longer any question.)

Small red marks, bruises and discolorations, and even contusions, have been observed on "Margery" and other mediums after phenomena, and that without any abnormal happening to cause them. As we have already seen in the case of "Margery," if an ectoplasmic extrusion be grasped by anyone present without permission of the unseen Guides and their resultant protection, physical damage can be done to the medium, and though I have never heard of death ensuing, this also, I think, may be possible.

These marks are presumably, from certain observations in the case of the Goligher mediumship, but not always certainly, at the points or on the areas where the ectoplasm or teleplasmic arms and rods have extruded.

A sudden flash of light whilst a medium is in trance can be followed by shock which may lead to temporary mental derangement. But where the co-operation of the Guide or control is sought before using a flash, a magnetic field is created about the medium as a kind of armour.

There are other interesting phenomena of *apport* mediumship as of other. There appears to be direct bodily *wastage*, as indeed the scales prove in the Lynn *apport*, and also the Crawford-Goligher ectoplasmic experiments. In the latter case, even a slight tap by the ectoplasmic rod meant the immediate loss of weight, sledge hammer blows meaning the loss of pounds in the medium who, regularly when the phenomena had passed, reverted to her pre-*séance* weight.

Thus we find that in the Lynn *apport* mediumship, the medium always drinks a glass of water with salt in it immediately after the circle, by instruction of his Guide. Many physical mediums are very thirsty after a *séance*, and another male medium of great promise whom I have seen at work says point blank that he feels that his bodily moisture is used up during phenomena, the spirits saying

to him that they use the "water-body." Some mediums can drink up to two quarts of water a day and in one case at least the call for water is given by a feeling as of a smash on the solar plexus as when the 8-oz. glove finds the "mark" in boxing, which afterwards leaves a bruise, not only on the boxer but on the medium.

I will even go so far as to say that there is possibly no form of pathological manifestation and derangement which has not been observed in the medium after *any* phenomena of *any* sort.

The rather light-headed rationalist, as his friend the heavy-footed materialist, might be forgiven, having regard to their bent and training, when, in final desperate effort to get away from and to do away with these, literally, *bêtes noires* which are their nightmares, they say: "Oh, but all these poor dear people have been hypnotized! The explanation, my dear Sir, is perfectly simple to the *trained* instructed mind. We have an explanation for everything—*ev-er-y-thing!* All this stuff is fraud and where it isn't it only means that either auto-hypnosis has been induced by the gullible sitter or superimposed by the cunning medium! *So* simple when you know."

Oh, yes, and again "yes."

But what about inducing self-hypnosis in a camera?

For here are not dozens but many hundreds of *apport* photographs taken under strict test conditions by men and women who had deliberately set themselves out to, if possible, prove fraud.

These photographs, taken over many years by different operators, many of whom never met one another or even know of one another's existence, show such trifles as the following:

A pearl necklace being *apport*-ed in flight. Similar *apportage* of a glass bead bangle with the ghostly rod which holds it. A salt spoon apparently doing a little flight on its own.

Then there is the added difficulty which follows for these sceptical ones for whom the going ever gets more rough and for whom there is always a little more or a little less to explain.

How are we to explain the involuntary *apportage* not only of professional physical mediums who are attempting something quite other, and who all probably have this *apport* power, but also the involuntary *apport* mediumship of private individuals who, up to that moment, as in my own case, knew nothing about it?

Here, for example, is the case personally communicated to me by a most intelligent professional woman, who is the wife of one of the first astronomers of Europe.

This lady scouts such things as survival and psychic phenomena

and would be extremely indignant if anyone attributed to her what she regards as base superstition—from which, of course, the astronomer, until these days of the astro-physicist, had hitherto been free! "But," she said to me, "there is one thing I have never been able to explain. I was one day badly in need of a safety-pin to 'do up' a rather delicate article of feminine attire and had turned into a disused and absolutely bare ancient building, in order to make my toilet in a sort of vaulted entry. I was in rather desperate straits for a safety-pin, when as I wondered what I should do, one fell right out of the air at my feet! It certainly did not come from my person and dropped from a height a little distance away."

Had this lady only known a little more, she would have known how frequent is such an occurrence, and so would have ceased to be astonished.

And what of that extremely inconvenient habit of some *apport* mediums of all unconsciously attaching to themselves and finding in their pockets after returning home various articles from stores or houses which they have visited! Here again it is only the ignorant and uninstructed mind which will scoff without investigation, for this side of *apport* phenomena is strongly substantiated by the evidence.

Sometimes, such a medium will find in his pocket, to his own astonished dismay, a watch or some cheap jewellery or perhaps a piece of printed paper, which he himself has never physically contacted, and even of the existence of which he has not known.

I am able to write about these things other than from hearsay, and myself have had two strange and unsought experiences of *apports*. Both in New York.

I had been lecturing in Florida and upon my return missed a little mother-of-pearl nail brush, of no particular value, but which had certain happy associations. I not only searched my kitbag but even felt in each corner of the canvas lining which was intact. Something then seemed to say to me, not in words, but by suggestion—for I am not clairaudient: "Go to the bag now and you will find the brush." Which I did, to find my nail brush tightly wrapped up.

The second was still more extraordinary.

On returning to my hotel one night from Broadway, I missed a wad of dollar bills of various designations.

Remembering that I had pushed back this roll of bills loosely into the right breast pocket of my jacket inside my fur overcoat, I believed that either I had not found the pocket, owing to the

clumsiness of the fur, or that they had slipped out through being imperfectly thrust down behind my pocket book.

I searched that coat not once but several times after I had hung it up in its wardrobe, but found every pocket empty, for I had emptied it of everything I had in my first search. The particular pocket mentioned I searched repeatedly.

Again I had the same feeling of something telling me to go to the pocket which I had repeatedly searched and that I would there find the roll of bills. I went over to the wardrobe, put my hand in the same pocket and found the large wad of bills at once.

These things at the time, and knowing little about *apports*, I tried vainly to explain, and I freely admit that however improbable, the loser *can* overlook them the first time of searching. To-day I know, however, that such things happen constantly to certain people.

But being neither clairvoyant nor clairaudient, at least in the ordinary sense, I never hear any definite voice. I simply receive a strong impulse, and I have never had any repetition of such *apports* experiences.

Something analogous to this is the suggestion to look in a certain place for something which is lost. Again, in the writer's case, this does not come in the form of the spoken word, but as a telepathic suggestion upon the mind becoming quiescently receptive, and he can only say that he has practised this method for finding things that are lost for some two or three years and, though not quite invariably, successfully. But this pragmatic method was followed many decades ago by the old "thought-readers."

There is one very peculiar quality about some *apport* mediums; they often know by intuition when and what an *apport* will be, and if its appearance be long delayed they can become distressed, as though it were a sort of birth, something manifested also at the Millesimo Castle *apports*. One theory which has been used to explain this pre-cognition is that some etheric force has already gone out of the medium and touched the particular article to be *apport*-ed—that is where the article is not itself specially "manufactured" by the astral chemists, and that this acts as a sort of telegraph to tell her, all unconsciously, of what is coming. In other words, a sort of "*apport* telepathy"—in this case not between two living people but from a dead object to a living person.

Supposing one day we discover that there is no such thing as a "dead" object, and that to think so is a "base superstition," as once was regarded the belief in the *apport*!

PSYCHOMETRY

XXXIX

PSYCHOMETRY

THERE are many wild and strange things in the occult world—that is to say not only on the other side of death but in this world which of the occult is part, but I imagine the wildest, strangest of all assertions to the novice is that everything that exists carries its own history about on it and in it! And, above all, that this history can be tapped!

If you heard that of a man or a woman, it might be barely credible—but when you hear it is equally true of a watch, a jewel, a tie, or a handkerchief, a certain polite incredulity might be excused.

"Assertion," yes, you say. But what about proof? And who is able to tap such history?

The proof is with us, and the "tapper" also, in the form of the psychometrist medium.

I have myself seen one of these gifted women take haphazard out of one hundred objects handed up by the audience, perhaps a score—and relate faithfully, according to the astonished and sometimes dismayed owners, truthfully and accurately, the tiniest minutial attaching to the object, without making a single slip.

But more than that. I, as others, have seen such a medium tell the life-story of the owner, from his financial circumstances past and present to the state of his health, even diagnosing accurately obscure forms of disease from which the owner may or may not have known he suffered.

How is it done?

To reply in the words of almost any psychometric medium you care to ask, and in the vernacular pungent: "Ask me another!"

The medium does not know. The audience does not know. I don't know.

The Easterns tell us, as I have elsewhere related, that the whole history of our earth is written on the *akasa* or film of the earth, and the same is true of each thing making up that earth. The medium takes the object in her or his hand, and instantly the story of the object and its owners, past and present, begins to unwind itself before her like a film. Not necessarily in a series

of pictures, although I know that this is one way of doing it, but just a "feeling"—that feeling which is so seldom admitted by the medium who often, quite genuinely and unconsciously, prefers to substitute clairvoyance or clairaudience or something at once more tangible and more mysterious.

But it is not inconceivable that both clairvoyance and clairaudience may play their part in it, and, indeed, the psychometrist is often, but not by any means always, both. For we still know very little about that "suggestion" from the Other World, the other word for which is "inspiration."

The only thing of which we can be sure is that behind this, as all other mediumship, *vibration* lies. It is the molecular vibration set up by the thoughts and actions of the different wearers of a ring which causes subtle displacement in the stone and metal—in other words it is the surest, subtlest thing on earth—*thought*. It is this "thought-content" sending out its vibrations *in perpetuum* which is "read" by the sensitive receptive radio-active vibration of the medium, in some form allied to the telepathy which between living beings we already know to be fact, and which is also mediumship, but not as yet, save under very special circumstances, controllable fact. Whereas this "living-dead" telepathy of the psychometrist is usually controllable at any time or place.

What this opens up to science, as a substitute for spectrum analysis of a "spectral" analysis, to take only one possibility, I will leave to my reader's imagination, and leave to a page or two something about which a library of books might be written, and which will yet be written.

"FAITH-HEALING"

XL

"FAITH-HEALING"

ALL healing is at base spiritual.

Our medicine of to-day does not believe this, or, rather, it is only just beginning to believe it.

Earthly medicine has been like the woman in the melodrama called *The Girl who took the Wrong Turning*.

Medicine's cross-roads came at the time that the great Charcot, following Mesmer, at Saltpetrière sought to explore mental processes in therapeutics and so studied hypnotism, mesmerism, and, generally, what we would to-day call "the effect of the mind on the body."

I am persuaded that hypnotism is destined to play a determinative part not only in the detection of crime (when associated with mediumship, and now being used in England and on the Continent) but in the future of mental healing, and in thinking along such lines I have behind me not only Hippocrates, the father of medicine, who employed it, but James Braid, the Manchester surgeon, who gave it its name, that well-known psychiatrist, Dr. Alexander Cannon, and an ever-increasing number of medical men both of the astral and this earth.

Mesmer, the Viennese doctor, who boldly told his "medicine men" that animal magnetism was fact, seems now to have spoken the truth, and we shall one day perhaps discover that this earth of ours is a "living being" with a magnetism of its own connected in some way with this animal magnetism. And all this is bound up with the vibration theory of that genius of geniuses, Pythagoras, who not only was the first man to insist that the earth was round and not flat, but told us what was the greatest truth in the world—that everything in this world, visible or invisible, was in a constant state of vibration.

Unhappily, the pundits who sat in the Seats of the Mighty in the Harley Streets of that time frowned upon this idea of Charcot as they have since so often frowned upon things vital and new. The result was that, instead of exploring faithfully the new road opening out to medical science, they put a turnpike across the road and marked it: "FORBIDDEN!" Only the Dick Turpins

of medicine, taking their professional lives in their hands, have been able to leap it.

The result has been that what we to-day know as "faith-healing," until recently, passed largely into the hands of pretenders and charlatans—and so something fine became degraded.

It is when we find courageous medical specialists like Alexander Cannon, M.D., D.P.M., Ph.D., M.A., F.R.G.S., having the courage to challenge orthodoxy by books which show the mental as the fundamental, that we realize what a breach has already been made in the once impregnable defences of the older-fashioned Medicine.

The tortuous return through the orthodox channel was that of Freud—but because this return has been to a large degree an intellectual gymnastic (accompanied, it is true, by a backing of experiment) and without any spiritual perspective, psycho-analysis in its turn, in some cases at least, has become a gross instrument for gross minds. It has built, indeed, upon a single Truth, that of suppression-complex, perhaps one of the most gigantic card-castles that even science has reared—the flimsy of which will one day flutter to the ground as so much of it has already done. Leaving, however, behind that single gem buried amongst the ruins upon which a newer and living edifice will be erected by spiritually minded builders possessing the occult knowledge which alone can give it permanence and, indeed, understanding. And indeed that such spiritually-minded men are now showing themselves in all branches of science is shown by such names as Sir James Jeans, Professor A. S. Eddington, Dr. William Brown, and the great Einstein himself—one of the most lovable and open-minded of men.

And though Freud has, it is true, been forced with Jung and Adler and others to admit many of the truths for which psychic science had been pleading through the years, psycho-analysis has persistently distorted those truths, and in ignoring the soul as *fact* has also ignored the fundamental spiritual significance of *mind* and drawn from sound premises those monstrous distortions born of a sex-ridden science with which we are familiar.

But now medicine, reluctant, suspicious, is gradually being compelled to return to the abandoned path, and, indeed, it is only fair to say that psycho-analysis, even in its present form and despite the often bitter quarrels and root-differences of opinion of its leading exponents, has seemingly done many notable things.

Now, in any gentle animadversions upon my scientific friends, psycho-analyst or other, which I have made in these pages, I have

never forgotten that these men, whether of "idealist" or "materialist" outlook, have not only behind them splendid accomplishment, but as a body are perhaps the most self-sacrificing of any class of human being.

Psycho-analysis, despite its present grossnesses and assumptions, and the excrescences upon it, is essentially "faith-healing," although its practitioners seldom recognize it—indeed as little as its founder, or that it is occult and spiritual.

At the outset of our consideration of psycho-therapeutics, or "faith-healing," to use the vulgar but perfectly and scientifically accurate expression, I wish to say at the outset, and in warning, that there is no field of the occult or of "white magic" in which unconscious charlatanism and credulity is so rife. Not that credulousness in this case is always danger-fraught. But after one has allowed full measure and running over for fraud, concious and unconscious, and for ignorant credulity, there is left behind an unshakable residuum of sure scientific accomplishment.

The very fact of being able to believe something nearly incredible and even something which until that moment of belief may have had no existence is sufficient sometimes to bring it into existence and within the aura of possibility. The moment of belief is the moment of "creation"—that is to say of "faith."

And faith is the condition of cure.

"If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed," said the greatest Healer who has ever lived on this earth, "ye shall say unto this mountain, 'Remove hence unto yonder place, and it shall remove.' " There are many thousands living who, in healing the body, have proved that saying by practical experiment.

Nevertheless, credulity is *always* to be deprecated, especially in psychic science—for even in this field we must not do something wrong in order that good may come of it.

What are the media through which faith-healing does its work?

It is scarcely necessary here to say, having regard to the previous pages and what we have learned *factfully* of the "behind the veil" conditions, that all faith-healing has its origin and life force on the Other Side—that is on the Astral, which in its turn, draws its healing rays from the higher timeless realms and so on *ad infinitum*. This is true also, of course, where the earthly healer believes that the power comes only from himself or herself.

The Astral Healer works first of all by "inspiration"—by the mind, in what is the field of mental healing. In fact, we know definitely by demonstration that until there is a change in the mental centres, no medicine of any kind can take effect—and

this I at least believe is as true of the surgeon's knife as it is of the *cascara segrada* of which I administered so many multiple doses to my shipmates on my Cape Horn windjammer, *plus* that dose of faith which is really the greatest asset the doctor has. A bottle of coloured water before now has saved a life.

When you cut out a cancer, you are also cutting out a centre which infects the mind. It is not only the physical removal which matters—it is the *mental.*

Repeated experiments on animals, and sometimes on humans, some of them very cruel, have demonstrated the effect of mind on body. You can make a sick man think anything. As in one of the short stories of that Master of Magic, and not always White Magic at that, the Irish-American, Edgar Allan Poe, you can kill a man by suggestion.

But you can also raise him up—yes, "from the dead," by the same means—always supposing that our "silver cord," which holds life to death, has not been broken.

Every doctor is in a sense a "quack" doctor—and he knows it. (It is only, perhaps, the "great specialist," with his childlike capacity for credulity about "the profession," who does not always know it!) His potion is "faith" in repeated doses. It is not, I believe, even altogether inhibited that certain physical medicines have certain physical effects only because through the ages certain mental qualities and associations with those medicines have become embedded in the mind of the human, and that they so acquire potency over the unconscious mind of the patient, which instantly reacts upon the body as assuredly as does the human stomach to a dose of Epsom-salts.

"The laying on of hands," now once more being so largely practised in our day *because it gets results*, had nothing to do with the placing of the healer's hands on the head of the sick man or woman. It was the "suggestion" conveyed by the gesture, with all the subtle power of the symbol and rite which brought, and brings, about the mental and subsequently the physical change.

In cases of lunacy, for example, due usually, but not always, to "possession," it will one day be recognized that faith-healing is the only real cure. Pioneer psychiatrists everywhere are at last beginning to recognize the fact of "possession," and suggesting "suggestion" for the expulsion of "demons," if, as I believe it will one day be found, that demons they be. Psychiatric science is on the eve of strange metamorphoses and a return to the teachings of Jesus and the other Masters.

As for the alienist, he will blandly meet the assertion of

"possession" by saying with the assurance of a profession which, after centuries of study on wrong lines, is farther off the underlying reason for most lunacy than were some of the ancients who at least did admit "possession": "All I know is that if I hit a man on the head with a stone, he may become a lunatic."

It never seems to occur to our distinguished specialists, some of whom do know a great deal about pathological psychology, that the blow is not the *reason* but the *conducive cause* of the lunacy, just as a lowered vitality will admit the germs of cold!

Nor does he realize that "possession" is about the only theory which does fit most of the phenomena, and that the "exorcism" at which he chortles has in many notable cases driven out the disturbing entity, which is usually enormously affected by "suggestion."

When the day comes, as come it will, that the psychiatrist realizes that all lunacy is due to the breaking down of the vibrational barriers, *and to nothing else*, science will be on the road to the cure of lunacy.

One is inclined to believe that, excepting the neurologist, who so often is, willy-nilly, compelled to work in a vacuum, no scientist lives farther away from fact than the unhappy alienist, who, immured—one had almost written "with other lunatics"—behind the walls of the asylum, isolated from fact, though not from fancy, sees not the devils who are there—but only those who are not! And if this be considered slight exaggeration, I advise the bringing together into the same room of a neurologist, a psychologist, and an alienist—and then whilst listening to their brotherly comments, watch *Bombastes Furioso in vacuo*!

So do we first of all have "impression by suggestion" from the astral upon the mind of the earthly Healer, who "relays" it on a sort of therapeutical wireless, to the patient. Nor can you say off-hand the temperament which will make the best healer. All types can make good healers, always provided they are *receptive* and themselves, in regard to the patient, sensitive to impression.

But even faith has its physical vehicle and method. The vehicle and method are the use of the *ray*—behind it, vibration.

Each planet and each plane of each planet has its particular "ray" we are informed, and in these days when at last, after centuries of denial, science is at last beginning to admit the "physical" existence of the *aura* (the "ray" which surrounds each human being in the form of an egg to a depth of about eighteen inches to two feet), and even to use it for medical

diagnosis, such an idea makes no great strain upon our imaginations. (The colour of the aura, varying from pink when the possessor is in good health, to darker shades when ill, determines the diagnosis.)

Each ray has its own colour and vibration, and one day we may discover that colour and vibration are really the same thing. Perhaps we have already done so.

Different coloured rays are used for treating different kinds of disease. Experiments, for example, are being made in the blue ray for the astral treatment of cancer, as I write—something that has proved for the astral doctors as for the terrestrial, one of their most difficult problems, for receptivity varies monstrously with the disease, which of course, has no existence on the astral.

All diagnosis is, in a sense, by the ray—something that has already been anticipated by an attempt by a well-known doctor to diagnose all diseases from the structure and reactions of the eye.

The astral doctors diagnose by vibration and rhythm and from the aura—the only really assured method, one which they have demonstrated literally in dozens of cases to London and other doctors to be absolutely accurate. For the shape and colour of the aura changes with every change in the body—and disease at once shows itself through this sensitive instrument—as sensitive as is the clinical thermometer to changes in temperature. Subtle colour-changes indicate the different diseases.

These are not assertions but proved statements, the records of which can be found on the shelves of any respectable library.

More than one specialist uses a medium for certain diagnoses, and the records of men like the late Dr. Abraham Wallace, the gynæcologist, proves the reliability of such method.

Modern medicine is indeed but too often "a black art," professing knowledge where no knowledge exists, and its doctors, themselves so selfless and hard-working, even on occasion its unconscious Black Magicians, at times suffering under the tyranny of some of their equally sincere Old Men of the Sea—the "specialists" to whom, as they will sometimes confess in secret, they pay lip-service, fearing the social and professional ostracism which follows defiance, seeking vainly to rid themselves of a stealthy brain-pressure.

Medicine can only have this brain-pressure lifted by the coming and with it the trepanning of the occultist, just as astronomy

needs, and now at last is getting, the astrologer, who returns no longer covered in cabalistic signs, but with new and added knowledge not only of the stars but of the earth, of that astrology which was the father of an ungrateful and unrecognizant child—astronomy, which gained the mathematical-intellectual to lose the spiritual.

We are, indeed, for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, and however ridiculous all this may seem to those who are matter-sunk, on the eve of strange changes in our medical science.

Faith-healing has been brought into disrepute by various so-called Faith-Healing and other Churches, who, however, let it be at once admitted, have, like Freud, a kernel of truth upon which they have erected a fantastic edifice to the glory of some prophet—usually a prophetess—which will one day collapse like the proverbial pack of cards.

Now to administer the "ray" needs various methods.

Let me take a scene from the occult life of the London of our day in a famous healing centre, to enter which, as opposed to those Harley Street and Wimpole Street dens with their "dim, *ir*religious" light where, impregnated with pestilent vibrations, "hopeless heart doth shun the day," is at once to have a dose of hope and so to set up vibrations conducive to cure.

The room is a pleasant upper room in one of the old Georgian houses of an ancient London Square, memory-haunted. A great window looks upon the back. To the front of the house lies a thicket of shrub with emerald sward in the centre and a pagoda around which the little children play. Along those walks where a century or two past strolled the lovers of the long ago, and fathers and mothers in enormous top-hats and crinolines.

On the mantelpiece there is a picture of Jesus, the Healer, and here and there summer flowers. Overhead, are steel rods as trackways for the green curtains which run here and there across the room, behind which are one or two couches of steel.

In the centre of the room stand a circle of white-robed figures—about them something strangely impressive. And within the circle is a pale, dark-faced, handsome woman, looking like one of those Egyptian princess heads in the British Museum not so very far away.

Prayer is actually the most effective medium for securing perfect conditions. That "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" in the *séance* room is invariably proved to be fact, and not only in the faith-healing clinic of which we are speaking.

Prayer "sets up" the right sort of vibration and makes the "psychic connection" with the higher instead of the lower spheres, as we are now to see in this room. It is so effectual that, as the writer at least believes, it can change "fate" itself! It is the white sword of that Free Will which we are constantly being told in the "Upper Chambers" of spiritual healing is the heritage of every human soul.

And so it is that the medium opens the healing circle with the most potent invocation of all—the invocation of prayer to the God by whom the hairs of our heads are numbered, but who also is the All of which we are part; whom, even in our most exalted moments, we see but from afar as He moves dimly amongst the tremendous minutiæ of his cosmos.

She is seated in a comfortable chair, and after exchanging a few words with those about her, she leans back, breathes deeply once or twice and quietly but surely is entranced.

This lady is one of the most famous living mediums and it is through her that the Astral Healer works and has worked for many years. It is through her larynx and body that he does that work.

After a while she rises, slowly and with difficulty, gradually gaining suppleness, and her voice is completely changed into that of a rather gruff, kindly doctor. The change to the unaccustomed eye and ear is startling, for instead of the bushy-haired, dark beauty of the moment before, we seem to see before us a tall and stately but very human figure, conjured up by voice and gesture, speaking through the door of her lips.

Two little girls are led into the room, one taller and older than the other. They are both rather hysterical yet curiously little afraid of the strange lady who speaks with the voice of a man—as though they had access to some interior source of enlightenment in the child-way, to make the incredible natural in a world that to them is always a world of "make-believe."

The more nervous and smaller of the two, the Healer takes in her, or rather his, arms, and instantly the child is quietened as she hears that gentle, assured voice and feels the touch of the strong arms—and one is reminded of another Healer who once, two thousand years before, took the little children in His arms and blessed them.

Around about, in a white circle with hands joined, stand the "helps," who are the conductors and intensifiers of the power. But there is no "ray" here involved.

The Astral Doctor points to the child's throat and says simply:

"This is a case of tonsils. Let the medium's own doctor have them removed. They are poisoning the little one." For all good astral healers employ an ordinary medical man whenever possible and collaborate with him when he is open-minded enough to permit.

Here, coming into the room, with that strange, hesitant step of the blind, and passing the two little ones on the way out, is a young girl of perhaps seventeen summers but with the dew of childhood still upon her. She has the terrible patience of the blind. The Astral places his hand over her eyes, upon removing which, she says that "now she can see red," which the Healer confirms. This girl, totally blind only a few months before, when she came for the first of many treatments, now declares that she can discern the chief helper, a little, dignified Londoner with a bristly moustache. "She will get back her sight," says the astral.

"He maketh the blind to see."

(One of these visitors had, indeed, to be carried into the room on her first visit—now she walks up the stairs unaided.)

But here is a girl suffering from the dreaded sleeping sickness. One of the many patients of the type who have been "given up" by the ordinary medical man.

She is a gentle, patient child of twelve. They lay her on a surgical couch and take off her shoes.

The astral goes to her head and, bending low, places his head against hers, one of the chief helpers holding him for support from behind with his hand lightly on either side of the astral's waist. Two of what are known as the "battery," that is the helpers, lay their finger-tips on the girl's groin. About them the White Circle of Companions stands, hands upraised as though acting as electric conductors "to draw down fire from heaven," as it might be phrased poetically and perhaps not altogether unscientifically.

As the Astral Healer administers the ray, in this case the "blue" ray, which is also used for cancer, the two helpers who have placed their finger-tips against the groin say afterwards that they "got the full force of the shock," which was "not painful but a sort of trembling," analogous, I imagine, to that coming from an electric coil.

Then the father of the child is brought in—a shy working-man who, however, testifies to the fact that his child has improved enormously since she first came for treatment.

And so the summer evening passes.

A patient, almost grotesque and what the world would call a very ugly woman, with heavy, fleshy ankles, white stockings over black shoes—one of the patient enduring ones of life, poor and helpless, stands dumbly there like a beast awaiting the slaughterer. A symbolic figure of her class, broken by life, and with a beauty of her own. And this poor woman, suffering from those vague "pains" of her type, receives comfort for body and soul from her astral friend, who is particularly gentle with her.

And here comes a big strapping fellow of nineteen or so who, for all his great frame and splendid head, is as helpless as a babe. For at any instant he can fall into the pit of epilepsy—ever since that day when he had the fall from a gate upon which the Astral Healer insisted but which his parents at first in all good faith denied, and which, it turns out, is true, the Astral Healer also diagnosing epilepsy infallibly—and he being right, as always.

For a displacement of the ribs, wrongly treated by a doctor, he prescribes manipulation. For a pretty and healthy-looking girl, "who sometimes suffers from oblivion," as the Astral Healer diagnoses before she can speak, which she confirms, he says she "has a broken aura, which the astral doctors will 'fill in.' "

To a poor woman, worried with life, he says: "When you worry, you place yourself outside the Natural Law."

And so it goes—the circle of hope and fear and love, and ere the doctor of the astral vacates the body of the medium, he turns to one of those present, in dire need, to say in such tones of loving pity as cannot be conveyed in the neutral print: "Oh, my son, my son!"

If there had been one only instead of scores of these Healers—one "Wimbledon Jones," for example, who was controlled by the famous "Medicine Man," the faith-healing of psycho-therapeutics would have been proved to be fact, not fiction.

Here was one of "the greatest of these little ones." A man who, himself in frail health, and who at last, stricken in the midst of a healing in which he never spared himself, and a sickness of which he could not cure himself, has left behind him as a trail of stars on his road to the Summerland such hundreds of "incurable" cases helped or cured; such men and women and the little children he loved taken out of death's grisly maw, as alone would justify all that has been here written about faith-healing and its potentialities.

If it be asked whether faith-healing proves itself more effective in some group-cases than others—the answer is: "Yes."

As might be expected, all "nerve" cases show themselves more

susceptible to such treatment, and susceptibility varies enormously with the patient and his or her sensitiveness—that is to say "faith." But I have in a list before me such widely differing cures as those of facial paralysis; indigestion; englarged prostate gland; gastritis; kidney trouble; fatty heart; rheumatism; spinal trouble; *dementia præcox* (completely cured); neuritis; asthma; tuberculosis; and meningitis (of which I know intimately of one case entirely given up by the specialists as hopeless and the death of the boy prophesied within a year or two at most, the boy now being employed by a commercial firm and cycling and enjoying life).

Some of these cases are certified by medical men as cures, but we find in practice that many medical men, when a cure which they have been unable to effect is effected by faith-healing, are apt to change their original diagnosis! And so the tragi-comedy of medicine goes on.

In our day, hundreds of thousands, and probably millions of people are being treated all over the world by faith-healing in clinics and otherwise, often, but not of course invariably, with good result, and almost always with some amelioration where there is no cure. But no faith-healer worthy of being called to his high office, here or on the astral, ignores the ordinary homœopath or allopath. He recognizes that Medicine, despite all its shortcomings, and its cutting itself off from its very fount—the mind—and with it, religion—has made valuable discoveries, and that apart from the surgery in which such notable advances have been made, and that the wise faith-healer, and let it be said the the wise medical man, will seek mutual co-operation—even though that co-operation be termed "infamous conduct" by sulky old gentlemen who ought to know better.

The future of medicine lies basically and evocationally with psycho-therapeutics. Even within the next ten years I venture to forecast that we shall see greater and greater numbers of medical men, compelled by the facts of the cures and only by those facts, turning their professional attention to this mental side of their art, one day, to recognize in it the very source of all healing.

PROPHECY AND DREAMS

XLI

PROPHECY AND DREAMS

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed. . . ."

WHY do I write of "Prophecy and Dreams" together?

Because the world of dreams is the four-dimensional world in which the present is the past and the past the future, and because the dream itself is persistently though not exclusively prophetic. The day that man penetrates the dream world with control and understanding, he will be master of the secret of the ages which has hitherto eluded him—that is, how to foretell the future. But even here, it may be assured that the Powers behind life will have mercy upon him and will introduce so many qualifications and contradictions that man will, as heretofore, find himself no fatalist but still a creature of free-will, and if not always master of himself, master of the stars!

For here, in this eternal action and reaction of Fatalism and Free-will, is the one problem which can never be loosed until men shall be, not as gods, but as "God."

The fact that we have "memory" means, as I have elsewhere indicated, that we have "prophecy," or "remembering the future." The retrospective process actually embodies and "preconditions" that of forecast. That some day the psychologist will be able to demonstrate this other than "intuitionally" and will be able to set out the process underlying it, will, I think, be seen in the fullness of time. At any rate, we have in the meantime the actual *fact* of prohecy to support us and find that even psychoanalysts like Jung admit the prophetic dream as fact.

I wish to make the definite statement that so far as the astral prophet is concerned, to my personal knowledge scores of prophecies have been accurately fulfilled and to the letter—but not *always* to the time. Every student of the occult world is familiar with this.

Once more, *time*, having no existence for the Guides on the other side of the grave, is most difficult for them, not to comprehend but to calculate. To do so at all, the Guide has to completely metamorphose his normal "idea-outlook," and to "wrench" himself out of his very real world to this earth, which to him so often seems like a bad dream.

For the Astral Guide, the Past, the Present, and the Future are potentialities without bourne. They are, in a word, *all the same thing*.

They live in the eternal *Now*.

It is even more difficult for us to envisualize their timeless sphere than for them to envisualize our sphere of time. And this accounts for many so-called failures of prophecy from the astral. Many of the major events of the last twenty years, including the coming of the Great War, have been, however, accurately foretold to the day!

It is rare that one is able to speak from one's own experience in such a matter as prophecy—and still rarer to have one's witnesses!

The writer happens to be in that fortunate position, for the very first occult gift he discovered in himself, and that accidentally, was this queer gift of foretelling events about to happen—especially death, called by us in Ireland "*the sight*." Something not so rare as might be supposed.

Walking with him from his offices down into the Strand with the famous journalist, William T. Stead, and wishing most earnestly for him to discuss with me an article for his *Review of Reviews*, which afterwards appeared under the title "The Most Dangerous Woman in Europe," my friend as steadfastly refused to speak to me about it. Instead, he was full of a visit he was about to make to the United States in a magnificent liner which he said was "weather-proof and unsinkable."

We had come into the Strand, where Kingsway lies, when, having got a little apart from Stead, there came to me for the first time, though not the last, an overpowering conviction of impending death—in this case that my friend would be a dead man within a very short time. I was quite dismayed, and felt rather helpless.

Going home, I registered this conviction of mine for future reference, and when soon afterwards the news came that Stead's "unsinkable" ship, the *Titanic*, had gone down, but that he, with Vanderbilt, had been saved on a raft, I said at once: "He has not been saved. He is drowned."

He *was* drowned. Nor had I the faintest thought that he would meet his death on the *Titanic*, of which I heard for the first time that day.

It was within a hundred yards or so of where this conviction came to me, that one night under the Law Courts clock, I shook hands with Pete Curran, the then Labour M.P. for Jarrow, as I

remember. Again there came that overpowering conviction—that Curran would die and almost at once. And once more the forecast was immediately fulfilled, for Mr. Curran, who at that time was in full vigour, died most unexpectedly.

I had already, in my early experiments with scientists and others, in The London Occult Science Circle, seen with my fellow investigators some remarkably fulfilled prognostications made by members of the circle. Notably the miraculous re-floating of the crack liner of the time—the s.s. *Paris*, which had gone ashore on the Manacles, at Plymouth. In this case, although she had been, I believe, regarded as a total wreck, the very day and hour of her refloating was accurately foretold by one of our members, conveyed on to her decks by "mental projection," and who, incidentally, became violently seasick!

I had also seen in the same circle, composed chiefly of sceptics as I recall, an attempt by a member, for a joke and in order to demonstrate to his fellows how easily fraud could be engineered in the occult, to pretend to forecast through the crystal. Apparently the joke was on him, for afterwards he learned to his astonishment of things strange and by him, lying unconsciously and partially entranced, unknown, when gazing into the crystal he claimed to have seen an attack upon a hill by big, bearded men in long, heavy coats, the men on the hill being small men standing under a flag with the rising sun on it, they being gaitered and having on their heads the sort of cap worn at that time by telegraph boys.

The Russo-Japanese War was soon after, also unexpectedly, to break out and so fulfil a prognostication which the member himself believed to be "faked," though whether the troops did wear such uniforms, or whether, as seems more probable, the Russian uniforms at least were but "symbolic" and drawn from the Crimean War period, with which the Russian soldier had always been associated in the popular mind, is not clear.

But this prophecy, witnessed by those present and entered in the records of the circle, raises another pregnant question of the Astral Dream World—if that world be a sort of dream—and that is as to how far we do not fool ourselves when we think we are "faking," and as to how far anything that is "imagined" does not have some basis of truth? Whether indeed it be not true that

> Phantoms are we, at play with phantom elves,
> Thinking them strange—to find them but ourselves!

Of the four Derby winners which the writer gave, not after but *before* the race, in the Derbys of 1922 to 1925, there at least

can be little possibility of quibble, for of three out of the four he has independent witnesses, as also of the Oaks forecast. The facts are indeed known to many living people, they having been published repeatedly both at the time and afterwards.

The first was when I was staying in a Dublin nursing home—not as a patient, at a time when neither my wife nor myself knew much more than the head of a horse from its tail. I had never been then on a racecourse save once as a tiny boy at home in Ireland, and I have never, apart from a solitary sweepstake, had a stake in anything in my life.

A nurse came up to me in the garden of the home with a list of the Derby runners in her hand and said: "Mr. Desmond, what will win the Derby?" I, out of pure fun, said solemnly: "Show me the list."

Running my eye down the runners, of not one of which had I ever even heard so far as I remember, as it rested upon "Captain Cuttle," a rank outsider, I received a distinct shock and with it a conviction that this horse would win. So I said, still quite solemnly: "Captain Cuttle will win," and "to make it harder" added: "if Steve Donoghue rides him." This last a pure *jeu d'esprit*!

Captain Cuttle, with Donoghue up, did win and at about, I think, odds of 100 to 8.

The next year, 1923, I was at breakfast with my wife in Leicester House, our home, when rather derisively, she passed across the breakfast table the runners for the Derby of that year, of which I knew nothing, being totally uninterested in racing, and saying: "See if you can give the winner this year?"

I looked down the list and instantly felt the same "jerk" as though in my spine, and said: "Papyrus will win." I named also the second and third horses correctly except that I reversed them. Papyrus won at 100 to 15.

The next year I was in a bus in Piccadilly, when the conductor asked me: "Guv'nor, what'll win the Derby?" Looking up, my eye caught a yellow poster on which stood the name "Sansovino," and once more I felt that thrill. I said: "There is the winner," pointing to the poster. Sansovino won.

The fourth Derby was even more strange, for after deciding that Manna would win, I received a letter from my wife, who was at Bognor, that her landlady had asked her what would win—when she had unhesitatingly given "Manna"—she at this time not knowing that I had also fixed on this horse, which won at I think about 9 to 1.

Only once more did that queer thrill come to me when I told

a fellow cricketer in a club match before we went out to bat that Saucy Sue would win the Oaks of that year, which she did. Never from that moment have I had that "signal," and never have I had the slightest idea of the winner of any race. Because prophecy, I am convinced, is the one branch of mediumship, if you like to call it that, as it undoubtedly is, over which one has no control of any kind.

For "the wind bloweth where it listeth."

But none of this is more remarkable than J. W. Dunne's own carefully recorded and witnessed forecasts in that remarkable book of his: *An Experiment with Time*.

. . . . .

One of the strangest things in this day of transition, when in the world of science the mighty materialist has been flung from his seat and the humble idealist exalted, is to see how many of those faint wayward echoes from the cradle of life, once facilely called "superstition," have been discovered on the ascending spiral of evolution to have fact behind.

The savage roaming the primæval thicket was not such a fool as we had so fondly supposed. The Ape-Man, peering pathetically through the massy forest towards the sunrise, his prognathous jaw drooping disconsolate, heard cries which we have lost seeking to him from the faraway. And it is a shock to our self-esteem to find, reluctantly, that in some ways, our ape-like forbears were better scientists than we—always supposing that "science" mean unconscious as well as conscious "knowing."

The path of evolution is not steadily up an inclined plane. It is on an ascending spiral, sometimes rising, sometimes falling, but always in the end, lifting towards the unknown goal—towards that "city out of sight" for which each one of us sometimes yearns, and whose builder and maker is God—with whom we have built it.

The ghost of the savage animist now turns out to be no bogy-man conjured out of the jungle, but a real being—one indeed, as we are discovering on higher conscious level, which has always haunted each one of us from birth to death—and beyond, in the form of the astral body. The psychometrist has shown us that things have the power of taking properties from their wearers. And the voices of the night which sent and still send the African savage cowering to his hut reproduce themselves, not altogether inappropriately, in Mayfair and Fifth Avenue.

Such a *bouleversement* as that of the past half-century never has

taken place in the history of the world. It is the Twentieth Century Renaissance, compared with which the French and Italian re-births were but galvanic automatisms. The discovery of the power machine is but a feeble puttering compared with the *conscious* discovery by man in our day that he is a ghost!

Man is an animal who hates truth, but is fatally compelled to seek it! He hates to have his preconceptions disturbed. He lives on confirmation, affirmation, and approbation. He pays fat theologians, prosy professors, comfortable doctors, fat salaries to tell him that he is right. To him the truth, as the strychnine for his heart, can only be administered in almost infinitesimal doses. And like the strychnine, man bears truth badly.

And, curiously enough, this applies equally to the intellectual giantry as to dwarfish average. It is the matrix of their common humanity—necessary, for without such reconciling matrixes men would murder one another!

But in nothing more than in the mazy gossamer of dream have primitive men and the children of instinct been justified.

Dreams! Pshaw!

Dreams were but for servant girls. For silly women (though why not "silly men" is difficult to say). They were, indeed, "the stuff that dreams are made of," not, however, as it seems to me, unsuspected by Shakespeare himself to be possibly more endurable than the stuff of that youth of which he wrote that it was stuff which would not endure. For if ever a man wrote in a dream and lived in dreams it was William Shakespeare, who for all his earthiness, like all his peers, drew his inspiration from—

Lands that lie beneath the netherst star
Casting long shadows on the over worlds.

Up to yesterday, what was a dream, anyhow?

It was the product of lobster supper; of a disordered stomach or mind (to most still the same thing); it was fathered by fantasy —the thing suspect. It came from nothing and it ended in the same place.

Dreams! Pshaw!

True, that all through the ages, men and women, often men and women of thought, kept on with their silly assertions that dreams came true. That phrase even passed into the race. "The place where dreams come true" was the ideal, though if ever some of the nightmares of the human race, which it called "dreams," were to materialize into fact, then God help that race! But man always was a hopeless optimist.

You see, no reasonable man (which meant a man agreeing with the speaker) could make head or tail of a world of Downside-Up. One in which the laws of cause and effect ceased to reign. One where "snaky phantoms chased their tails and swallowed tail and all." Where the thrallèd brain nightly rode its horse of air—bred by Will o' the Wisp out of Hobgoblinery.

No fellow *could*! It wasn't *done*.

Then a fellow named Einstein came along, following another fellow, the "Angelic Doctor," once known as Thomas Aquinas, and told another fellow named Euclid to sit up and mind his straight lines. That the shortest distance between any two points was not apparently always a straight line, and that Tweedledum and Tweedledee, in other words "Time and Space," occasionally stood on their heads and even merged. That something called "space" was limited but time was unlimited (though he or somebody else changed his mind overnight), and that space had even got a kink in it. And then a demon called "Relativity" got loose, to work the very devil with all the smug stand-pat theories of the physicists—and began so to play about with the "unshakable rock of matter," that allotropic rock upon which science had built its house of cards, that, 'pon me honour! matter nearly as good as ceased to exist.

Finally, when as has already been recorded elsewhere, Pieroni, the French psychologist, meeting the American scientists, told his justifiably indignant hearers that all life is a dream, and that "what we see, hear, touch, smell, taste, and feel, think or know, are merely shadows," and to crown his dreadful heresy went on to say that "they are such stuff as dreams are made of," old-fashioned science felt that this was "coming it a bit too thick" or "thin"—as you liked.

After which, he probably did the decent thing and went out and drowned himself!

For all these grave and reverend seigniors, every man jack of them—Einstein, Jeans, Eddington, Millikan, Pieroni and Co.—were living in a dream world. Just think of it—actually living in the very thing the existence of which so many of them had once quite properly denied—living in fact in a sort of transmogrified lunatic asylum.

And, what was still worse, here was the astrologer balefully creeping in upon the heels of the astronomer! Not only creeping into those ill-considered circles of the occultist but into those of orthodoxy.

You had a great psychiatrist vouching for astrology as fact and

for its prognostications coming true. Even the despised horoscope was now said to have scientific foundations, even though everybody knew that was only something for parlourmaids and society butterflies—much of the same mental calibre.

One quite famous scientist had even franked a passage in his own book which stated that there did probably exist a sort of "magnetic conjunction" between the stars and the earth, the effect and influence of the stars therefore varying from time to time and having influence upon the earthly course of the individual man. Brain-softening of course!

But surely the foretelling of the future was not possible—*could not be possible!*

The only *point d'appui* left to those disconsolate gentlemen, whose ranks were sadly wilting under the outrageous assaults of a phantom world, was that no man could foretell anything that was going to happen. "There might be many things which we did not quite understand, things about which doubtless there was a satisfactory explanation matter-rooted, somewhere, but this dream nonsense at any rate was blithering 'unscientific' nonsense, for the dreamers actually said they sometimes dreamt of things about to happen which apparently *did* happen, damn it!"

Then a gentleman named Dunne wrote a little book.

It bore an innocuous title: *An Experiment with Time*. And this little book, in its way, did quite a lot to add to the obfuscation and irritation of the now rather dizzy old gentlemen. One is not sure it did not do even a great deal more than that.

For it actually said that each person could prove for himself or herself that dreams did sometimes forecast events, and that, *Heu! te miserum*, "coming events did sometimes cast their shadows before" as the servant girls and incidentally some of the wisest minds of all time had alleged.

As for himself, he had foretold the Martinique Earthquake and the Forth Bridge disaster—and, worst of all, had had it recorded and got independent witnesses to attest it, *before*, not after, the event. But then, according to him—anyone could prove it.

Now the ugly thing about all this business was that Mr. Dunne was no flyaway spiritualist or giddy theosophist—but a sane mathematician and inventor, having, indeed, in the fledgling days of flying, invented the first really stabilized aeroplane—the well-known Arrowhead aeroplane. You couldn't get over him, damn him!

The naughty old gentlemen were rapidly becoming blasphemous.

The writer of these words, incidentally, with a few hundred others, took Mr. Dunne at his word, with the result that, amongst others, he had the following series of experiences.

Dunne had asserted that if one dreamt about a word which he had never seen before, he would most probably read that word within the next few days or weeks. The dream-memory being notoriously unreliable, you were advised to write the word down immediately on waking.

I dreamt of two words, I dreamt of the words "purl" and "rigg."

The former I saw within a few days in a book of short stories of which the title of one was "Purl and Plain," "purl" being a term in knitting. The other word I read soon after in Upton Sinclair's *Oil* it turning out to mean the crew of an oil well, which I did not know.

Then I dreamed the word *pericoloso*.

A few days afterwards, looking up an *English* dictionary for something else, I accidentally found this word inset and discovered it to be the Italian for "dangerous."

My third experience was in the middle of the Pacific with perhaps three thousand miles of sea on one side of me and two on the other, in my Finnish windjammer, in which I went round the Horn in 1930. (We were, I might say, as completely isolated on the great waters as the Noah's Ark with which we had so much in common, having neither wireless, condenser, nor refrigerator.)

I dreamt the word "Cheesman" or "Cheeseman," not knowing whether it was a name or an ordinary noun. With that word I dreamt at the same time the words "Los Angeles."

Some days after, I saw my captain reading a *MacLean's Magazine* of August 1st, 1930, for he could read English. Gazing idly at the back of the magazine I saw the words: "Al. Cheesman," and discovered that this was the Mr. Cheesman, the Canadian, who was aviator to the Wilkins Antarctic Expedition of which I knew nothing, and of whom I had never heard until that moment: but the words "Los Angeles" I could not find.

At last, after a search, I discovered in the top right-hand corner of the page the picture of Mr. Cheesman's aeroplane, which was called the "Los Angeles."

A little after, meeting Lady Wilkins, when travelling in Florida, she confirmed the facts, saying that "Al. Cheesman," who had since died, had been her husband's aviator and that the name of his plane was the "Los Angeles."

I met this lady by what people call "pure chance," something else that would appear to be a figment of the imagination and the stuff that dreams are made of, for as I have written elsewhere, it would seem indicated at times that not only the universe, but we ourselves as part of that universe (so often unhappily confusing our identity with the whole!), are also "hung on wireless."

Of course it is possible that on the new ingenious materialist explanation of world-telepathy, and all the thoughts and writings of man being open to me (as indeed, in another sense may yet appear to be fact), I knew of these words and with them of everything of the story of the world. Only, if that be so, it really means that there is nothing more left for any human being to learn about anything. He knows it all—only . . . he can't always put his hands on his knowledge!

To draw on Shakespeare once more: "It is a mad world, my masters."

It is more than a mad world—it is a *world of dreams.*

But if dreams be the only realities?

We shall see.

XLII

THE ASTRAL DREAM-WORLD

Oh Mensch! Gieb Acht!
Was spricht die tiefe Mitternacht?
"Ich schlief, ich schlief—
"Aus tiefem Traum bin ich erwacht:—
"Die Welt ist tief,
"Und tiefer als der Tag gedacht.
"Tief ist ihr Weh—
"Lust—tiefer noch als Herzeleid;
"Weh spricht: Vergeh!
"Doch alle Lust will Ewigkeit—
"——will tiefe, tiefe, Ewigkeit!"

Nietzsche's *Also sprach Zarathustra.*

Of all our lives we spend about one-third in sleep. So incurious is man about his deeper being, that he rarely asks himself where he is and what it is he does during that third?

At home in bed with his wife most people would say.

No, he is not at home. He is abroad, minding his own business in the cosmos. For the business of all spirits is first cosmic—after that, terrestrial—and man is a spirit—unless all of which this book writes is built of the fabric of dream.

His body is at home and in bed. But the body is not the man. It is but the shell of the man. We live *in* our shells—we do not call our shells *ourselves.*

A snail lives in its shell—but the shell is not the snail. A man lives in his house—but the house is not the man. Nor is even the ghost the house, or "temple," as, dimly suspicious of the facts, we sometimes call the body to give it dignity.

It is only a bull-headed dogma which calls the shell the man.

Men and women often ask: "What is all this talk about the astral? I've never been in the astral." Like that perfectly honest and as perfectly limited rationalist editor who once declared to me: "Spirits touching you. Fudge! Nothing ever touches me!"

The reply is that even in the body pent we live nearly as much on the astral as on the earth, or at least in touch with the astral, for only some of us actually visit it during sleep. But all of us leave our bodies during sleep, and those who have not the power to cross the Astral Sea, as I will term it, or, if you prefer, the

Borderland between the two worlds, can contact their astral visitors, who come down to meet them for training and help. We visit or contact the astral world at least once each twenty-four hours when we sleep—and sometimes even when we don't sleep. If we drink too much alcohol, we can be forced into the lower astral—hence the nightmare of delirium tremens, which the pathologist, like the alienist, fondly imagines to be hallucination. Even when we indulge in day-dreams we sometimes pass for a fleeting moment into the astral.

But at night, when we sleep, very definitely, the Ghostly Inhabitant leaves its house or body, but does not lock the door. The only thing that holds the key to the door is a friend of us all whom we, especially those of us who assert that they welcome him, persist in regarding as enemy. That friend we call Death.

When Death turns the key, as will be seen, there can be no return to our house from the astral.

What, for instance, was my own "ghost" doing that winter's night in my Pullman, when *it*, or something else, led me to the strangest occult experience of my life, save one.

I had boarded the 6 p.m. train at Los Angeles for my first visit to San Francisco, on a lecture tour of the Pacific Coast, and was awakened at 2 a.m. the next morning with a vivid impression of the name of a girl I had known as a boy in Ireland some quarter of a century before. It was like a "voice," yet not a voice, for I am not clairaudient, and, until the last few years, my major occult experiences were few.

"Would it not be strange," I said to myself "if Kathleen O'Gorman were to be one of San Francisco's millions and that I should meet her to-morrow?" And so fell asleep.

The next morning, as I saw the twin cities of Oakland and 'Frisco, I recalled my dream, so strongly indeed that after breakfasting I set out to see if I could find this particular needle in this particular haystack.

I had heard many years before that Kathleen had, through reverses to her family, been compelled to go into hotel work, and, as it turned out, though I could not then remember it, had even been told of an American hotel in which she had been engaged. As for the name of the hotel, even if she were still there, I could not have recalled it to save my life.

But so strong was the dream, I first visited the St. Francis, one of the largest hotels in America, to see if such a name were on the staff list. And of course it wasn't and of course I reproached myself for my foolishness!

All that day I spent with a friend across the bay at San Salito, forgetting completely Kathleen. It was only when my ferry-boat brought me back on a night of stars past the gold-honeycombed shadow of St. Paul, the prison in the bay, and landed me before the four-faced clock at the stage with its hands pointing to seven minutes to seven, for me often a significant number, that I remembered Kathleen. (And in this, I have at least behind me, Pythagoras, the father of numerology!)

Something said to me at that instant, but not in spoken words: "Go up the left side of such and such a street, and there you will find Kathleen."

Feeling still like a fool, I walked up that enormously broad thoroughfare, and on the left saw lifted high the electric sign of a great hotel. That "voice," if voice it can be called, for it was purely telepathic, again said: "Go into that building and you will meet the girl you knew as a boy."

I did so, asking at the "reception" for my friend by name, when to my astonishment my enquiry seemed to be taken as a matter of course, I being directed to a house telephone and told to ask for a certain suite.

This I did, when, on a voice coming to the other end of the instrument, I asked: "Is that Kathleen O'Gorman?" The reply was: "Yes. Who are you?"

The name of my friend was not an unusual one in a city that is filled and run by my countrymen, and so I held myself under control, first going downstairs to have a wash and brush up—*and believing all the time I was possibly dreaming.*

When I stepped out of my lift, I saw at the other end of the long, lighted corridor what, at that distance, looked like a tiny figure of Dresden china, with high piled *white* hair. I could not recognize it, forgetting that nearly thirty years had passed since I had last seen it under its crown of raven, a tall, handsome blue-eyed girl.

For it *was* Kathleen O'Gorman.

Now what is this? Is it a dream of prophecy? What could be its significance in the case of a girl between whom and myself there had never existed any particular affection or understanding? Is it that through the evanescent network of dream we are all held together on a sort of astral wireless? Is it even true that souls of the same reincarnation-vibration are often again reincarnated down the ages as we are told?

What does it all mean?

And:

What is the astral?

To answer that we must draw partly upon experiment, partly upon direct information from the astral world.

It would seem to be the plane or sphere lying closest of all spheres to our earth, a plane somewhat older than but of the exact dimensions of this earth, of which it is literally the ghost. For everything on this earth from a skin pore to an atom has its actual "ghost" and its "astral correspondence." It has time and space as we have—but unlike us, some of those who inhabit it apparently know that "time" and "space" are but terms and that neither have real existence except as abstractions, and so its people usually tell us that they are "timeless" and practically "spaceless." It lies around and about through this earth, being interpenetrant with it.

When we leave the body, the ghost, that is our second or, if you like, "real" Self, is careful to hold connection with its earthly tabernacle by means of a silver cord, which connects it with the navel, that is, from the ghost-navel to the body-navel, and, though we seldom hear of it, by another cord from brain to brain, and, indeed by many tiny filaments. If by shock, or accident, this dual cord be really severed, as apart from *apparent* death, no power on earth or in heaven can reconnect it—for have we not said that universal law apparently obtains throughout the universe?

This cord seems capable of illimitable extension. It is not, therefore, ectoplasmic, but rather etheric. For ectoplasmic rods can be snapped, and in the "Direct Voice," as we have seen, if we extend the trumpet beyond a certain distance, it falls to the ground.

Having left the body, we pass, or, to speak more precisely, the "soul-body" inheld by the "ghost" passes, into the astral which is the world of Fourth Dimension—for in it all the laws of our earth-time and space vanish. In it, as in the dream, the fourth impinges on the third dimension. I myself have had a long dream between a clock beginning to strike midnight and finishing the striking. It may even be that one day we shall discover that all events in "time" have taken place at the same instant! In it, transition is possible by *thought* in a moment a thousand miles away, for the astral world still has space and time of a sort—only both of these are conquered.

In it we can go about our un-earthly business, as sure as, on earth, we go about our earthly. And, again, unless all the results of numerous experiments and communications are but phantom deceivers, we can over there work in its *mental* hospitals for sick

spirits (remember: the physical body there having ceased to exist, there is no physical ill). We can and do learn in that World of the Unconscious with which we play, calling it the "Subjective Mind," the lessons which afterwards rise laboriously above the threshold of the earthy consciousness.

We go to school there—an extension class. We can hear the doctors there give their astral lectures upon time and space, upon good and evil, sickness and health, and get behind not only the astral psychology but the astral physiology. We can "learn" a little closer to first causes than here.

But, it may be urged: "Sometimes one hears the banging of a real door in one's sleep, when instantly the dream takes on the character of something in which a door or similar object is banging. Surely you don't claim that in such a case it is a real experience?"

All dreams are "truncated," with the superimposition upon the third of the fourth dimension, the dimension in which dreams have their being. May not the banging of the door heard here on this earth simply be a "door" (literally) to open upon a new series of experiences, real in themselves, of the astral? The merciless jumble of dream, caused by the four-dimensional mind struggling to fit itself to the three-dimensional mind of man, does not mean that the experiences are not real.

And anyhow, if it comes to that, how can anybody at any time have any *experience* which is *not real*?

Man, the four-dimensional spirit, still struggling in the mesh of his three-dimensional earthy-mind, is always striving to fit his celestial experiences to the mould and scale of his terrestrial, trying, indeed, to place his celestial self in the shoes of his terrestrial.

Not that this explains everything. The truth is that in the dream-world we are still fighting phantoms of whom we know almost nothing.

And when we have done that, we return to our earthly abode, and wake up to say naïvely, "We have had a dream."

The nightmarish effect and the jumble of cause and effect in the truncated astral is due to that impingement of the Fourth upon the Third. On the astral, with our faculties sharpened and our observation brightened to the *n*th degree, it is all understandable. It is only when, on our return, we seek to enclose this abnormal in the norm, or three-dimensional world, that it eludes and even seems at times ridiculous to us.

Only *some* dreams are prophetic. But if there is one thing

which more than another seems to indicate that "coming events do throw their shadows before," it is the dream of prophecy. Once more we are face to face with the assumption already put forward that man may one day discover that the fact of being able to cast back upon invisible trails, which we all leave behind us as we pass through life, from life to life and from star to star, that is the casting back which we call "memory," implies the gift of forecasting.

If, as is asserted by the Indian sages, the whole story of our earth is written upon the *akasa* or "ether" in a sort of dream-film, and that this can by the occultist be unrolled as a film from "The Greater Memory," then it is also possible that the day may come when we shall be able to unroll not only that film of the past but also the film of the future as a sort of what is called by the Indians "*Anagata-ramsa*" or "The History of Future Events." With what results to the human race and to the individual, who can have the wit or the imagination to estimate?

Dream-control must be our goal in what is really the science of dreams.

Many methods have been advocated to this end, and already it is true that as we all know, to a certain extent we *can* control our dreams. This is specially noticeable in the lascivious dream, in which our spiritual inhibitions can and do often make themselves felt against our lower nature.

And if any inherent proof were needed of the independent volition of the astral and other beings which haunt our dreams, and of their *reality*, it would I think be found in the fact that they often most persistently act contrary to both our desires and expectations. (We find something of the same phenomenon when "the beings of our creation" as we novelists and dramatists fondly and foolishly call them, take the bit in their teeth in spite of our guiding hand and "go off on their own.")

When we at death pass over to the astral, we then become dream-creatures with probably full control of our dreams, which there can and do assume concrete form—something alone which probably compels the astrals to urgent self-control of their own dream-function.

It seems to me that some such process as is advocated by the East for learning the details of our past lives, but in a forward instead of a backward direction, may be necessary for dream-control.

They tell us, as my friend Herbert Burrows also told me he had himself tested and found accurate, that in order to discover

what we have been and done in our past lives, all we have to do is to begin at the immediate instant, work back each thought and action through the previous twenty-four hours, and so on, day by day, week by week, and year by year, across the dividing line of our previous incarnation—and so continue.

I believe that some such process, but, as I said, a forward-process, is possible, in order to secure "prophetic control." This "thinking ahead" is actually accomplished by all of us in modified form. Each time that we are arranging for or providing against some possible future accident or incident, we are really "prophesying" though we know it not. We objective twentieth-century people are so strictly segregated in our thought, as in our religion and lives, that we have labelled and tagged all our thought and indeed life processes and actions into certain named and rigidly segregated categories, so that we live in a constant muddle as to what we are and are not.

We are, indeed, intensely, conservatively orthodox, and to us the "prophet" is still, in the main, a wild-eyed Robinson-Crusoe sort of man with a long beard, clad in goat-skins and eating wild honey and locusts (not that we know what *they* are). We are, indeed, not only intensely conservative but intensely funny! and, as I happen to know, are a constant source of amusement and amazement to *our own selves* on the Other Side of Death.

I have made at times in this book strange drafts upon the imaginative trust of my readers, to whom, however, I say in all seriousness and sincerity, that behind each statement made, apart from the purely speculative, there stands veridical base. But never, perhaps, shall I have made greater demands upon that intelligent-critical imagination than in what I am about to relate from the Gardens of the Trianon at Versailles, which I have visited more than once.

Here, indeed, have we our astral dream-world in its more exquisite phase—that of "dreaming into the past," as I will call it, and with it the unrolling back of the *akasa* of the Indian.

When Anne E. Moberly and Eleanor F. Jourdain, both of whom have been Principals of St. Hugh's College, Oxford, Miss Moberly being the daughter of the Biship of Winchester, walked that day of 1902 into the Trianon, once the playground of Marie Antoinette, they did not know that they were walking from to-day into yesterday.

Invaded by a strange depression, they were surprised to notice that some of the people they encountered were attired in curiously old-fashioned dress. Of these people they asked their way and

spoke with them a little. They met the dark Comte de Vaudreuil; heard the rustle of silk and running feet; listened to the old stringed music.

Anne Moberly saw a lady sketching, but it was not until afterwards that she recognized this eighteenth-century lady as the Marie Antoinette who still "haunted" the gardens.

This was no transient vision. No "hallucination" which the stodgier societies of psychical research could "explain away" as one of them tried to do. For again and again these two ladies, of unimpeachable antecedent and mental equipment, walked out of the twentieth into the eighteenth century in the Trianon, and again and again they met and spoke with these ghosts out of a dead past.

Shrinking from publicity, they first published their experiences in 1911 anonymously and now, after further faithful and minute examination, they give the story under their own names. Costume by costume, uniform by uniform, and even the ghostly music, they have been able to check each incident and each detail.

Twenty years ago, their story would have been laughed at and they themselves pilloried. Not so to-day, when the twentieth century is being shaken in its cock-suredness and to its materialist marrow!

O dark and lovely dreaming.

With what an artistry has not all this been indicated in that lovely book of du Maurier: *Peter Ibbetson!* Perhaps himself unconscious, the author, being worked on and over by his spirit guides, has etched for all time the fairy story of our dream of life and death, to retract himself and his readers into the dream-world of the past, in the unforgettable phrase: "Dreaming at will."

Yes, we can, if we will, dream ourselves at will back into the intangible past and forward into the still more intangible future of which that past is part. We can, 'an' we will, walk in old-world gardens of long ago in which we once strolled to scent the thyme and the pinks of another age. We can, once more, meet our true love to pass with her down the avenues of memory . . . and, the miracle of all, if we will, taking her by the hand, go forward with her through the gates of the dawn!

Dreaming at will.

XLIII

"THE DREAM THAT MEN CALL LIFE"

WHICH brings one naturally to a consideration of that side of "Dream and Prophecy" which may be called and is in other connections so often miscalled "multiple personality."

The scientists of yesterday regarded the phenomenon of a man or woman living and moving and having their beings in three or thirteen different ways as being something which they called "multiple personality," instead of seeing in it a simple case of "possession" by various discarnate entities.

But though they as yet know it not, it will soon begin to dawn upon those who are humble in spirit and prepared to learn, that each one of us may have "multiple personality" in a sense never dreamed by the scientist or, indeed, by the lay brother.

It is my own belief that the *conscious* side of this earthly life of ours is but an infinitesimal fraction of the life, or if you prefer, "lives," which we each one of us live elsewhere and *simultaneously with the earthly life* in the subliminal and supraliminal consciousnesses, using the latter term in the sense of being outside and above the ordinary consciousness.

To this I have already indirectly alluded, nor is it possible for me here to go into the reasons for a concept which is largely one of personal intuition. It will be enough here and now to say that constantly we are finding certain great spirits manifesting at the same moment in far differing places on the surface of the earth—something which orthodox science once sapiently held to be proof of fraud by the mediums!

But I go farther.

I believe these egos of ours have set their *antennæ* in the farthest heavens and that *we not only live our individual lives here but are attached to a "Greater Group-life" on the astral and, in a deeper, fuller sense, as part of the Universal Brotherhood, that we live on every plane of existence throughout the Cosmos and at the same moment.*

"Those that have ears to hear, let them hear!"

In a very real sense we shall, I imagine, one day learn that all existence is indistinguishable and simultaneous, and that no segregation is possible. That we are, indeed, all of us, our brother's keeper, because we are our own! None of which

inhibits the development of individuality and personality to the utmost. For one day we may discover that "Nirvana" is not the absorption of the ego by the cosmos but of the cosmos by the ego—the supreme individualism!

And to venture one step farther into the deeps, it may not be so many decades away that Science will be forced to admit, as it is already beginning so to be forced without knowing it or putting it into words, that *there is neither past, present, nor future*; that probably our present is conditioned by our future as much as our future is conditioned by our present and our past; and that therefore time and space are not!

Further than that I imagine we at present dare not go in the dream that men call life, and even these speculations are put out timorously and apologetically enough, more particularly as they largely lie outside the scope of this book.

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER DEATH?

XLIV

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER DEATH?

WE are now reaching the end of our quest after the living-dead, and have come to that bourne which we all must one day pass and which we know as "Death," and beyond which we shall observe no longer "through a glass darkly but face to face" and "know even as we are known." We are now asking ourselves the only question in the world that really matters—the one question which every human being who has ever lived has asked himself: "*What happens after Death?*"

. . . . .

But in attempting to answer that question in the following pages, it must not be forgotten that we are, as a rule, here speaking of the middle and upper planes of the astral, though it is not possible, I am authoritatively informed, for us humans to reach on this earth-plane beyond the fourth plane of our future home, at least on "passing over," although it may be possible, experimentally, to communicate by "relays" with the fifth, sixth and seventh planes.

Once more, if nothing happens, then that is an end of everything, including this book. Nothing can matter to us any more. The "sensible" rationalist may call upon his bloodless, "ethical" gods—for, like all other men, he lives by his gods and his gods live by him—to witness that he is perfectly satisfied with the state to which it has pleased "God"—or Something—to call him, and when his little day passes into what he believes to be the Eternal Night, having done his duty by wife and family and society, to go out into that Night with head high and heart unshaken. "Who's afraid?"

Yet, even as he asks it, this bravest of all beings, seeing that his courage is one in the face of extinction, there steals into that unshaken heart the hope that he does go on—somewhere, somehow. Even the Champion of Death has a wish for life. If not, why then did he trouble to live for the last twenty-four hours?

But what, if, as this book has, I claim, proved to the hilt, we do survive death? What then?

What sort of a world is it on the Other Side?
What sort of people live there?
And that disquieting searching question:
What happens Over There after "death"?

. . . . .

Let us first see how organized religion answers the supreme question: "What happens after Death?"

It begins, although in all ingenuous and indeed ingenious sincerity with a dogmatic statement. It says: "The answer to this question rests upon *faith.*"

When the little manikin man, standing naked and shivering before Death's sable portals, turns to organized religion in all its pomp and glory to ask his trembling question, and, in the words of the great organizer who, all unknowing, organized the spirit of the Master whom he so faithfully loved, out of the church, and says: "But, Sirs, 'faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen'—can you not feed this poor little brain and soul of mine upon food more substantial? Can't you tell me what *happens* after death?" the answer comes, inexorable:

"You *must* have faith!"

If the manikin, being a sensible little manikin and really wanting to know, facing what seems to him in that dread hour to be the end of everything, persist, and ask in despair for the evidence upon which that "faith" rests, and for at least some *facts* about the next world, Organized Religion in the Churches whether Christian, Muhammadan, Buddhist, or other, sets out the evidence in what to it undoubtedly are facts, in something like the following order:

First, its sacred writings or teachings handed down by word of mouth—the Bible, the Koran and so on, for which it claims either divine or semi-divine inspiration.

Next, it calls upon the ecstatic experiences of its saints living and dead, celestial and terrestrial, to bear witness to what they have said in fleeting reference about the after-death conditions.

In that hour of dreadful clarity, our little man remembers with sinking heart that the descriptions of these conditions vary from a highly artificial and what would be often an intensely boring heaven of harps and wings, to the wildest and most sensually senseless contemplations, or, in the case of the Buddhist, to such a perpetual and abstract nirvanic "flow" of impersonal life gradually becoming more and more anæmic as it absorbs and is

absorbed by the cosmos, as makes it like nothing on earth . . . or, for that matter, perhaps, in "heaven." As for "the Churches by law established," our little friend feels by now that he would as soon think of getting from them the answer satisfactory as an Established Bishop would think of being called into a disestablished deathbed.

But, as our little friend, naked and still unshriven, once more, sees, all these descriptions vary with the religion and the individual; he is to discover once more in bitterness that man still makes God and heaven after his own image . . . having, indeed, poor fellow, until recently, when he began to take intelligent *conscious* interest in the affairs of his future home, no other model.

But no religion tells him whether his will be a living body of flesh and blood, or, if one of spirit, whence and how that spirit draws its sustenance and how it comports itself and how it reacts to the things of earth from which it has just taken its leave.

It tells him nothing about art or humour or love-making or science and especially religion on the Other Side, or how one gets there and how and by whom one is received. It says nothing about whether all difference of opinion vanishes there, and if so, what takes the place of the thing that is the mainspring of all life and evolution. Nor does it say whether we are re-born into perfection without any effort of our own, or if into imperfection, then what sort of imperfection.

Buddhism, it is true, does give certain vague, tentative answers to some of these questions but despite its claim to empirical proof, in such metaphysical impersonal terms, and varying so enormously with the type of Buddhist, that one shrewdly suspects Buddhism has come as far away from the teachings of its wise and great Founder as the Christian sometimes appears to have come away from Christ. But Buddhism is a philosophy rather than a religion, the difference between a "philosophy" and a "religion" being that religion is philosophy touched by passion.

As to whether there are Churches and political parties and sects both of science and religion on the Other Side as here, and whether the superstitions of the scientist and the theologian still persist Over There, organized religion on the whole is silent. Not that our little friend asks this last, as the only superstitions of which he has heard are of something called "The Heathen" and the "spiritualist"—for him the heathen's first cousin.

About so vital a question as reincarnation, which also does not trouble our friend, the Christian Churches are discreetly silent—

despite the fact that it was taught up to the Council of Nicea, that is for some centuries after the passing of a Christ who even in the imperfect reporting of the gospels does make allusion to it. Like their forbears, who feared that if man knew that he had more than one life, priest and Church would lose their grip.

Our little man begins to vaguely realize that "Faith," like its twin brother, "intuition," is apt to be a wavering compass, the lodestar to which it responds varying with the type of faith. Neither human "faith" nor human "intuition" is infallible. If they were, then all our human problems, including that of our little manikin, would be solved at one moment, and we would be reduced to automata!

Even he does not want that! Even "reason," about which our enquiring little friend talks so much and in which he has had so pathetic a belief, and itself an interpreter rather than an originator, is not infallible. Perhaps least of all infallible, seeing that it cannot save even the scientist from his superstitions.

Buddha was not only the supreme exponent of Reason but the supreme Agnostic, as with its wrongheaded interpretation he would be called to-day by the Western World if it knew anything about him or his philosophy. But he was only agnostic in the sense that as a very wise man, he held himself in a neutral receptive attitude to life and death; made no assertions; warned his followers not to waste their time by useless mental gymnastics and speculation; and finally himself passed into the Nirvana which the West and especially the Western scholar, thinks foolishly of as Nothingness.

But because the Churches are indefinite about Life after death does not mean that they are indefinite in everything.

For here enters what is perhaps of all the phenomena dealt with in this book the most curious. That is, the hostile attitude of the Organized Church of the West, known as the Christian Church, to any definite teachings of what happens after death and, indeed, generally speaking, of any attempt to find out what so happens.

There is a certain strange incredibility about this which only needs to be set down for it to be felt. For surely if conditions of Life after Death were the concern of anything or anybody they would be the concern of the Churches! Not that any of this ever crossed the mind of our manikin, who had always taken everything for granted until this last dread hour.

It may, I believe, be fairly said that organized religion, possibly sometimes even with good grounds, right from the beginning

warned the true believer against any "dabbling in the occult." And, although now forced by empty churches to begin "to play with the devil," that is with survival, in order to tempt reluctant congregations, it still secretly, and in the case in particular of one great Christian Church, openly regards any experimental investigation into survival and the after-life conditions as fraught with danger to both body and soul.

It is, indeed, an extraordinary position, and one of the few which those who come after us will find it as impossible to envisualize as we to-day find it impossible to envisualize the mental outlook of a Moses or a Torquemada.

Any positive statements by the Churches until recently as to what happened after death was that man spent his eternity either in a place of bliss or in a place of punishment. Nor did it ever seem to occur to organized religion that for a man's eternity to be determined by the breath-spasm of seventy or eighty years in this world was so ridiculous, indeed grotesque, as not to bear investigation.

Now all the Churches, without exception, have considerably modified their teachings about such places as "hell"and "heaven," the former of which has become smaller and beautifully less, and the latter larger and more elastic, some going so far as to reduce them to "spiritual" instead of the very physical conditions which hitherto they had always taught. Of these changes their followers, as indeed they themselves, are scarcely aware, and especially our little manikin.

Their concepts have become enormously accommodating, but they have not become more definite.

When our poor little manikin, bewildered, turns to Science, now dethroned as a guide to the profundities of death, but once quasi-King of that realm, and asks his now irritating question: "But, please, what *does* happen after Death?" and then more pleadingly: "does *anything* happen?" he finds himself, on the whole, no better off than when he asked the theologian and the Churches.

Science, whose high-priests have in our day so subtly replaced those of the Churches, has not been any more definite in its statements as to what happens after death—save that on the whole it contends, and most unscientifically contends against all the evidence as we have seen, that nothing does happen for there is nothing!

Its attitudes, for there are more than one, as we have seen from preceding pages, may be summed up as follows:

Either (*a*) that death being the end of all, nothing whatever can happen; or (*b*) the "modified materialist" form, that the bodily substance, in some etheric form, "passes back into the life-stream," whatever that may mean, and goes to form the stuff out of which fresh worlds, and presumably fresh beings without souls, are born, or is metamorphosed, and absorbed in some other way, but that, so far as we as yet know, there is no life after death about which to speak:

Or (*c*) the new school, which, casting off the superstitions of science, and careful only for truth and fact, and following only the evidence, declares that man does survive death—and then after further investigation still proceeding reaches certain conclusions about the daily life of the "dead," some of which we shall set out later.

But it was when Sir Oliver Lodge threw his bombshell into the amazed ranks of organized science, by his famous statement as President of the British Association, that he believed survival to be proved, and then went on to give various details of the life beyond the grave, that psychic survival history was made in our time.

It is to such track-blazers that out little manikin at last turns a despairing eye now lit up with hope.

Let us now see that we can definitely tell him of what he may reasonably expect to meet when he passes through those dread portals of Death—and that not *only* by faith but by experience, the necessary precursor of which is faith.

XLV

"A MAN IS DYING"

So here is our manikin as he slowly passes beneath the heavy portals.

He hears the voices of those about him as from an immense distance; catches perhaps a broken-hearted cry; and feels rather than knows that someone is going on a long journey, and is rather surprised to find that the traveller is he himself—moving towards that bourne from which, as he has always heard, no traveller ever returns.

He knew of course that one day he would have to take this journey, but he had never really thought about it, and the strange thing is that even now he does not think about it. In fact, it comes to him with startling suddenness in one of those intensely lucid moments, which every now and then shoot across his death-dream, that in life, he had often been shocked at the speed with which he and others forgot even their nearest and dearest when they had died. Perhaps death, after all, *was* natural.

It does not seem at all the terrible ordeal which he had supposed. It seems as natural as sleep.

And sleep it is, for even as he thinks it, a mist envelops him, and he falls asleep.

. . . . .

It is not so long afterwards that he awakens from the sleep into which he has fallen to find himself surely in a dream from which he will soon awaken—standing beside his own body and looking down upon it as it lies there so still and with an unexpected dignity.

His wife is there, and his youngest child; and he sees the mother lift the child "to take a last look" at her father—and his wife has tears in her eyes though she does not weep. "To take a last look" sounds so quaint. Why a "last look?" when here is their father standing beside them!

"*What then is the thing which lies on the bed?*"

The unexpected question comes to him as he stands there, as though someone else had asked it.

He turns to those he loves on earth to ask them the meaning

of all this; but although he repeats his question several times and even goes up to his wife to do so, he finds to his distress that she pays no attention to him. He turns to his little daughter, but although he hears her say to her mother: "Oh! mother, I just saw daddy for a second and then he disappeared," she seems already to have forgotten all about him.

Although he can still hear the chirp of an evening sparrow outside under the eaves, and catch the faint nailparing of the new moon thin-rising over the dark wood which he has known from babyhood, and catch the scent of the flowers of the night, nobody seems to take any notice of him any more. He who was so important and so vital! They only seem to notice that ridiculous mask lying there in the bed, which once housed him and the presence of which, separate from him, seems so puzzling. Until he finds that connecting the new "him" to the old is a sort of silver cord holding navel to navel as the child is held after delivery from the womb of the mother.

He stands there wondering what all this doth mean, but being accidentally stepped on by his wife, he finds to his astonishment but not to hers, that he cannot feel the impact of her foot as she walks *through* him as though he did not exist! It is only a little later that he discovers that in order to cross the room it is not necessary to go round by the bed, but to walk through it, body and all!

And, later still, as he stands at the French window, looking out on the enchanted night, and leaning his face against it, he finds himself passing through the glass as though it were non-existent, to feel himself floating over the garden outside under the paring of the new moon.

There is the house in which he had lived so much of his life, with all the curtains drawn except in that chamber where the body that *was* him lies. The long, low lovely house, with its *jalousies* and heavy eaves. A thin plume of smoke rises faint against the stars.

It is only in that moment, having passed through the window and suddenly found himself outside floating over the close green sward, and looking at his own house, that he knows he is *dead*!

Dead, when he had never felt so living and with such a sense of relief at being freed from *something*.

"Dead?"

Free from the physical body!

The shock sets him a-tingle from head to foot, and he faints away.

. . . . .

There is a blue haze about him as he "comes to himself." He feels presences near him but he can hear no voices, and as he comes to, he finds himself, as he expected, in bed. About the bed figures are standing, white-clothed, silent. A couple of men and a girl. One of the men, a youngster of twenty or so, he seems to know, but he can't quite place him.

But everything about him seems to be in the blue haze, even the white linen clothes of those who stand and wait.

The bed is not his bed. The room not his room.

There is a bowl of roses on a table by his bedside and the air seems "blue" and mellifluous. A window is open near at hand and he can see outside a blue sky light-filled by a gentle permeation that does not seem to proceed from any sun—and, yes, he is sure of it—he can even hear the song of a bird somewhere and he sees, just beyond the window, a tall slender Lady of the Forest with her leaves a-tremble.

He tries to speak in order to ask what has happened to him, and how he came to this lovely room? But one of the men places his hands on his lips for him to keep silence. "It is not good for you to speak just now," he says. "Says?" No, not "says," for he realizes slowly that the doctor, as he supposes he is, has not spoken. And there quickly comes to him a strange thing—he seems to know what the others are thinking without speech! "Sleep now," says the doctor, but again not with his tongue but *with his mind.*

. . . . .

Once more he falls asleep, and when he wakes he discovers that the silver cord has been loosed and is no longer there; that he has left off his earthly body with the earth itself and is now an inhabitant of the astral, having taken the first step of a journey which will never end, and which never began!

But it is not until long afterwards that he realizes the subtle transposition of the earthly senses brought about by the astral, in which sight and hearing become "Rontgen-rayed" in their power, and in which telepathy or "listening-in" as he calls it becomes the normal method of speech. Some senses seem to have vanished only to be replaced by others. And, until he learns how to control it, the power of instantaneous locomotion through "will" is positively affrighting!

Our Manikin finds that he is not Man the Body—but Man the Spirit!

XLVI

ARRIVAL ON THE ASTRAL

In some such wise as our little friend shall we all one day experience what he has experienced, in one way or other, for no two humans die in the same way any more than that any two of them live in the same way.

That after-death sleep may last a few minutes or it may last many years to enable the poor tired soul to recover and to draw strength for the new life from the secret founts of the astral. For all any of us know to-day, that sleep may extend in some cases to thousands or even millions of years in a region where Time is not and Space itself only a phantasm of the Living.

I believe that after death one of the most difficult things for us to believe is that we are really *dead*! Like our little manikin, immediately after what is called death—that is to say, when the heart has ceased to beat, which is not death at all!—we are often distressed to find that those to whom we speak cannot hear us or even see us—until we suddenly realize that we are free from something.

It is only afterwards, that is, after we have seen our own funeral and "listened in" to the thoughts of our friends and enemies at that funeral, and watched half in amusement half in amazement at the solemn rites over the throwing away of what we now know to be an old suit of clothes—the thing which lies in that black box, flower-covered, and after we have found that silver cord shrivelling up and then severing, that we know we are *dead* and were it not for those we have left behind and whom we love, thank God for it!

. . . . .

Our little man has at last arrived on the astral and knows himself to be a dead little man—but very much alive. He is looking about him to see what he may see and to hear what he may hear in this world which seems at first glance to be so disappointingly like the one he has just left.

But not altogether "disappointingly." It is so warm and "earthy" that he instantly feels at home. He had rather expected—so far as he had expected anything—to see a lot of rather sexless

people going about in nightgowns playing on harps and singing hymns.

Instead, he finds the women and men about him much as he is himself, only that they seem to have chosen more becoming clothes as a whole. Though he is privately glad to find that some of them do still wear the dreadful "bowler" and the stiff awkward mannequinish male dress of "down below," as he is beginning to call the earth he has just left. (It is not until long afterwards he discovers that the women there weave their lovely shimmering fabrics by literally "creating" them out of ether by *thought*.)

He has already discovered that the place where he awakened was a mental rest station for the reception of souls who had shuffled off "the body of this death," and that the intelligently sympathetic men and women there are doctors and nurses who have chosen this for their work in a place where he is rapidly finding that freedom of choice is much less restricted than in the ugly commercial world he has left. Though he does not yet realize it, they have in this "maternity home" already cleared him of the "after-birth" of the "astral shell" and he is now free to take up the immensely higher vibrations of the astral with his new *astral body*.

He wonders vaguely what the wife is doing below and the children, and reflects with some complacency that he at least has left his affairs decently and in order. All the same, despite the novelty of his new situation, he does miss his nightly game of bridge with his pals—and above all he misses his *home*. But he is mildly surprised to find how little the change has really affected him.

There are plenty of homes over here. He can see that with his own eyes. He sees streets of houses about him much as on earth, and he watches for a moment some children playing tennis on a sort of communal green and a golfer going past, his golf sticks slung over his shoulder and muttering to himself probably "as to what he ought to have done and didn't" at that last hole which had cost him the match.

He cheers up as he sees this, for he is a bit of a golfer himself, and when, later, he sees some men in a sort of club solemnly playing a game of cards, as though it were a ritual, his spirits rise still further.

Still, he *does* feel lonely. He had often quarrelled with Lou, as he called his wife, and had had more than one dust-up at bridge with that fellow Crabtree—but he wishes he were at home "down there" and getting ready for his evening game.

He hasn't a friend in the new world.

I believe it was only when he somehow found standing by his side in that gloaming the boy who had already travelled the same road as he, who had been one of the two men at his bedside as he awoke in the rest home, that there came to him a warm infiltration of feeling and sympathy—and somehow the loneliness seemed to vanish.

The boy looks at him with a quiet but rather fervent gaze, and then says to him most surprisingly:

"Don't you know me, father?"

Yes—No—Yes. Yes—it is Jim—his own boy.

But how he has grown! Grown out of all recognition. He thought that people somehow did not grow up in the next world but were always the same—infants in arms; old men; young girls, for ever and ever, Amen.

But it is ten years since he saw Jim put away into *his* black box, and Jim is now a fine strapping young man of twenty—and it is good to see him and to hear him say:

"You had better come home with me, dad."

XLVII

ASTRAL POLITICS

BEFORE I come to the really important things of life and death on the astral—that is to say, art and religion and the study of Natural Law which we call science, I wish to touch upon one of the, at least in our day, ephemeral and foolish. I refer to politics.

There are but two subjects on this earth which are rarely capable of discussion without heat or bias. One of these is politics. The other, religion.

The reason for this is, I think, plain.

Politics in a world of mad economics and madder economists concerns, literally, the means of life. Religion, those of death! Now, all men are violently vitally concerned in these two issues, which, indeed, embrace all others.

Politics have their roots immediately set in economics—more deeply, in psychological and spiritual differences. For all economics are ultimately the reflection of spiritual values, as a very little consideration will show.

Our politics, boiled down, really concern themselves only with "having" or "not having." Like our commerce, they are on the whole rooted in an abominable selfishness.

But on the Other Side of Life, the umbilical cord which holds earth-politics inexorably to economics is cut by Death the surgeon. Politics on the astral have no concern with "the means of life," that is to say with food and clothes and gold. Their concern is purely with mental and spiritual values, which to them are the real means by which we live.

There is no poverty or unemployment in the next world, because out of the ether is conjured by mere wish everything that is needed—as indeed we might conjure here out of the earth all that we need, if greed and sheer stupidity did not prevent us doing so.

Wars over there are no longer wars of the shedding of blood, and no longer, as is now almost invariably the case on this earth, wars for the markets, in a sphere where no markets are. Even though, as we know, the commercial soul, finding himself unexpectedly on the astral, still plays with his checkers and with

stocks and shares which like so many of their terrestrial fellows have but an etheric value!

There is one more interesting contrast in the astral values as opposed to the terrestrial.

Over There, the commercial mind takes one of the lowest seats in the planes. But the man who is interested in stocks and shares, in profit-making and-taking, can still indulge his propensities on the Other Side of Life, until he knows better! Exchange and barter, rent, profit and interest, even private property, can be found on the lower planes of the astral as here, for never at any time is any attempt made Over There to coerce the individual. He is taught to think, not to be coerced, and the Lenin-Mussolini-Hitler concept of standardized existence—for despite the difference of terminology, it is at base identical—in which the individual is sacrificed to the State, wins from the Higher Astrals almost their only direct condemnation!

But the "class-war" persists!—in a form new and strange—yet one that is as old as time!

Here on this harried earth, with all its ant-like myriads hurrying and scurrying around themselves and more often than not about nothing at all, the class-war takes the form of a struggle between the "Haves" and the "Have-nots." Over there, the "classes" relegate themselves meticulously by a law of vibration which from everything we are learning about that world, sends like to like and separates unlikes.

The only "class-war" Over There is not our now useless time-wasting war in an age which we have out-grown, for food and drink, for amusement and clothes, on a plane where there is more than enough of everything and where as in the fairy tale, to wish is to have, but that War which shall never cease throughout all eternity—the war of spirit and idea.

The astral has its "spheres of influence," but these spheres are not economic but spiritual. No armies and navies stand behind these spheres—but, instead, there stands *Mind*. There is still the eternal Fight for Power and still have the forces of evil and Black Magic to be restrained by White Magic—but there is no sordid battling for territory and for gold.

Struggle is eternal throughout the Universe and for ever! but, as we advance, struggle is constantly sublimated, until in the regions on the other side of the astral it must take tenuous forms which would elude our earth consciousness.

And when there is "war," it is a war without mutilation and without death—it is war in the Upper Air. For some of us

have discovered that the war of Armageddon between the angelic hosts

Where pinion beats on pinion
And lightnings flash from lightning eyes—

are no airy figments but substantial fact.

For our democratic friends who eternally labour under the idea that to change a system is to change the man who made it! it might be said that although many of our informants state that some form of socialism, in its idealistic form, is one day destined to be the saviour of our world, Over There it is a Socialism of strong individualism! backed by a Spiritual Aristocracy. For in the astral where every one is free, the Individual is king!

Over There they are ruled by a Central Council, with so far as we can ascertain, various sub-councils, under it. And I imagine that there is Over There constant exchange and inter-relation between the Councils of the various Planes. Something which, as we shall later see, is now for the first time entering our own world in relation to the astral.

Over There you have a Spiritual Aristocracy, instead of one of blood and bank balance as here. As for Democracy—that word on the astral has no meaning, even though I do not doubt that Nicolai Lenin, Karl Marx, and the other Democratic Dictators, as their quondam friends the leaders of the stodgy and highly respectable "Labour Parties" of the world and as the leaders of the equally respectable opposition parties of which they are the mirrors, at the beginning at least still try to carry on the old game and spout in a wilderness empty of ears.

In the Beyond, there is a certain subtle relegation of the demagogue to the junk-heap, and, one imagines, of the aristocrat, who like the society woman, had lived not on his ideas but on his past and indeed whose future was that very same past!

But that, generally speaking, you still have Conservative and Liberal and Socialist parties Over There I do not doubt, if for no other reason because all these things represent certain types or categories of mind. Only I think it unlikely that their methods and the representation by vote take the same forms. Of these minutiæ of astral politics, there is, however, little information as yet from the Beyond.

The minds are the same. It is the issues which are different.

The Old Men of the Sea who in all countries have ridden the backs of their pawns—the Common People, to the Common People's and their own undoing, I imagine find themselves on

what is a purely Mental Plane held implacably from their warmongering and fights for power by the very thing which holds us from the Astral—that is *vibration.*

There is, because of this greatly increased vibrational flexibility, a certain inexorable relegation of good and evil in the next world into a series of strata, and it seems to me that there, unlike here, where good and bad are nearly incredibly mixed together, the evil of the Lower Planes has little chance to work its will upon the planes above. Baulked in such attempts, which be sure, are made, these little Power-Men when they reach their natural habitat, the Lower Astral Planes, are forced to seek down to the earth plane for spheres of influence. We, in fact, know that our own political and religious leaders, as yet nearly always unconsciously, are influenced from the astral, which so can carry on the seeming everlasting heritage of evil.

But even Lucifer will in his day of earth-release remember that once he also was the Light-bringer!

. . . . .

And now a little breathing-space for us to see exactly where we stand and the conclusions to which we have been inexorably led.

Here are those conclusions:

In the forefront, that man, consisting of body, spirit, and soul (of physical body, "ghost," and immortal spirit), at "death," passes out of the physical body as a ghost, and having shed his etheric body and astral shell, passes with his "astral body" on to the next but not final plane of existence, of infinitely higher vibration than ours, known as the Astral Plane or "etheric" world.

Next, that during our sleep and in our dreams, we constantly visit that world whilst still on the earth.

After this we have anticipated that in that world of ether, we condition our houses, gardens, etc., by pure thought—"imagining" them so to speak and building them out of the intensely dissipated substance of which that world consists, analogous to our ether but still finer and more ductile to impression.

Next, that we love and hate and work and play and even think in that world much as we do on this earth, it all being a sort of spiritual replica of what goes on here, minus the physical body and what we know as "matter."

Finally, that this Astral World, in its turn, is but one leading to other and higher planes and worlds having more spiritualized

states of consciousness, even as our earth is a link leading to the etheric itself, with below it a still denser more "earthy" world, known as Art-Saturn, which owing to its extremely low vibrations, eludes the astronomers and even the physicists.

And out of all this and bound up with it, we are facing the fact that the walls between physiology, physics, psychology, and mathematics and the other sciences are crumbling away, and instead of the vicious "specialist" segregation of the past, we are finding behind them all a sort of Divine Synthesis—now being called "psychic science," or just "*Psychics*," as I will name it.

Behind the above conclusions, and analysing modern science in relation to them, we find the following facts, resting upon a scientific basis:

(*a*) That the new theories of Vibration and the assertion by, in particular, physicists, psychists, and mathematicians, that this physical earth being made up of vibrations between certain defined points of rapidity, all higher and lower vibrations of matter to our physical eye render that matter invisible; and resulting from (*a*), lead to the conclusion that

(*b*) other states of existence, such as those of a spirit world, may elude us but still may be as real as our own existence; and that it is therefore not scientifically excluded that

(*c*) at death, we pass to an etheric belt or world which interpenetrates the earth, but which does not revolve round our sun.

(*d*) That the, to us, invisible beings in that world, being of higher vibration than we, can, by reducing their vibrations, hear and see us, but that we cannot see or hear them unless we, in our turn, as in mediumship, lift our own vibrations until they synchronize with those of the Astral World, always supposing all these things exist.

(*e*) Finally, that all this is in strict accord with what we actually know about matter and "wave-lengths" to-day, and that the evidence coming through both from the world of spirit as on this earth from the world of matter, is steadily consolidating the fact that man *does survive what we miscall "Death."*

XLVIII

REINCARNATION AND THE ASTRAL

PERHAPS one of the most natural if striking changes brought about by Death the Releaser is the new valuation of things and people Over There—certainly among the higher developed souls. A new evaluation of life.

And all this evaluation and retrospection is in its turn bound up with the problem of reincarnation. This at least is not only the view of the writer but of many Astral Guides.

In "that light neither of earth nor heaven," which is the astral light, the so-called "great men" of this world become the puny ones—and some of the least considered the greatest.

On this earth, power and wealth are the marks of success. On the astral, they are the marks of the failure absolute. For the only power which there is respected is spiritual power.

The men who lead the world—the "Übermenschen"—are Over There nearly always regarded as the Lowermen, on a plane where the Dictators of life, whatever their label, are all seen to be "incarnations" of the same idea and servants of the same god—the god of Power and of Standardization.

Our "great statesmen" stripped of the trappings of office and, indeed, of their very flesh and blood, when viewed by the Astral Eye, dwindle to what they so often are—puppets which pull the strings of other puppets and who hold their power by vote-pandering and the half lie. And as we also know, the responsibility of some of these "great-little" ones, especially those who have fashioned the world to war, Over There is regarded as a terrible one. One day they will have to return to earth to re-learn the lessons which they have so blandly misused in the face of life, often in face of intuitive and intellectual awareness, and go back to the place they belong—the Babies' Class! But what *enfants terribles*!

And how are not some of the pundits of science punctured of their profundities and of their intellectual flatulence on a plane where intellect without heart is brain without understanding!

The writers who here below have been regarded as "great"—the "best-seller" and the sucker-up to lust or to wealth or to mere "popularity," Over There take their true perspective and

are seen for what they are—little men with little minds playing with the marionettes of their own base imaginings, not with living men and women. Partly because they know, sometimes, at least, that if they did write of living men and women, that Great Average of whom we have spoken, with its ready-made clothes and ready-made opinions, would not recognize itself, and so would neither buy their books nor see their plays.

To come now to the thing which some of the astral leaders call the vertebra of evolution and without which all this perspective evaluation is difficult or impossible and the thing about which the most notable difference of all exists there as here—reincarnation.

Reincarnation, for some, literally, occult reason, is a subject which fills its protagonists and their opponents with fury! Why? Surely it is something for calm discussion and marshalling of the evidence for and against. There is tremendous and minute evidence for it. And, it is only fair to say, that a quite plausible case can be built up against it. On the astral, it is the subject of frequent public debates, held, however, with decency and that "desire to know" so often absent from the religious debates of old Mother Earth!

To the man-in-the-street, who is the conservative incurable, his mind neatly made up and labelled into a series of packets from birth, it seems inconceivable that what he calls "a spirit" cannot answer a blunt "Yes" or "No" to the question: "Do we return to earth?"

What he does not realize, this little man, the original of our "Manikin," with all his virtues and failings, all his courage and inhibitions, is that "spirits," save in one exceptional way, are exactly as are we, with the same lack of knowledge, the same strongly tinged personal opinions, the same prejudices as they had whilst still coiled within the physical body.

The man-in-the-street sees the cleverest and most widely read and thought men of his Churches, of his scientific laboratories, and especially of his schools of medicine, taking widely differing views about the simplest things, such as the "atom" or the electron; about biblical inspiration and life after death; about whether alcohol and tea and coffee are good or bad for health—and it does not seem to him strange that they should do so, however irritating such differences may be! He himself, as we have seen, goes about with a mind already more or less made up!

Yet he expects these same people, when they have dropped out of their bodies, to instantly become as the gods, knowing

good from evil, and able to state positively and above all, unanimously, all sorts of things about which they were quite unsure in life.

Thus, we have quite intelligent sincere spirits telling us that they have never heard anything about man being reincarnated on the Other Side; whilst others of at least equal and, as it seems to many, of superior intelligence, though not sincerity, tell us that reincarnation is the very linch-pin which holds the wheel of evolution in place as it turns, relentless, age by age.

The "one exceptional way" in which these "spirit people"—who, by the way always *were* spirit people even when in the flesh, for man is a Spirit—free themselves as a whole from the basic inhibition which they had in the flesh, is that they discover from the hard fact of everyday experience on the astral that they are "spirits" and not mortal—not *ephemeræ*—and that *they go on.*

It is this sloughing of the body which so modifies and indeed basically changes their outlook on the next plane of existence.

In all this consideration of the reason for such a difference of view about such a basic fact of life as reincarnation, we are faced with one peculiar fact—that of a segregation on the Other Side of which we here still know very little.

We must keep always before us the idea that the next plane or sphere is a *Mental Plane*, enormously fluid and elastic, in which the very *action of thought* is fact—when, indeed, thought *instantly materializes.*

So it is that on, or rather *in*, the astral, we instinctively meet with and live with those nearest to us in our spiritual, mental—yes, I say it with care, *physical* vibrations, and according to the standard of evolution we have reached in our earthly incarnation we find ourselves on the corresponding plane on the other side and may "skip" sometimes two or more planes in our upward flight. But even on the same plane of the astral at death, we shall, I believe, find ourselves mixing with those nearest to us in thought or immediately above us.

So it is, that just as here on earth, you find the Asiatic savage knowing of reincarnation and the European "savage"—for all savagery is comparative—non-knowing of it, with each of them declaring that it does or does not exist, so you will find the same thing on the astral. There may indeed be those "Up There" who have never even heard of it—just as you have millions of Europeans in the same benighted position.

I believe that there is a deep reason for the natural if severe "correctional detention" of the earthly soul which, wishing to

escape its responsibilities and tiring of what is so often a tearing wearing battle which for so many hapless humans is a continuous rearguard action, takes its life into its own hands and the short way out.

In such cases, from all that we know, but not by any means as a fixed rule, such poor souls are hurried back instantly to the School which they have tried to flee—and compelled, under more stringent circumstances, in another reincarnation, to learn the lesson which they had refused to learn to its end.

But in the Next World, apart from such inevitable results of Natural Law, there is no system of rewards and punishments.

This earth, as we know not only from our own deeper intuitions but directly from the most spiritually intelligent sources on the Other Side of Death, is a school. We are the school children. We pass from class to class, up or down as we use or do not use our opportunities. Some of us are in the first standard or babies' class. Some in the third or fourth or even fifth. We learn as we go.

And some of us, like the writer, remember our lesson, as his novel, the Neroesque *Echo*, shows.

Also I believe that all intelligent people will at some future date choose their work on the astral and their profession, so that they may "arrange ahead." The writer at least has already done this and his decision has been registered "Over There" and due preparations made for his training when he passes over. This earth life should be a preparation for the astral life to come, and some day the child will be taught this. But that day is not yet.

In such manner is each stage of man's evolution a preparation for the next—that man whose evolution from the time of the soul-infusion of the animal has been between three and five millions of years, and of which we have reached the Second Stage. The Third Stage will be the astral to which all those who read these words will have passed before a century is gone.

I personally do not believe that the astral "anthropologist" or biologist, despite their four-dimensional knowledge, can speak of some of these things with much more certainty than the human being—but they *do* have access to knowledge which from us is shut out, and we may do well to listen humbly with intelligent but not uncritical receptiveness when they speak. They don't know everything—but they do know what we don't and the proofs of this are now daily coming forward, the above being partly drawn from astral sources.

As regards the period between our reincarnations, of that we know very little—and I suspect that even Over There, certainly on the lower and middle planes, they do not know much more.

But to our earth-bound minds, always struggling within the mesh of Space-Time, the rather terrifying fact which again and again emerges from the Other Side is that souls can remain not for hundreds or even thousands but even for longer periods completely static between their reincarnations. Movement can only come from the individual human soul itself. Movement cannot be superimposed.

I myself have heard on the same evening three souls speak in their own voices, of utterly differing idiom and accent, from the astral to a few of us gathered together in an "Upper Chamber"—a microcosm of the macrocosm of all psychic evolution as it seems to me.

The first speaker was a nobleman, born I should say in the time of the Regency. This man was the same gentlemanly blackguard he had been on earth one hundred years before. He was a swashbuckler, a gambler, and a *roué*. He talked to some of us as though we were what he said we had been—his "servants"; boasted to others with whom he felt he had some equality of birth and station of his conquests Over There "amongst the pretty women," a phase of the astral to which I shall later refer; and generally speaking, until he was challenged and stopped by one of those present, showed himself the Complete Cad.

And all this after one hundred years of the astral!

The next spirit who spoke was a slum boy, who stood before us, so to speak, "in the flesh," with every turn and modulation of an idiom which I have studied in its own home and for many years.

Here was a boy who had "never had a chance in life"; whose mother had been beaten to death by his drunken father; and who had been taught to steal and to lie. But it was this waif of life who, finding himself, as he said, to his astonishment, with his mother in "a real house" on the Other Side, with "as much as he wanted to eat and even chicken for dinner," who within the space of a decade had arisen from his ashes and showed himself for the really great spirit he had always been. For he had lied and stolen for the mother he loved, and according to his lights he had "done his best." One can imagine that boy's next incarnation, if he be again incarnated, and his position in "The Spheres," the expression so often used from "Over There," where *motive is the only thing that counts.*

The third was a girl whose frail body, after outrage, had been thrown to Nero's lions in the arena.

This young girl stands before me as I write. One could see her as a pale, frenetic white-faced virgin, her eyes aglow with religious fervour and with the passionate love, not for an earthly but a heavenly lover—for the Jesus who had been and still was, after two thousand years, the flame of her life. She urged us there in that little Upper Room to turn only to Him; ignored completely all experience and all the evolution of the intervening two thousand years as though they had been but the breath which to her they doubtless were; and showed that to-day, for good or ill, she stood exactly where she had stood in the sun-baked sand as a Christian virgin over against the "lion's gory mane."

All these will have to learn their lesson Over There ere they return to take up the wondrous uncompleted tale of this earth . . . until that day, which we all of us will reach, when, our lessons learnt, earth-return will no longer be necessary and reincarnation itself will become a myth.

And the lessons for us People of Earth will not go on for ever, for some day this earth of ours will pass away and reincarnation upon it will no longer be.

For it is the majestic if dreadful Timelessness of the astral which again and again obtrudes. To these astrals, as to God, "a thousand years are but as yesterday," something indeed which we find almost uniquely in that cosmic though not always god-like creature—the Irish Celt! who will speak of the hates of three hundred years ago as to-day and recall his thousand-years-old glories as last night.

A priest has stood before us in the Upper Room who, after eight hundred years still spoke the old shibboleths and warned us against "commerce with Satan" by the very spirit communication of which he at that moment was a part! Egyptians on the Other Side of time have come to preach to us about Osiris, Isis and Horus, the Egyptian trinity, and their virgin birth, still unchanged after sixty thousand moons—from that spaceless realm where time is not.

I believe that there are eternal action and reaction between the Two Worlds of the Astral and Earth. We learn a special group of lessons on each, and if we refuse to learn our lesson we hold ourselves (we are not "held," for there is literally *no compulsion* that we can see on that other plane) in a fixed condition until that Something which is the Spirit of God and which is always

seeking ingress finds slender foothold for its ghostly antennæ, and so we learn our lesson sufficiently to make possible our next revelation and "recognition," and so our next reincarnation. When once more we take up our last learned lesson "down there," whether that lesson was given to us a year or a million of years before as we reckon *our* time.

But what can we really reckon—we poor mazed creatures caught in the trap of life?

XLIX

THE ASTRAL TOPOGRAPHY

THE new world in which our little man finds himself is the world in which we shall all one day find ourselves, whether we like it or not—whether we believe we survive death or not.

We now know quite a lot about that new world, which is practically as old as our own, though for vibrational reasons actually somewhat older, for it is the astral ghost of the earth, identically of the same dimensions, and with it interpenetrant.

It is *not* a separate sphere in the sense of locality, for it lives and moves and has its astral being about us and through us every moment that we live, and just as we carry about within us and interpenetrant our own ghosts, so does our earth also carry its astral ghost—known as the Astral Sphere, itself divided into seven main planes of existence and evolution and each of these in its turn being divided into hundreds of sub-planes.

How do we know these things?

We know them by direct information given indirectly through mediums in the first place, and directly by the "Direct Voice." And, lastly, through "intuition" and "inspirational telepathy," acting upon us when we ourselves become our own mediums.

As we might expect from anything that was not an artificially "made" heaven or hell, the accounts we receive differ exactly to the same degree and in the same way as they would did we receive an account from the lips of widely differing people of a visit to some hitherto unknown part of the earth's surface . . . but no more. And these accounts vary with the plane from which the narrator speaks, as would earthly accounts according to the country described.

These accounts, given to-day more and more in their own voices speaking to us exactly as we human beings speak with one another, that is, in the "Direct Voice," agree surprisingly even on the minutiæ of our next world of being. They differ usually where they would be expected to differ—on matters of opinion. On questions of "religion"; of "politics"; of "art"—and so on.

I am sure that one of the basic difficulties in receiving from the Other Side of Death accurate accounts of the daily life of its inhabitants is because we are so "set" in our own conceptions

of that life, warped as we are by centuries of theologic concepts, that we just refuse to treat these inhabitants as being the same as ourselves—if not creatures of like flesh and blood, at least as kindred spirits.

If we be sceptics, we persist in regarding them as "non-existent humbugs" whose views are beneath contempt; or, if we belong to the credulous foolish ones, as, not a little lower than the angels, but superior to any angel of whom we have trustworthy records.

If we could only treat them as they themselves usually wish to treat us, decently as comrades and friends, then they would not, as I have so frequently heard them put it, "give up in despair at making us understand." Anyone who has ever been in a *séance* room will know what I mean and remember the uncanny transformation of ordinarily common-sense men and women into something like drivelling idiocy, whether that idiocy be one of scepticism or credulity.

"Intelligent receptiveness" is usually absent from the *séance* room. In its place, either a dumb-headed refusal to accept anything, or an equally fatuous readiness to accept anything—the thing which has militated so much against certain sides of what we know as "spiritualism" even when represented by men and women of intelligence and sincerity, two things that are not always bedmates.

Like our little friend we here reach the consideration of the "physical" features of the astral: the astral topography and geography; the astral *flora* and *fauna*; the astral heaven and hells, on a plane which is essentially *mental*, in which *motive* is everything and *action*, in a sense, nothing. In which Mind, by thought, acts directly on the astral ether, which we are told is not the same as ours, but infinitely more tenuous.

I have said that the Astral Sphere is of exactly the dimensions of our earth, if only because it is interpenetrant with our earth. Personally, I do not view it, as some do, as a series of concentric planes or "belts" each lying on the top of the other outside and around our earth, although that is one way of visualizing it and, in illustration, as good as any.

I believe that it has seven—(that mystical number which strings together our universe—*and what if there be other universes!*)—planes or belts, as I have said, but all these being interpenetrant with our earth, they are "conditions" rather than "localities." They have "dimension" in the sense that they are the etheric ghost of our earth and exactly of its size, as far as anything which

is inherently spaceless can have "size." But they have no "time." I am deliberately repeating this, for otherwise it is impossible to get a true understanding of the astral on which we are so soon to live.

It only needs a modicum of that rarest of all qualities—imagination—to realize how impotent are our diminutive religious theories and dogmas in the face of these seven timeless planes, themselves but a single rung in the endless evolutionary ladder, with beyond them literally countless other planets and planes ever more and more inaccessible and accessible!

"Time" is the purely artificial product of our diurnal and annual revolution about the sun. Therefore in the Beyond, time is not.

They have no "time," because the Astral Sun, which is not the "ghost" of our sun, though the astral itself is the "ghost" of our earth, deriving its light from secret *mental and spiritual* sources, is always shining through. This sun comes, I believe, down to them from the higher or "Spirit" sphere, lying "above" the astral, which forms the third sphere with which man in space has connection, all the three spheres of Earth, Astral and Spirit being interpenetrant.

Over There, there is no "Night," which is essentially a terrestrial property, although on the lower planes of the astral they have constant, not intermittent, darkness, the planes of the astral becoming lighter as they lift, until in their highest ("Summerland" or "heaven") plane, they know such light as never earth has known.

For the astral sphere or world does not revolve round the earthly or even round the Astral Sun by which the astral is light-fed by a light which I imagine as a flowing, an infiltration, unintercepted by matter, the cause of our "night." This astral sun, as I have said, is not the ghost of our sun, not even the etheric ghost of a gaseous ball, so to speak, for matter is essential to the *possession*, not to the *existence* of the ghost!

Yet our sun must have a ghost of some kind, for even gas is "matter," though matter in a highly diffused state.

In a word, there are two suns. The sun which we earth people revolve about in matter, and which is a faint reflection of the spiritual sun which is God. Once we vacate this physical body, we no longer revolve round our sun but are infiltrated by this spiritual sun which, in its cosmic original, lights the cosmos. For the "Spirit Sphere" itself, like all spheres and "bodies" throughout space-time, has, I feel, its cosmic "ghost."

And here it should be noted that you will find astral beings returning to our earth to tell us that it is dark Over There. It is because the lamps of their souls are not lit in a place where "every man is his own sun!" The lower planes of the astral, as we have seen, are sunless.

The extraordinary difficulties which constantly present themselves when the spirit world tries to explain its conditions, spring from one thing only. The world of the astral *lives in ideas—not in time.* An extension of this difficulty is "dimension," for Over There, length, breadth, and height have, virtually, no existence.

Nevertheless, as might be expected, astral flowers and fruit grow better on the higher planes of the astral than the lower, which seems to show that though night is not, "*shade*" is—at least on the lower astral—in the sense of darkness. And also, as I am inclined to think, because certain parts of the astral are therefore more "magnetic" than others and so form freer passage for the etheric "sun-rays." Also, as one imagines, the astral being can at will, by some method of mental interpenetration, and if he need sleep, "shut-off" the astral sun, thus, so to speak, carrying about with him his own day and night.

As regards sleep, all earth-souls sleep for a greater or lesser while upon arrival on the astral, for rest and recuperation. On the first three planes of the astral, also, sleep is, I believe, common to all, but on the fourth and upper planes up to the seventh or highest, the "Astralian" either does not need sleep at all, or, and then only on the fourth plane, very occasionally.

Seas and mountains they have—and of such bewildering beauty that they dwarf anything we know Down Here into nothingness. These, some of us at least have visited at times in dreams, and the literally "unearthly" beauty of the astral seascape and landscape is embedded for ever in the memories of those who have looked upon them, who have climbed the astral mountains or swum in astral seas.

You can, indeed, swim in the astral seas, and you can certainly fly in the astral "air"—for the writer has done both! You can ride the astral horses—ghosts of steeds which have roamed this earth. You can hunt and fish and shoot—if that be your will, though I think as we progress, the "blood-sport," or rather its astral equivalent, for there is no "blood" over there, is apt to recede as our lives are filled with newer concepts—and the vast vacuity of the pure "sportsman" is replaced by "more-matter" things.

Roaming the astral forests are animals and birds of the same

species and types as here, but what the other astral *fauna* and *flora* may be, it is not for us yet to say. That they have a fairy *fauna* and *flora* undreamed by man, as they certainly have the fairy-elementals which are the astral replicas of our own, is probable. But we do know that on the lower planes of the astral they possess a terrific *fauna* and an orchid-like *flora*, some of the latter semi-animal, which, could we see it, would appal. Birds and insects fly through the astral air.

As for their "sky," on the middle and higher planes of which we are writing, I imagine it to be a sort of intense blue haze, but this is partly conjecture. Cloud and even rain—etheric cloud and rain—we know they have, and wind and probably "spiritual etheric" tempest—though neither moon nor stars—but all these things are directly "etheric-mental" as indeed are our own terrestrial phenomena indirectly, and we may one day discover that our own tempests, as other natural phenomena, are but reflexes and repercussions of our own, or other, thoughts and passions.

For nothing anywhere can have any origin that is not mental, as a consideration of these pages will show. It is only that on the astral the mental is much more *fluid* in action and result than here on the earth where mind is constantly checked and stopped and "irritated into action" by the physical.

But that the astral engineers are interested in new methods of propulsion and new types of "power," I know, for I, or others, have often spoken with one of the speed-kings of this earth who lost his life in an attempt on the world's water record. This splendid, thoughtful Irishman is working steadily, he tells us, upon his models and new power-sources, but presumably these primarily are for use on the earth and not on the astral, where, however, they may play with them as our children play with toys. Otherwise, I imagine that the astral skies must be devoid of aeroplanes on a planet where every man is his own planet and where transportation and movement, as in the Magic Carpet, is accomplished by *wishing*.

Dancing on the astral plane takes a variety and colour lying outside our earthly comprehension. And it is possible for us to conceive of the etheric body and mind (for we dance with our minds and not with our toes), turning mazily in the waltz which is the actual *tempo* and beat of the spheres as they turn, without straining the imagination. For on the astral plane, *rhythm* is conceived as the mainspring of all life.

It is when we come to consider the astral athlete that we find

our minds boggling! For we do know that they run races and that they leap and wrestle on the astral. But on a plane where to wish is to have, and where the mere desire to remove the body to another place is to be so removed, it would seem that all the astral hundred-yarder has to do is to *wish* to beat his opponents by a short head and so do it!

And that, as a matter of fact, is exactly how he does it! For it is the power and "drive" of his "thought-energy" which makes the astral athlete win from his opponents by such "split-seconds" as no earthly running track ever knew, or at least so I am informed by my astral friends.

It is the *etheric* body which takes part in these games, which, like their old Greek prototypes, must be of Homeric proportion.

For on the astral where, as we have seen before, body, mind and spirit for the first time consciously are one, and lovely mind inhabits lovely body—a body of gauze it is true—but a *body*. Again and again, we are told by the Astral Guides that, when they visit our earth, we often look to them ugly grey-clad dwarfs, of dwarfish mind and outlook. I have heard a great Guide say, in mild derision: "You—you look to us like tortoises. You call us 'dead.' It is you who to us seem to be *dead*."

And is he not right? And have not many of us thought the same in our more despairful moments?

Here on this Sphere of Sorrow, where earthbound we crawl, we males in our little hard bowler hats; our wadded ugly coats tight-pinched; and our tubular trousers, with our hard stand-up collars and cuffs, and the stilting women on peg-top heels with painted face and lip and strait-jacketed body—we must indeed look a queer sight to the straying astral.

For we have yielded the physical glory that was Greece and the beauty of line and form which made the Pagan World a thing exquisite. We have yielded gymnastic and physical contest as the normal, to relegate them to the abnormal and the professional athlete, and with it the great days of Athens, when the Greek women went out each day in public to mould their bodies and minds by the gymnastic which is the very basis of the *solar plexus* life and with it of the mental life of which that plexus is the root and secret fount, as the brain is the crest.

And with it we have yielded its spiritual equivalents in the grey sadness which descended so soon, descended like a pall over the loveliness of the teaching of Jesus, which even in the attrited form in which it has come down to us, shows itself as

a thing of *full* life, of the beauty that is physical as well as of the life spiritual.

But one day the Ghost will find its home within temples prepared and made ready to it—within the graceful athletic body of gracious curve and tensioned nerve.

For that is the task before the educationalist of the future—not the physical educationalist only, but the spiritual, in that day when our educationalists will have mystical occult knowledge and when spirit and body shall be one—even here upon this solid earth.

I now come to a highly debatable point.

Various writers here state that they have been told frequently by their spirit friends that the Other World is a world of flesh and blood as here. Their informants state, and in all good faith: "We feel just as solid as on earth—the same flesh and blood."

But "the body of corruption cannot put on the body of incorruption," and for the astral body, when it has shed the physical, to once more take on flesh and blood would be against that Natural Law which is never broken.

What then is the explanation?

It is simple.

People do not shed their concepts and prejudices with their bodies! If there is one thing more than another which we learn from our astral communicants it is this! The whole history of mediumship confirms it.

People of materialist "flesh and blood" outlook in this world are apt to carry that outlook over with them across the Death Chasm. For as their vibrations synchronize with those of the spirits about them; as they can see and hear and feel and taste and smell; and as their bodies *seem* to them to be as solid as ever, they not unnaturally conclude that they *are* solid. And it sometimes takes many years to disillusion them . . . as to disillusion those who have reported them!

The ghosts of Professor Richet could be tested for lung pressure, for heart beats, and the pressure of their hands was *warm*. But that is a different matter, for these ghosts were, I believe, *materialized* spirits, of a consistency and type analogous to ours whilst still in the body.

But further research will doubtless show various subtle variations and explanations of such phenomena of which to-day we have no conception whatever.

Once more, we are still babies in all this, our ignorance stupendous.

If we will only remember that everything on the astral is exactly as here with the solitary, but profound, difference that Over There is neither flesh nor blood nor "matter," or at least matter in such a state of tenuity that it ceases to all intents to be what we call "matter" on the earth, we shall not go wrong. But the *mental* counterpart of everything we have on this earth is possible Over There.

As regards food, for example. Old habits die hard, and especially the eating habit. The food of the Astralian sooner or later becomes etheric, but cloddy souls first finding themselves on this unfamiliar plane, still often believing themselves to be on the earth, being hungry, and feeling the desire for solid food, can and do have that more or less materialized food supplied.

When Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond" told our stupid incredulous world that whisky and cigars were possibilities on the astral, that world just neighed at him, and at his valiant and wise father! much as it neighed at Jesus, and as it neighs to-day, when it takes any notice of them, at any novelist or writer who really has something to say that is forward-looking and "different."

But Raymond was right and our *quidnuncs*, as they almost invariably are, were wrong.

The process of providing "solid" food on the astral is just one of thought-desire, followed by simple materialization—synthetic food if you like! It is assimilated not by physical stomach but by the etheric stomach, and the etheric waste is excreted, I have been informed, through the skin pores (the method also used in the mutation of the higher souls who live on purely etheric food, although I am not prepared at this juncture to say that on the lower planes the ordinary terrestrial methods of excretion are never employed).

I only know that when we slough the body we slough also the coarser of the bodily processes which, however, regarded with an astral eye, so to speak, are as normal, as natural, and as pleasant as their etheric counterparts in that divine synthesis which their higher souls acquire. The greater Astralian is not artificially "re-fained"! and does not even revolt from what is the psycho-astral equivalent of the physical love-process, as, though we take good care to practise it, do we silly-minded, unnatural humans, with our secret horror of the life-processes, and, when we are very artificial, and very nasty, even with a veiled contempt for the metabolism of the body and, of course, for that of the soul!

L

ART, RELIGION, AND SCIENCE ON THE ASTRAL

In discussing art, religion, and science, we are really discussing three facets of the same thing. This, I believe, they know on the astral, although we have not yet realized it on our earth.

First let us look at religion in the next world.

If anyone imagines that upon the passing of a member of the Church of England, a Plymouth Brother, a Roman Catholic, an orthodox Moslem, or a Japanese Buddhist to the Other Side, he or she instantly becomes a new man or woman, or that the Roman Catholic becomes a Plymouth Brother, and the Buddhist a Strict Methodist (according to the prized particular heavenly belief of the person who thinks it!), he is making an extraordinary mistake.

On the Other Side of Life—one may or may not regret it, though one should be happy to know it, for without discussion and difference of opinion there is no advance—all these Churches and sects and a thousand others have their fervent representatives; their cathedrals; their mosques; and their Little Bethels.

The "Death Churches" of this world become the Death Churches of the next.

The Salvationist still beats her tambourine to the glory of the Salvationist God. The *mulla* still calls, not at sunset, for there is no sunset Over There, upon the faithful with the immemorial "*Allah il Allah*"; and the Auld Lichts and the Wee Frees still, I also regret to say, carry on *their* immemorial discussions!

The Roman Catholic Church, in particular, would seem to have a substantial following on the other side of life, and some other Churches which are not doing "so well as usual" here below, Over There have taken a new lease of life, their earthly counter parts being anxiously watched by their ghostly adherents.

But it must be remembered that the "esoteric ascetics" also have their own Guides and congregations Over There—often ecclesiastical replicas of the boring mahatma-like pundits with whom we are here familiar—didactic and pontific.

No wonder that their more responsible circles often regard our "esoteric religionists" as slightly insane.

Our Churches, with their tiny perspectives and their myopic view of the cosmos, get Over There some rude shocks to prejudice and to dogma—some of them finding that instead of their eternal fate being determined once and for all by the incident of death, and finding that their cosmogenic gods have taken wings unto themselves and vanished, instantly set to work to find new bottles for the new wine and to accommodate the old dogmas to the new facts. For man is not only an optimistic but a most elastic animal, with, as religionist, a most convenient if strait-jacketing habit of forgetting everything he wants to forget and remembering nothing he does not wish to remember! And so sets to work to make his new gods in his new image and to place new gods into old garments . . . until he is ready for his next transmigration! when the eternal process is repeated.

But what of the Agnostic and the Atheist, you may ask?

The intelligent Agnostic will Over There not find himself friend-bereft, but will find quite a number of gentlemen, and not so many ladies, who still believe that "nothing is proven," and who sometimes have very grave though strictly scientific doubts as to their own existence!

The atheist, here an almost extinct species, Over There still persists—and that in the face of all the rare and rarefied astral evidence to the contrary.

One of the funniest and saddest things is sometimes to hear the protests of the dyed-in-the-wool rationalist or atheist declare from the lower planes of the astral that "he himself does not exist and that to think so is a delusion."

To him comes the "rational" psycho-analyst of the astral to suggest "treatment," with the object of proving that though he may seem to exist to-day, he won't go on doing so!

We have, indeed, on the astral all the little vagaries of the terrestrial—even those of the world of science.

For some obscure reason, the average earth-man never conceives of science on the Other Side. He either believes that the moment you are "translated" you instantly know everything, or if he be a hardened materialist, of which some specimens on the astral still "drag out a lingering career," he thinks you know nothing. Seeing that there is nothing to know in a non-existent world!

I have already indicated that the astral scientists are perhaps of all professions on that plane the farthest ahead of their earthly counterparts—if only because they are freed from the

delusion of matter being at once the only channel of spirit and spirit itself.

The "dead" scientist, straying to his scientific astonishment on to the astral and finding himself "alive" instead of "dead," as he of course should have been "according to the irrefragable facts of science," will, as a rule, instantly and without transition, find himself attached to the particular line, whether it be biology or chemistry or psychic research, with which he had associated himself on the earth.

But with one extraordinary difference—freed of the fetish that had pressed on the brains of so many splendid men of science —the fetish that "death ended all." Yes, even the most obtuse—and unhappily, as some of us know, some of these obtuse ones for quite a time persist in regarding themselves as either (*a*) still on the earth, or (*b*) "dead to the wide"; and there is nothing funnier than the bewildered materialist turning in circles and insisting that he is *not* alive. But even the most obtuse ultimately have to admit, however reluctantly, that they are alive and that man, although he ought to be decently dead instead of indecently alive, *is* a Spirit. Actually, they are always coming back to tell us so, sometimes arrayed in sackcloth!

Released from the inhibitions and specialization of their terrestrial *confrères*, they are at last able to take wings unto their feet and soar starward.

Over There there are as many Schools and as many disputations and even jealous scientists as we have down here. Men, and probably the women who are at once their helpers and adoring disciples in the laboratories, still battle as to the structure and properties of finer subdivisions of matter than anything of which we know on earth, and, as I imagine, watch through astral lenses carried to the *n*th power, microcosmic struggles and dramas—love-making and births and deaths and wars, within units of matter or ether infinitely smaller than our electrons and protons, and marvel at the atomic disunities! As we on this earth, had we perspective and understanding, would marvel at our own infinitesimal quarrels!

But the essential difference between the object of the science of the astral and that of our earth is just this. Hitherto we have concentrated almost exclusively upon matter and its properties, with certain stray excursions into the realm of mind—but the concern of the astral seems primarily though not exclusively to be *mind* and *spirit*. For on the astral although they realize that matter, mind, and spirit are all manifestations of the same Central

Thing, with spirit as its base, it is only they who, unlike their earthly colleagues, also realize that "mind" and "spirit" are two different things.

An easy thing this to understand in what is the Realm of Paradox, where truth is only expressed in extremes, and where there is none of the *via media* so beloved of the earthly scientist as of the earthly theologian, who both so often find the fence the safest seat. And, incidentally, it might be indicated, that all the Greater Minds of our earth take refuge in paradox—and let it be said—in extremity!

Professions like that of medicine now so often discredited in our world by the advanced thinker who feels that its leaders have failed to keep pace with what we now know of the effect of the mind on the body, will get a new lease of life on the astral, where the "ray" has taken the place of the knife and the black draught.

There are half a dozen great observatories on the astral in which some astonishing experiments are being made in inter-planetary communication, and particularly with this earth—this last something at least of which many of us have had *definite* proof. These experiments leave anything that we know a pin-point star down on the scientific horizon. They are even able to send the soul journeying through space to visit other planets and planes, as we shall soon be able to do.

One of their chief and indeed most urgent studies is that of the vapours and fluids which to-day act as a chief barrier to direct communication with this earth, and above all *the substitution of a mechanical for the living medium.* In these laboratories, we know that the despised African is often used because of his extreme "sensitiveness" (something I have had confirmed from independent sources), and that in the astral laboratories, alas! women still, in the lower and middle planes at least, do much of the drudgery!

For on the astral, as here, woman is still the imitator rather than the urgent male originator, despite her emancipation from her age-long bearing of children. But one invincibly believes that when she has found her astral wings, the woman-artist and the woman-thinker will emerge, as she is indeed emerging, on a plane where the mere intellectual sponging up of facts, so beloved of our scholars, is despised and where a feather of original thought weighs more than a ton of scholastic platitude.

And, unhappy male! we are informed authoritatively from the astral that of the two sexes woman is the superior—of

greater potency if of less immediate creativeness. That is to say, in a sense, for one imagines that the sexes are in base exactly equal, as they are also for ever different.

One of the "departments" of these occult laboratories is the development of earthly mediums—and especially of that "conscious" mediumship which to-day is still so rare, because, as they tell us: "Conscious is always preferable to unconscious or trance mediumship."

It is interesting here, in passing, to note that the astral scientists, who are often also artist-philosophers of the type I have mentioned earlier, and who are therefore not dehumanized, do not advocate the ascetic life for the medium, but believe in good healthy food, "especially when receiving," and plenty of exercise and amusement. They also tell us that to get the best out of any medium, she or he needs to be fathered and mothered, and to be surrounded by trust, instead of distrust, and sympathy instead of suspicion, and that the medium must be co-operator of the scientist, not victim.

So far as art is concerned, it takes its true place on the other side of the grave—where it is found to be exactly the same thing as religion, and where the artist, just as was that Great Artist, Jesus of Nazareth, is the *direct* leader of thought and evolution. Here, it is true, though like the great Spiritual Prototype, often "the despised and rejected of man," the artist does lead ultimately, whether he be novelist (so often to-day the exponent of a bastardized art of cheap story-telling minus philosophy) or playwright or poet; composer or sculptor or painter—but only "ultimately," and seldom in his own lifetime in the sense of seeing the seed grow to harvest. But Over There the Creative Artist naturally and inevitably takes her or his place in the Councils of the Mighty where she or he is encouraged and not discouraged as the artist here, especially in the Anglo-Saxon countries where Art is still regarded as a luxury instead of the very feeder of life.

The *artiste manqué*—that great disappointed sensitive class which already here on earth has tasted its hell, Over There takes a new lease of life. It is one of the more glorious realizations for men the pabulum of whose art is appreciative understanding, that even here they may realize that neglected and despised as have been nearly all great artists in their own lifetime who were "ahead of their time," they have Over There, all along, had great publics who eagerly awaited the next book or play or symphony for which here they often had either the utmost difficulty to find publication, or could find no outlet at all.

For in the astral libraries are to be found all the noteworthy books of this earth, as in its orchestras the greatest of our world's music. (Some day we shall see the books and music of the astral, as we are beginning to do, as permanent contributions to our earth libraries and orchestras.) And the process by which they are "transported" from earth to astral is, I have reason to believe, partly by some process of "mental photography and absorption" by specially appointed "messengers" who visit our earth and bring back with them the best they can glean of terrestrial thought and sound—sound and thought on the astral being interchangeable.

Music Over There is the great link and inspirer.

On this rather degraded earth-ball, we regard music largely as an amusement. Over There, they know it for what it is—the very bread and roses of life, without which, in one or other form, these worlds of ours could not hold together for an instant. It is not improbable that if any single art be regarded as more vital than the rest on the astral, that art is music, where "colour-music" and the transformation of sound into colour and vice versa are the things of everyday life.

The neurologist-musician is fact on a sphere where music and colour are used in healing and where it is recognized that all disease is the cause or result of mal-vibration and where the object of Medicine is to restore the rhythm between the eight Bodies of which man consists, to normal. Which is exactly what earthly medicine seeks to accomplish without being conscious of it!

But it is not only into sound, colour and healing that music enters on the astral.

Attempts are being made to influence the more advanced, that is sensitive, spirits of this earth to establish International Schools of Music and of Psychic Research side by side, housed in the same building—for each is an inherent part of and can vitally help the other. And I believe that as already we find some of our great violinists and pianists beginning to understand that when they play they are often directly being worked on from the astral, so we shall one day go to our music lesson on the astral whilst still in the earthly body, as we would go to an earthly master, and as, indeed, one great musician, as he frankly states, is already going. Such International Schools will one day work in conjunction with the Astral Schools in what will then be Inter-World Councils.

Only lack of imagination and faulty perspective prevent us

from recognizing the possibilities of such things. In "wireless" alone, we have already accomplished a wonder which would only the other day have been regarded as

> . . . bred out of moonshine copulate on brain,
> To give its monstrous children to the earth.

And if we only had produced and controlled the "Direct Voice," as we now have done, we would not have done anything more strange than that which I am forecasting.

Our musician, translated to the astral, will find to his hand, or rather to his "mind," on this purely *mental* plane, something of enormous help. The whole idea behind all musical technique, though composers do not perfectly recognize it any more than dancers or painters, is really to free the sub-conscious by giving it an *automatic channel* through which to express. On the astral, practice may still make perfect, but as I believe that sound and colour and form and with it technique, like the buildings and environment which they "think" out of the ether, can there be "conjured out of the air by thought," there will not have to be those long wasted years in acquiring technique or in studies of counterpart and harmony for the interpretative and creative musician or for the painter, dancer or actor. Already the creative writer, whilst still on this earth, has conquered something of this power of evocation of the Hidden Fire-Source—but only something.

The Astral Orchestras to those who, like the writer, have had the privilege and the happiness of hearing them, have a range, a rhythm and such instruments as man the mortal has never dreamed. For, as has before been here pointed out, the mere fact that we are still using practically the same type of instruments which were used thousands of years ago tells the story of music's intense conservatism, even though our wireless and the once despised African drum-beat will now open out to it new horizons. And we shall one day see the "wireless composer," really an "astral composer," who will compose exclusively for "wireless."

The scales of the astral are not those of earth, whether they be those of its singers or instrumentalists—and when we remember the two or three octaves to which the human voice is to-day strait-jacketed, and when we can conceive of a voice range that covers the range of our piano or beyond, we may have some idea of the possibilities of astral music and musicians. Of whom such great ones as Beethoven and Wagner were but the shadows, but who themselves Over There will find the orchestras and

instruments able to render them vocal and effective to a degree unknown even in their earthly existence.

When we speak of all this "thinking things out of the air," we are not speaking of anything which we do not already do on earth, where the process is identical though more roundabout. For we can build nothing except out of "thought."

Before you can build a house on the earth you have to "think" it out. Having thought it out and planned it, you set your mind to work through the physical hands upon making the bricks, preparing the foundations, and laying the slates, etc.

The astral builders constantly point all this out to us and laugh at our earth-bound way of segregating our method from theirs. For the only difference between the two is that they have an infinitely more ductile medium through which to work—the astral ether, which instantly responds to thought vibration and directly instead of, as with us, through our earthly materials, indirectly.

And if it be asked: "But do their buildings have permanence?" My reply is: "No more and no less than do ours, which gradually disintegrate as time goes on, for everything has its *vibrational period* as I will name it. It is even the same with these physical bodies of ours which gradually lose their power of integration as the higher vibrations break their way through the fleshly casing—the phenomenon we call "old age."

But to return to our music.

I believe that one of the most interesting differences in the artist on the astral is his endowment with what I will call "The Conscious Release." That is to say, Direct Inspiration.

In this world we have seen how the artist works under astral inspiration—but of such inspiration he is scarcely ever *conscious*. On the astral, the musician, writer, painter, dancer, all *know* of this inspiration, in their case coming from their own upper planes and from the Spirit Sphere above—and if only because consciousness is the supreme vehicle of the creative—of the *logos*—this gives to their art a conscious and perfectly understood fount of power, exhaustless.

The art of this world is largely unconscious—that of the next, conscious. Consciousness in any art gives strength and direction —and we might remember sometimes that the acquirement of consciousness is the goal of life.

The painter or writer in the next world deliberately puts himself into connection with his inspirers when he sits down to write or paint, and what is more, he manages to achieve "cyclic

inspiration"—i.e. inspiration *at regular intervals and at will.* This is one of the rarest accomplishments on this earth, but it can be done, as the writer has proved in his own life as artist.

The *elasticity* of the Astral Sphere or Plane is for the Astral Artist an enormous advantage.

Take for example the interpretative musician.

Every great pianist or fiddler in this world is compelled every time he plays in public to conquer his environment-vibrations and his own. First of all he is compelled in the artificial way of our competitive system under which "No Play—no Pay!" is the rule, to deliver the goods at a certain hour on a certain day or not get paid. And this he has to do even though his own vibrations are hostile or in shrieking protest at that moment—or the vibrations of his audience in whole or in part.

It is an unnatural and dehumanizing process as the Schnabels and the Pachmanns and the Kreislers and Elmans know.

As unnatural as what is often, though not always, the gigantic *opéra bouffe* of so-called Grand Opera, in which at perfectly regulated intervals blatant "highest-note-ever" tenors, "lowest-note-ever" basses, and shrilling sopranos have to "register" fire, love, hope and despair in shallow lyric and but too often shallower tone within a highly artificial scene and an atmosphere without relation either to life or art—it being noted in passing that though life be not art, art is based on life! For art is artifice.

I am convinced that environment, playing as it does a determinative part in vibration, plays also a determinative part in the playing and reception of musical sounds. Could we hear Grieg by the northern fjords, how different would it not sound from the same Grieg in a London concert hall! Or the dark graciousness of Beethoven in its natural setting or the tonal silvers and blues and purples of a Wagner on the Rhine in the moonlight as opposed to the as usually given high artificiality of *Parsifal* or *Tannhäuser* even at Bayreuth. And to come to the music of the Celt—take the "pipes" on the hills of Eireann or Scotland and the same pipes on the parade ground of an English barracks!

The interpretative as the creative musician of the astral creates *by wishing* his own environment as he goes. He calls upon the *hidden* wireless of the astral when "in the mood" to his audiences of vibration so that only those may "listen in" who also are in the mood. He can reach his millions where on earth he can only reach his thousands, sandwiched as they are on our earth wireless between *revue* turns, patent medicine or "beauty"

advertisements and political blah-blah! So is he master of his soul and of the souls of others.

The novelist and playwright Over There, on that plane where mind is supreme, will be able to "impress" the written and spoken word upon the minds of their audiences without the intervention of cold print or stage setting. For television and telepathy are the normal methods of communication between the Astralians. The musician can transmit his sound as we already do by our wireless, but without the medium of any other machine than the wireless of the mind, which is, indeed, actually a replica of the wireless instrument. The sculptor, without the clogging process of modelling in the clay, will be able to do ectoplasmic modelling by the mind fashioning his figures—perhaps a "living" figure—out of the ether.

But that sound and colour Over There are interdependent and blend is I am sure one of the greater contributions of the astral to the twin arts of music and colour.

LI

LOVE AND MARRIAGE BEYOND DEATH

On the other side of life there may be "no marriage or giving in marriage"—but Love still lives. If it did not do so, there would be no Other Side.

It is only by love and the Passion of Life that our universe holds together—and, indeed as I believe, was originally created—but such speculations are not here our province.

Our world has got into a terrible muddle about Love—and it is fact, extraordinary fact as it seems to me, that there neither exists, nor has existed, any novelist (that novelist who holds up the mirror of our Life to the Reality behind), who has been able to tell us a single thing about the stuff of which Love is woven.

Thousands of writers have been able to tell us about the results of the weaving—another thing entirely. Nobody expects religion to tell us, although love in all its forms should be religion's first concern.

To take a single fundamental illustration in proof. There is nothing in any of the world's religious books, so far as I am acquainted with them, to really tell us where love ends and lust begins, or where love begins and lust ends. No novelist has done this as yet—*but one day it will be done*—and that by the artist-philosopher who is coming.

So far, there is a tendency in all religions to shunt love to one side. It is the subject taboo—because it is *feared* by the saint. It is only the sinner who does not fear it—but then, like the saint, he does not understand it!

That is why in the Christian, and even in it the pseudo-mystical sects, there is usually a tendency to imagine heaven as a rather sexless place where unhappily we are freed from "the lusts of the flesh!" About "the lusts of the spirit" they never speak!

You see this in the Pauline attitude to love, and this superimposition of a great but warped mind has persisted down to our day in Churches where woman is still regarded as "the snare" and the temptation to poor weak males. A bastard and, indeed, blasphemous reversion of the fact and of the thing that in one form or another is the Central Fact and the driving force of all

existence here and hereafter, although a reversion that was as unconscious as sincere.

But, once more, this book is not the place for such speculations, and they are only put forward because without some such groundwork it would be difficult for us to understand the part that love and lovers play in the next world.

There is in love one strange difference in the attitude of the astrals from what is the keystone of the arch of creation. It is the difference which we invariably find between the way of Over There and Down Here. It is this.

There is, on the higher planes at least, no confusion of love and its bastard sister—lust.

It is only when the spirit is out of the flesh that the "flesh" comes to its own!

Queer as all this may sound to unaccustomed ears, warped by two thousand years of religious teaching, distorted from the original, which remembered the spirit and forgot the flesh, and before that warped by thousands of Pagan years which, not forgetting the Flesh, ignored the Spirit. By which I mean that, until we are freed from the carnal trappings, it is difficult for any, save the most developed of human beings, to realize consciously that of all love, sensation and feeling are part.

There is one other difference.

Two thousand years ago, the clever-stupid ones asked Jesus as to "who should be the husband of this woman in heaven?" that was of the lady who had married seven brothers—let us hope, and as indeed the story goes, one after the other. He made the historic reply: "In heaven there is no marriage or giving in marriage," by which he did not mean that the love of the sexes ceased, but meant, I believe, to convey to those who had ears to hear that the ceremony of marriage on this earth was, as tie, of no significance or avail in a world where love alone could sanctify any union.

Yet, from any knowledge one may have of the unchangeability of man, whether in terrestrial or astral form, I do not doubt that at least on the mid-planes attempts are made to have some sort of ceremony and what used to be called in bygone years "the blessing of Holy Church" upon such unions. For, in a sense, nothing changes.

I am also assured that with This New Freedom from the ever-present, ever-pressing flesh and its demands, there gradually vanishes the idea of official blessing of something that can only carry its own blessing—love.

It is not that ceremony has not its place Over There. For the symbol of ceremony cannot be ignored either by the mind of the artist or by the religious man, who recognizes beauty as part of life. It is only when ceremony is twisted from its symbol to become the plaything of the priest and the "power-people" that it becomes evil.

Life gains an added dignity and meaning from ceremony. Without it we become iconoclastic Cromwells or Little Bethelites —the same thing. On the higher plane of the astral, ceremony plays a great part in the life of the "nations," or rather of those "sub-planes" of evolution and development which take the place of our nationalities, but where, let it be said, what are the "vibratory planes" of our own nationalities and races, play also their part in segregation and division. For what we call "nations" are but mass-segregation of differences of psychology and spirit.

But in all this I am speaking only of the higher planes of the astral.

We are still carnally minded people, we nasty little earth-worms who carry angels under our skins. We still, basically, all of us—churchman and layman; scientist and ignoramus; still think of love-making as essentially having a body instead of a spirit basis, whilst we pay lip service to "purity and chastity and spiritual-mindedness!" We are, indeed, a very confused dirty little lot!

So, bodiless, as we assume ourselves to be in the next world, when we assume anything, love to us becomes inconceivable.

For we do not realize that love, as the other phenomena which are of it a part—which is to say *all*—is a question of *vibration*—much as that word offends not only the scientific materialist but also the psychic materialist, of which latter there are many.

Also, incidentally, we do have *bodies* in the next world—only that they are bodies vibrating much more rapidly than our bodies of earth, with at least some of the organs for "form" rather than use.

If the basis of love under natural law be vibration, then the higher the vibration the greater the powers of love-making and love-feeling and ecstasy, though that ecstasy may not be that of the *earthly* flesh, and the greater the fullness of realization and of unity and absorption each of the other.

When we shed flesh we don't shed sex!

Sex on the Other Side of Death is a sublimated sex. That is all.

Our astral informants give us angles upon love and marriage, new and strange.

One of the tragedies of this life is where a man and woman, really loving each other deeply, find themselves, often to their surprise, constantly battling together and *hating*! For the truest and almost the only ***known*** thing ever written about love is that hate, except in beings of low development, is of it a part and only possible because it is love-born. People who are indifferent to each other cannot hate.

Such battles amongst highly-evolved beings, we are told from the astral, are battles not of radical evolutionary differences and quality, but of *personality*. Each human being takes a different evolution—and in each one of us there is an innate cussedness which makes us want our Lover to have evolved exactly as we have evolved and to have the same objectives and ideas. The goal and ideals are really often the same—it is usually about method and presentation that we humans quarrel when we love!

Such battling couples, if they cannot find a common understanding on This Side of Death, may find themselves separated on the Other Side—where like vibrations seek like. And in such cases it may be thousands of years, having learned the bitter lesson of self-mastery and tolerance and understanding, ere they find themselves once more together.

One of the classic love-stories of the astral is that of a high Egyptian lady of my acquaintance, who, like the girl in the fairy tale, was really a princess, and who, like her, lost her royal lover in old Egypt through the arrogance and cruelty which he had permitted to sully an originally fine soul—but holding to him century after century as he himself laboriously learned his lesson, at last found him again, never more to be separated from him!

You may take this story symbolically, or as the story of real life which it is, but it does itself tell the whole story of love-vibration and love-rhythm.

So are many misunderstandings and mismatings down here cleared away Over There.

There is one other difference worthy of note between love in the next world and in this.

There are two inexplicable things about love down here, an explanation for which is rarely sought. One is the uncanny power of distortion which the fairness of the fleshly covering inholding, as it so often does, a vapid soul, possesses to fascinate even the man of intelligence—the woman, intelligent or otherwise, rarely—for there is scarcely a male man of *any* scale of intelligence who would not rather have his wife possess a pair of shapely legs than the shapeliest mind in existence. The other is the

converse—the sometimes ugly casing of a beautiful soul—we down here being guided by the shell rather than by what it contains! For we feel instinctively and, as one thinks, with a certain inevitable right, that soul and body should match . . . and so often don't!

On the Other Side, where "we know even as we are known," the shell does not act as a barrier, and, as I suspect, where, unlike the earth, the shell itself is conditioned by the soul it contains.

Here is one of the inherent contradictions of earth, and yet one does believe that subtly, in some strange way, even here on earth the casket, could we but *see* it, has some relation to the gem within, despite all this seeming lopsidedness of evolution between the outside and the inside—something that does not obtain in the Beyond.

(The fact that in the *séance* room and outside it we do see at times ugly spirits does not affect this. For the materializing spirit can take any form it pleases, and naturally takes its life-form, whether that were beautiful or ugly, for the sake of recognition.)

Some day we may realize that to every male unit there must be a female counterpart—and vice versa. And that this is as true of each of us whilst on earth as it will be hereafter.

Supposing that one day we discover that each male man on this earth has his other half on the astral—a female counterpart? Supposing that the unity of which these two complements make the whole has been deliberately divided by reincarnation for the purpose of development by contact with earth-reality of the male or female half, as the case may be, the thing which determines whether each one of us is born man or woman in any particular earth existence? Supposing that one of the main objects of the astral is to make tentative experiment towards reuniting these two complements?

Supposing?

My own belief, based upon sound premise, and sounder experience of myself and others, is that our earthly love is probably but a mere shadow of its heavenly original. That one of the reasons for our nearly demoniacal concentration upon what we call "sex," persisting almost from babyhood to old age, is not what the scientists think it to be—the mere incidental continuation of the race—but because the sexual love-rhythm is man's and woman's solitary *certain* method of "drawing down the divine fire" in the ecstasy of sex. For behind this, as all other human functions, lie the occult reasons for the action—something

much more deep-lying than the plausible surface reason which, however important, is but secondary.

I am convinced that the astral lovers of the middle and higher planes of the astral are capable of sensations—to a degree "physical" if you will, as mental and spiritual, which the earthly lover only obtains in those rare intervals when he glimpses his own sub-conscious potentiality—glimpses that may come but once or twice in a lifetime of seventy years, but for the coming of which a lifetime is not too long to wait. Already we have seen in the chapter on ectoplasm, that even our physical resources are nearly unexplored. What of the mental and spiritual resources of love?

And out of all this, I believe there is one great comfort to those lovers who have met, quarrelled and parted on earth—those who have been puzzled by the fact that they can only love and understand each other when they are away from each other!

Death the revealer will, I have reason to think, send the surviving partner rushing inevitably into the arms of her or his partner when that survivor finds the astral, the desire for which reunion at death is the only sure proof of love! For the astral is the place of true love, and we may yet find out that the "soul affinity" and the "twin-soul" is fact in "the place where dreams come true!"

This is not the place to deal with the reason for writing the above—but, in passing, it may be indicated obscurely that one reason for love finding its understanding when separate is because of the muddling of the fleshly and spiritual vibrations through physical propinquity. The flesh is a great and perhaps essential limiter of function and perception, for, terrestrially, limitation is necessary to accomplishment and fruition, but it is also the great obscurer. Freed from its mazing folds, spirit functions in clear air—and once more, "the lover knows even as he or she is known."

But over there there is no "tied marriage." Love can only reach its fruition and its natural end when it is free. For it is only the free lover who can be the true and chaste lover.

Those unequally yoked—and "yoke," as the American cousin would say, is right!—here on earth, will be, thank God! separated in heaven, where they will have the chance to find their spiritual affinities and where the marriage which so often between the unspiritually mated of our earth is but legalized prostitution does not exist.

And so we come to the question of this rushing together and

the inevitable consequence of such emotional onrushing—that is creation.

Do they have children on the astral?

Of course they do.

Children are born on the astral from a mingling of astral body and spirit just from the same mingling out of which they are born here, for they are not born *out* of a woman but out of the corresponding earth plane below of the same parents who there or on the astral have loved. But, parturition there does not take place, and the astral birth is painless. And, so woman no longer has to bear that unequal yoke of pain as she has Down Here—but a yoke which has given her a lethal strength and a conserving quality unknown to her mate who, physically, apart from purely muscular strength and, mentally, apart from the power of creation, is the weaker!

The astral birth is probably really a repercussion of the physical death and applies equally to the child and the adult—and here at last we realize how *all death is really birth.*

Birth, then, is really a vibrating out of one world into the other.

What the etheric birth may be and what the etheric obstetrician and gynæcologist may be, we as yet know not, beyond the fact that the cleansing of the astral body of its "astral shell" on the other side of death corresponds to our cleansing the new-born child of the after-birth upon survival. All that we really know is that the *mental* being everything on that plane, their work is psychic rather than physical, although the astral shell, like the ghost and the astral body between which it acts as a sort of skin or sheath, consists of matter—but matter of course in a high state of tenuity.

The astral body has its womb and procreative organs as has our physical body. But just as its excretory functions are sublimated and have shed the coarser functioning of earth, so we may, I think, imagine that such organs are conductors and stimulators of the vibrations which bring the earth-children up on to the astral, there to be "born" and "borne," rather than directly functioning, much indeed as, if it comes to that, they partly are here.

There are homes on the astral. There are fathers and mothers and children and babies. All that we here have has over there its ghostly counterpart.

But we have been told that the astral is the last sphere upon which children are born. On the higher spheres, with what I think must be "the Multiple Soul" coming into being, one can

only dimly conceive some sort of "celestial parturition." Also I believe that sooner or later the sex-body must yield to another form, and the male and female become mutually absorbed, although the polarity principle of sex, in sublimated forms, I am persuaded, is eternal.

What replaces our individual birth in the spheres that lie beyond the astral, we know not—but be sure that birth of *some sort goes on.* For without birth there can be no growth, nor without it would the very essence of all life be possible—that is to say "death." For we must *die to live.*

The "fading out and fading in," which we call "death," should be celebrated as a feast.

There is one other normal, but what is here still regarded as the abnormal, in sex relationship. Over There the lover is the comrade. Here on earth, we have but rarely been able to bring comradeship into love apart from that of the "getting used to each other." "Hate?" Yes. "Passion"—more rarely! But friendship and comradeship—No!

And Over There women and men do actually mix together freely as friends without thought of what is there regarded as the very seal of lovership, as apart from friendship only—that is the sexual mingling and embrace. Here the platonic friendship constantly ends in disaster for either or both. There, on those higher planes of which we are writing all through and whence they have brought decency into love, it is as normal as is friendship between two men or two women.

And in their parties and social gatherings Over There, I am pretty sure that you do not, as here, find that fatal gravitation of all the males to one end of the room and all the females to the other!

I also imagine that on the astral the need of men and women for one another—which, whether we are conscious of it or not, is always there—is realized in a thousand ways which we do not realize here on earth, where our sex-mingling is apt to be gross when it is not Grundyfied—and grossness and Grundyism are really first cousins!

Here such mingling is, or rather was, up to the after-War years, to a great extent done slyly. For some muddled muzzled reason, it was supposed to be "naughty," that very vile Victorian word of one of the ugliest and greatest periods of English history. Even one of the great fundamental arts of life, the thing which is our chief realization of the Rhythm underlying all life—dancing, was incredibly degraded, and in these days of spurious licence, still is.

Dancing there is recognized as important and vital to human happiness and evolution as the twin art of music. There it takes on newer aspects, occult aspects, a perfectly understood rhythmic mingling bringing the astrals into attunement with their planet and with the planetary system of which they and we are part.

For the other planets of the solar system, as their inhabitants, have also their "astral ghosts," and with them we terrestrials are for ever intertwined by a common vibration, despite the probably enormously differing types of their denizens.

Nearly all procreation on this earth, instead of being, as it should, an "inevitable rushing together," is involuntary where it is not "mechanical"—a habit—when it becomes the thing of horror which we see in that marriage between unsuitable opposites, for which there can be no justification in a community with any pretence to spirituality—even to civilization.

But in the Beyond, where pre-natal culture has been carried to a fine point of understanding as one of the pre-bases of life, and where the use by parents at conception of conscious will-power and above all of the Imagination which is so much more important than the Will which is but its cutting edge, has so deep an effect upon the children, the worst effects of heredity are mitigated. Some day, if we will only condescend to "think," we shall be able to do the same on this earth.

And it is noteworthy, as has before been indicated, that insanity is *not* carried to the Other Side of Life from this earth. Nor are physical disablements and distortions.

It would be impossible here to enter into the reasons for this, and I will content myself with saying that we must once more remember that the astral is the purely *mental* plane, where purely physical abortions do not obtain. The essential mind of the lunatic or of the cripple is as sound as that of the sane genius, who so often to the Great Average seems insane, or as the mind of that same average. Physical distortion is biologically speaking "a sport" here on earth, the tree returning to its "physical" normality on the astral.

But how about "growing-up" Over There on the astral? Do people *die* there?

I myself have several times spoken with a little boy I knew when alive, who never in his ten years of earthly life had been able to walk and had never been able to utter a single word, but who had a luminous face and luminous intelligence behind the eyes. After passing over, this boy, taught by the Guides to

speak, as he, so to say, "grew up," developed a voice of extraordinary culture and depth and to-day, a handsome young man of twenty, possesses a fine athletic body. But even had he not had his beautiful face in life and that strange subcutaneous intelligence, and the strange sense of "blessing" which he brought to all those whom he contacted, had he been like so many similar children, half-idiot, Over There he would still have found himself quite normal. For although the fleshly envelope does, to an extent, condition the spirit, it is the spirit which ultimately is supreme.

The confusion as to "growing-up" on the Other Side of Death is due to the fact, oft repeated in these pages—that "They," when they show themselves to us, can take any form and any age in order to obtain recognition. But actually, on the astral, they take up the new life at the age at which they left the earth and so pass from babyhood through youth into middle and then old age just as we do—going on from the age at which they passed out.

But here again there is that "astral sublimation" of which we have spoken in science and art and love. Old age on the astral is not accompanied by failing health; falling teeth and hair, and falling intelligence; by wrinkles and a general breaking down of the life-processes. Rather is it an accretion of life.

Even what we call old age here is really a hibernation of spirit, the soul retreating into winter quarters to accumulate power for the coming of the astral spring.

I believe that some such process as a gradual *shining through* of the next body to be uncovered—a bursting through of the higher vibration, as the older case is "shed," is the one which, on the astral plane corresponds to our "death." Death there is also, as I believe, more or less voluntary, as indeed it can be (though rarely) here with people like the Indians and the Irish, who sometimes when they determine to die, though free from any organic disease, just "pass out."

Finally, I believe that the astral death is just the shedding of one more body and with it, usually probably, the passing up to the next plane or, after the seventh plane has been passed, to the higher "spirit" sphere, unless, as we know does happen, the astral being decides of his own free will once more to "take on the misery of flesh" and return to our earth to act as missionary —an act of devotion which, as it does, but rarely carrying memory with it and meaning a certain immolation, needs a self-sacrifice that is rare.

But the time is approaching when, with the scales now lifting from the eyes of mankind, such immolation by the astral beings will no longer be necessary, any more than sin and suffering will any longer be essential as the path to knowledge.

For love, and the spiritual intelligence which is love's child, will yet redeem what they call Over There—"The Sorrowful Planet."

But in all these things which I here set down, let me say that I do so with a full sense of my own shortcomings. There is a vast amount of intellectual presumption and presumptiveness about these things not only in the "osophic" sects but even amongst mystics in possession of a very genuine knowledge of after-death conditions and phenomena. For a quarter of a century I have listened to and read these "cut-and-dried philosophers" who have settled everything to the last millimetre, who, like their theological predecessors, have got their "*hells*" and "*heavens*," their "planes" and "spheres" and "bodies" down to a terminological exactitude that is positively mathematical. But I believe the truth is, and I say it in all serious warning to the followers of various mahatma-like "guides" and sects, that it is quite impossible for any astral guide, however lofty, to convey to the earth-mind even more than the mere shell—"astral shell"! of the terrific truths which await us "Up There." The most our Astral Teachers dare do is to hold up a clouded mirror to the silvers and purples of the astral—because otherwise our matter-hemmed, low-vibrationed eyes could not bear the glory—and it may be, the terror.

THE FUTURE

LII

SURVIVAL AS A WORLD-RELIGION

MAN has been before now internationally united politically. He has never been internationally united *religiously*.

We have had the Red International of Socialism, which, before the Great War shattered it into fragments, had at one time thirty millions of men and women united in its ranks—behind it, the Idea of the Brotherhood of Man. It was followed by the Black International of the diplomats united or "disunited" in the League of Nations, which from the beginning was doomed to the failure it has achieved because it had behind it neither the brotherhood of man nor the fatherhood of God—but only national antagonisms and base gain, personal and political.

There is to-day actually in being what I have called "The White International," which was launched by the writer at a great Albert Hall Survival Meeting of Remembrance in 1933, and which has behind it the twin idea of not only the Brotherhood of Man but the Fatherhood of God. And behind it what to many will seem the strangest and most impossible idea which has ever come from the mind of man—the Idea of Inter-World Councils of the Visible and Invisible sitting together in permanent session—and for everl of which we have already written, and the idea of which came to the writer in 1933.

Here at last we have the germination of the idea of man being internationally united in *religion* irrespective of race or colour—which does not mean or imply that Survival as a *single united* world religion will ever be seen.

The present Christian Churches, two at least of which, though not internationally organized, have the same dogma and pay tribute to the same religious chief, are on their death-beds and only get a new lease of life on the astral, as here, at the cost of constant concession and a dilution of a dogma for which one or two of them claim infallibility. But the Central Idea upon which they were all founded, the Idea that "There is no Death," still goes on.

They are, I believe, in the immediate centuries coming about to be replaced by an International Religion of Survival, loosely knitted, and probably at times quarrelling bitterly enough, behind

it the same Central Idea—that Faith without Demonstration of Survival is not enough.

But in all this it must be remembered that the millions of Asia and Africa are traditionally and spiritually ready for such an International. They at least, unlike the dominant concreteness of the Whites, have not to be convinced, and it is from them and particularly from the Indian and African that we shall secure our finest mediums. And it is just such a common concept—that of the survival of man—which may one day play a decisive part in the future of the world and elimination of race wars, which are all rooted first in spiritual, and then in psychological causes—though all this might be a matter of centuries.

But this new concept of our day and of the new Aquarian Age into which we are now passing will be divided into an infinite number of sub-sections; of "Churches"; and of communities. Between the presentation and concept of that Central Idea of Survival upon which *alone* all these divisions will be agreed, there will lie unbelievable chasms.

For when we remember that all human souls incarnated have behind them extraordinarily varying antecedents and that we are all upon different rungs of the ladder of evolution, it will be seen that the idea of bringing together all human beings into one religion is as ridiculous a thing as can be imagined, and, indeed, is the thing which has largely caused the failure, social and spiritual, of the Christian Church throughout the world.

At the farthest, such a Religion would be united only in its completely autonomous sub-sections, which will seek guidance and pay allegiance not to any earthly pope or priest but to their own particular Guides, Guides *themselves varying enormously in evolutionary stages*, on the other side of Death.

The very Inter-World Councils which by then will possibly have replaced the human medium by the machine in a day when the Direct Voice will be the normal possession of all educated people will be sectional—the particular astrals closest to the particular concept meeting the earthly heads who represent that concept.

But above all, will sit the Governing Council of Astrals and Terrestrials holding the reins—that is, the "wireless" antennæ—of the sub-councils. And if anyone who reads these lines thinks this far-fetched, the reply is, simply: such a Council is already in existence and functioning.

LIII

VISION

So far in this book, I have generally held my feet closely to solid earth and to solid fact, although many who have not had the chances of study open to the writer will, and not unnaturally, think my head has been often in the clouds. When I have indulged in imaginative conjecture, I have directly said so or indicated it.

Now I am going, greatly daring, to leave the *terra firma* of what used to be called "fact"—now a quicksand with ever more shadowy meaning, and take to the upper air!

What of the future of our little world in regard to survival?

As regards our social and political life, we are about to see "spiritualism" or survival, but what I prefer to call "*Natural Law*," enter into every branch of that life, as indeed, in a day when those who are interested number tens and even hundreds of millions, it is beginning to do.

I am not speaking of the immediate future. I am speaking of a future which may take hundreds of years to completely mature, but something which is coming so sure as our sun will rise to-morrow morning over my own green Ireland and some day will not so rise.

A thousand years in the life of a nation or a race is but a solitary vibration in the etheric sea.

One of the great Christian Churches claims that it thinks in centuries. The Guides and Masters on the other side of life think in thousands of years, or, to put it more accurately, *out of time*.

Instead of our rather comical figures of a vote-snatching politics, vainly mouthing the word "democracy," we shall find men and women elected by some sort of "selective" choice to represent the people, not because they agree with the mass but because they disagree, in a day when a man's aura will give infallible proof of his resources, spiritual and intellectual.

Government will then be by spirit, not by deadweight voting and deadweight mass, slyly cajoled by the panders of politics. A Spiritual Aristocracy will replace our bastard aristocracies of blood and bank balance. And although the world will find in a Socialism of the Spirit its salvation, as we know from the Other

Side of Life it will be a Socialism as undreamed by Moscow as by respectable bourgeois Labour.

In a day, the beginning of which we already see, when the Machine, now served by automata and itself rapidly becoming automatic, will be harnessed as a slave to do all our work for us, when that Machine will have become self-managing and of a productive power a thousandfold greater than to-day—something also of which we are in sight—and when man will no longer be the Slave of the Machine but the Machine the Slave of the Man, we shall have our millions freed for the competition upon higher levels, that competition which is itself the very breath of life. Not the ignoble competition of our day for the means of life, that sordid competition of the standardized factory, but one of the heart and brain! The immediate task of the true statesman is the lifting of man and woman from the competition economic to that of intellect and spirit.

And all these things will be inevitable once that men and women become conscious and with it realize that they are not soulless animals, but that they survive from life to life and that they are *Spirits*.

It will come, in a word, through an access of consciousness or it will never come!

Not that "War" will be finished! The war of shell, and sword and poison gas—yes. But this struggle will be substituted by another—subtler, more ruthless, and in its way no less dangerous and far more adventurous—*the struggle of Idea!*

For as we climb out of our hog troughs and our senses become keener and more alert, our combative faculties will be greater not less. But the "War of Ideas," which is to replace the War of Weapons, will not cause the loss of human life—at least not in its later stages, though it may cause the breaking of human hearts and the sundering of human friendships in a day when "a man's enemies" will still more often be "they of his own household."

When the Commercial System and its trinity of "Rent, Profit and Interest" passes, as it already seems to be passing, War will pass. Though, because Man the Atavist will cling limpet-like to old habits in the earlier stages of the Struggle of the Idea, he will revert more than once to physical war . . . until he sees the uselessness of it all as he realizes that, not only can you not extinguish life, but that its sudden removal is apt to bring it back in more virulent effective form! As for the jackdaw hoarding of Private Property, that will have gone in a time when the

"Lay not up for yourselves treasure on earth" will for the first time be understood for what it is.

As for what we used to know as "Rationalism" and "Atheism," they will not have to disappear—for they are already nearly gone, to their own ludicrous piteous dismay. Yet even they will have the satisfaction of having played their part in arousing an intelligent and conscious instead of a superstitious interest in life eternal and in having taught the woolly products of some of our Churches to think for themselves. For it was not until the Rationalists themselves irrationally became a prey to superstition, refused to advance with psychic science, and remained stamping on the same spot, that they ceased to be a splendid spur. *Salute to the dead!*

In the Education of the future, each child will be taught first of all and naturally the "Whence—Why—Whither?" of his or her life. Although one of the greater divisions of the Universal Religion which I have foreshadowed will be upon the question of reincarnation, I believe that, if only because of the convincing formidable evidence behind it, the Reincarnationists will ultimately hold the field—but as one hopes, after people have learned in a civilized age to differ gracefully instead of disgracefully. So will the story of its previous lives and of its probable future progress be taught the child with its A B C.

Every child will recognize, as some of us do to-day, that Vibration is the quivering fundament upon which the Universe rests. But even our physical science is already beginning to recognize this. For nothing of all this is beyond the imagination, or even improbable, as our preceding pages have I think fairly demonstrated, each in its particular section.

Our universities, freed from the pedant and the materialist, may at last find their natural function in a fuller freer teaching in a day when Chairs of the Occult will be established, as they are already now beginning to be established, and regarded as the fundamental and most important of all Chairs.

But apart from the university, we shall see specialist Institutes for Psychical Research, internationally linked, set up upon bases utterly different from those which we have hitherto seen, with, for each continent, Central Clearing Houses for the analysis and tabulation of the chaos of psychic phenomena coming forward and its proper ordering and understanding.

In these Institutes, also, we shall find the man of science, who is already showing himself, regarding the medium as co-operator rather than "something to be investigated and exposed," so

securing that sympathetic atmosphere vital to the evocation and study of psychic phenomena. And lay and "scientific" control will then, as they should now, hold joint and equal control on the Institute Councils.

All of which, indeed, was the idea behind the International Institute for Psychical Research which I founded in London and which it is hoped may be the pioneer of the newer Psychic Science which, however imperfectly, I have here visioned.

And, one dares to imagine that body, mind, and spirit, hitherto so rigidly divorced in our education, will at last be united in a culture which will see in all three the facets of the same Central Fact, when the Thinker and Athlete shall be one.

But in all this education, the Astral Guides will play their part. It is about time that we learnt "the earthly story with the heavenly meaning."

As far as the medium is concerned, it will be many decades or perhaps even centuries before she or he passes from the psychic picture of which they have been the paint brush.

We are already beginning to realize the treasure we possess in these gifted men and women. We are beginning to value them at their true worth and at last recognize that in our treating them as pariahs, we have been guilty of the vilest of crimes—that of turning the knife against one's own life and cutting what was and is the life-line between the astral and our earth.

Part of the work of our universities will be the development of mediumship; its tabulation; and its development.

Mediumship, in that day, will, in a word, be the common property of all educated human beings, and each child will know his Astral Guide, which he will change as he advances on the Path.

On the social side I think we shall see in the next few centuries vast changes in Marriage and Divorce.

I think we are about to see the passing of divorce as we know it, with all its concomitant horrors, its indignities, and its perjured falseness. Marriage will be, as indeed it can only ever be, in itself a free and open contract, determinable at the will of the contracting parties.

Neither Church nor State in that day will be held to have any "religious" control of what should be, and so rarely is, a sacred institution. A certain social control, in the registration of the union and of any children born, yes—but as giving a franking to a union, and to love, it will be regarded as ludicrous. That to-day it franks prostituted marriage between old men and young

girls or old women and young boys, where there is nothing but lust on one side and convenience on the other, will pass with its natural concomitant—prostitution, in a day when with the passing of economic pressure and the free education of all children born, no girl will be forced to sell her body.

It is on such issues that future elections will be fought rather than on the funny little backstairs "balance of power" bickerings of the politics of our day.

"But will the Churches have gone too?" you will ask.

The present Churches with one or two significant exceptions are obviously, even to themselves, already winding up and going into liquidation. But, men and women being what they are, and new undeveloped souls constantly being reincarnated, we shall find new Churches take their place, but as I believe, on the whole, in vastly more spiritual forms and in forms as divorced from priestcraft as from the power and wealth on which priestcraft always ultimately lives.

So far as religion is concerned, although for many centuries we shall not see the passing of dogmatic religion to be replaced by "a faith of fact"—by a religion inspired by intuition and faith, but insistent upon *proof*, I think we may fairly say now that dogma is at the beginning of its end. This despite the thing which will be the outstanding phenomenon of religion of the next few decades—an enormous aggrandisement of two exactly opposite types of the Great Churches, both of them implacably dogmatic and hostile. That is, the "ultra modern stunt" and the "ancient Rock of Ages"—and of the latter, one in particular, as they collect those who have tired of thinking for themselves and who have plumbed the shallows of the "State" Churches which, unlike the dogmatic Churches mentioned, have ceased largely to have any feeling of reality or even belief in the things which they teach. These two types of "authoritative" Churches will themselves battle to the death.

The other battle will be one between Roman Catholicism and the Spiritualism which has challenged what the Catholic opponent will probably call its "hold on heaven"!

We shall also see, underlying and guiding all this new Survival movement towards "a life-and-death consciousness," the artist-philosopher and the artist-scientist as we have already written, and which here does not need nearer reference, who will gradually replace the priest as the leader of religious thought, in a time when religion and life will no longer be segregated but when *all life will be religion and religion will be life.*

One cannot speak about religion without speaking about the Art and Artist which, when conscious and vital, is its life.

The artist, whether musician, novelist or dramatist, will no longer be dependent upon chance inspiration from his Astral Guides. He will seek them out intelligently, and change them as he progresses, and at last will recognize himself for What he is—a medium or sensitive. But always he will keep control; always make his own original contribution to the "message"; and always hold his free-will jealously intact. For, as all the messages from the Greater Spirits who are the Guides of the Other Side indicate, Free-will is the vital spark of all development, just as superimposition is its death.

And as one more indication of what is actually happening, as opposed to pure theorizing, it may be said that already a film has been arranged from the Other Side through a collaboration of the artists of the earthly and astral worlds; books are being written by great artists who are in daily consultation with their Astral Guides; and painters and musicians of rank now at last admit how much they owe to astral inspiration. Nothing of which detracts from their own contribution as "creative" channels and fashioners. For the artist is both instrument and creator.

Soon after our great, that is, the creative-conscious, artists are consciously recognized for what they are—the sensitives between the Thing behind life and life, and therefore the natural Guides of this earth, we shall find our earth regarded as the abnormal, the astral as our normal home from which we are exiles. In that day the lines: "We have no abiding city here, we seek a city out of sight," will be translated into reality.

For it is from the astral that we are reincarnated in our transitory migrations to this earth.

Gradually, as time goes on and consciousness grows and these newer concepts materialize, Death will lose its terrors, and will be regarded for what it is—the dying into new life. A joyous experience, when with the coming of direct communication between the two worlds the only real horror of death, the separation of loved ones which it causes, will be minimized and finally eliminated. And one can see the day when such dying, as it already is on the astral, will be celebrated as to-day we celebrate a birth or a wedding.

And in all this there will be a constant streaming to and fro between the astral and earth spheres.

We are already, as we have seen in these pages, within

measurable distance of regular meetings of the Living and the so-called "Dead." In that future which I am visioning, we shall have at our dances, our parties, and our meetings the Living-Dead so strongly materialized and using the Direct Voice that they will be, as they indeed now are to some of us, as real as any creatures of Flesh and Blood.

It will, indeed, be as usual for us to make up an astral theatre or concert party as it is to-day for us to do the same thing for our earthly theatres and concert halls. But I believe, as the centuries roll on, we shall be able to "listen-in" in our sleep at will to the music and drama of what is really even now our Spiritual Home.

But much more laboratory investigation and experiment are needed here, and especially on the astral, before this can be possible. At present they are at work upon it, not day and night, for there is no night there, but through the eternal astral Day.

And our present mazy and poorly registered visits during sleep to the astral will by then be deliberately arranged as to-day we arrange a tour, in a day when the educated human will have learned to carry the sleep-memory back into the waking world, this earth of ours, *which we may one day regard as our dream-world.* With it will come the means of recording and remembering that which we have seen and the work on the astral in which we have helped. These things to-day are but fragmentary, although in the East, amongst the Adepts who do, really, exist, nearly all the things of which I have written are the ordinary facts of life, some of which have been attested repeatedly in our day by responsible authorities.

Psychic research opens up curiously interesting possibilities of inter-planetary communication, and already certain wireless experts to my knowledge have initiated the first of these experiments, in which the Astral Wireless authorities are co-operating. One can also state definitely that the first actual results have begun to seep through, but it may be many years before they are given to a world which always facilely assumes that because *it* has not known of a thing it has no existence!

It would be as idle and Utopian as are the prognostications of so many of the religious sects to indicate a sort of Social and Religious Millennium about to descend upon us. Man wins forward hardily and hardly. We wrest nothing from life and from death—that is to say from ourselves—without pain and trouble vast and unceasing.

At the same time, I believe and have always believed that sin and pain and suffering will not always be necessary to man's advance. Perhaps on this earth, yes. Over There—no!

And behind all that I have written and interpenetrant with it there will be the one thing which makes all existence possible. There will be a new vibration, for which the "hate-vibration" of our day is a sort of John the Baptist to prepare the way. Despite the vileness of much that is life; despite our wars and our uglier types of "nationalism"; despite the bitterness of the Churches and the rancour of the sects, scientific and Christian, there is creeping already into our world a new vibration—the *love-vibration*.

Great Teacher after Great Teacher sought to bring it and failed. Even Jesus of Nazareth, who for love's sake laid down his life, seemed to fail. But no single one of them failed!

They were the pioneers and the sacrifice of and for The White Brotherhood and through that ghost-brotherhood, now mystic fact, for the worlds of the astral and the earth.

Never before in the history of this earth have men and women been so concerned with their "souls." Never before have they shown such an awakening of consciousness to the things beyond their lives. And never has there been so high, unfettered a vibration as that which, as these words are set down, is trembling in the hearts of men from the World of the Astral.

We shall before long realize that between the Two Worlds the barriers are down! No force of evil, either Down Here or Over There, will ever again be able to re-erect them. The Voices are coming through no longer singly but in a great cacophony of prayer and inspiration to fuse the worlds of spirit and matter together and to reveal to Man and his Love-Comrade that they are immortal spirits.

For the first time, in the story of our earth, not only individuals but great groups of humanity are beginning *to love Love*.

In that dim and vasty time that is coming, the concern of men and women will not be with commerce or with politics or even with Religion as we know them, but with the issues which lie behind Life and Death. They will, indeed, be "preparing the way of the Lord"—clearing the way for those great Teachers who are about to come within the next few centuries, the direct lineal descendants of Those Great Ones who preceded them—the Cosmic Dynasty that never fails.

We are living not, as we thought, in a world of "fact," for to-day there are no "facts." We are living in the midst of a

Great Adventure: the Adventure that men call life when they do not call it death. We now know that *we go on*. That even if we would we cannot die. That we progress from earth to astral, from astral to super-astral—and so through all eternity, sloughing body after body, adventurous ghosts of a Dream, fellow-wayfarers now meeting, now parting. Loving and hating—rising and falling. Glimpsing at times the Heavenly battlements where they are touched with the morning gold, only for them to recede as we advance. Gazing now downwards into fathomless star-shot chasms across which flit monstrous shapes and elemental distortion. Then flaunting upwards on the wings of the morning we set our course once more by the wan Star of Dawn.

From ether to matter. From matter to ether again. From animal to man. From man to angel. From angel to seraph. From seraph to god, we pass. Learning ever new lessons of self-mastery and above all of the control of that passion which drives us upwards along the starry trail, pulsed by the discontent that has at its heart divinity.

The Adventure Glorious. Wresting victory from defeat and light from dark. The little worlds reel past us on our starward flight, until we shall be as gods.

There is no death.

Finis



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